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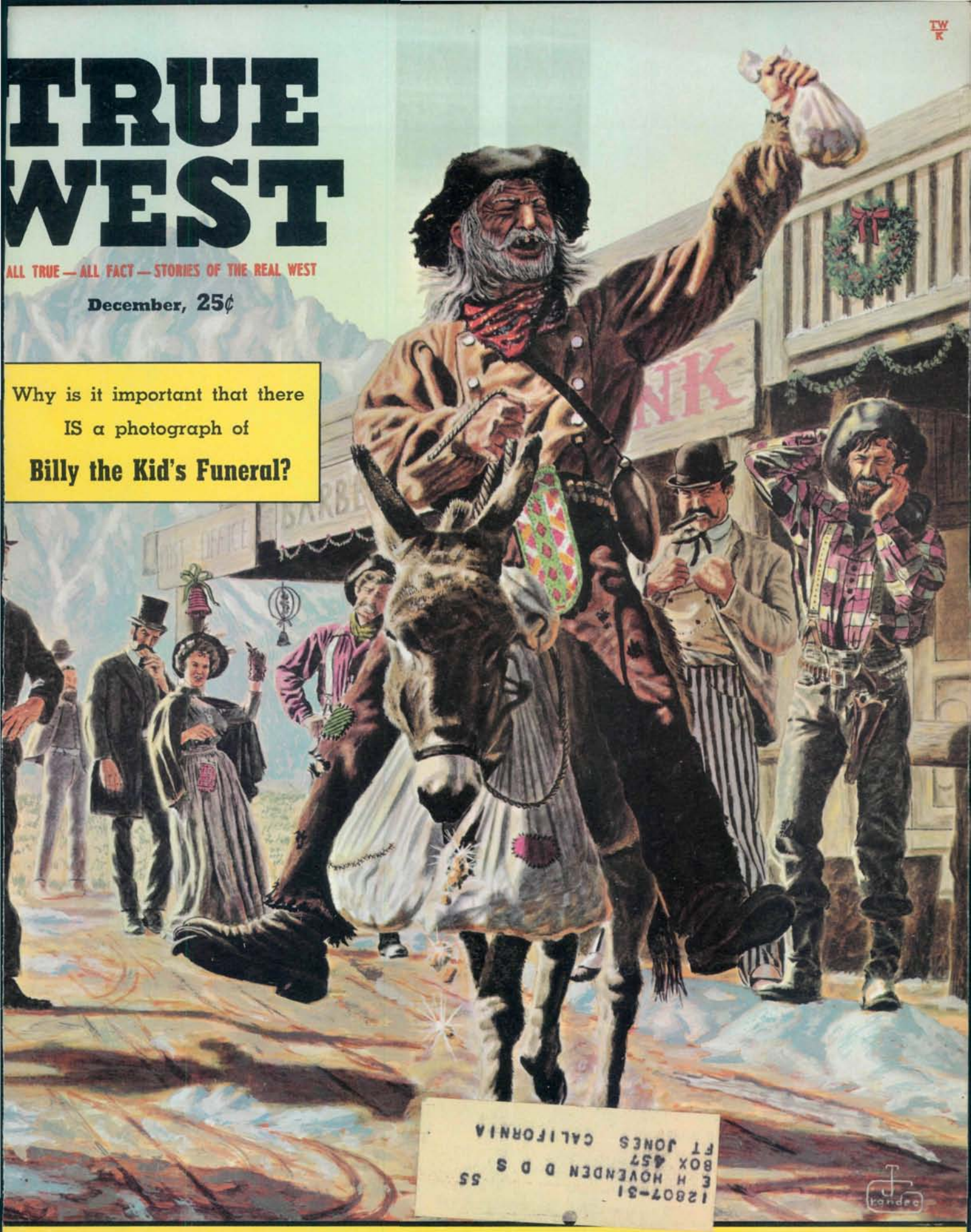

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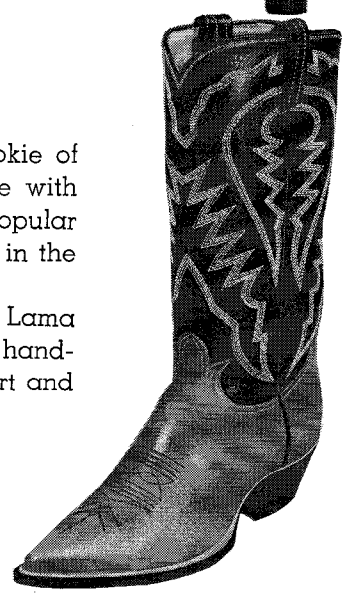

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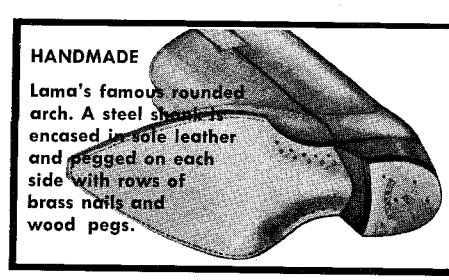

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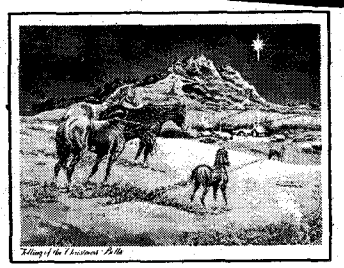
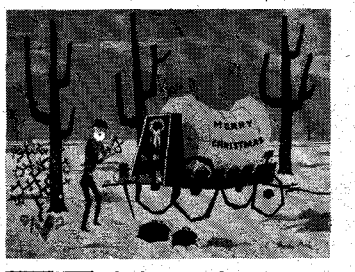
"With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season"



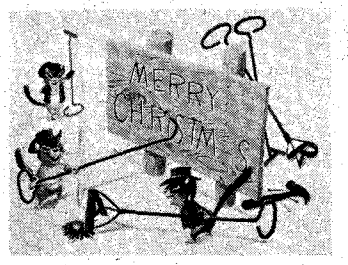
L1748 — **Tolling of the Christmas Bells**
"May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year"

T1750 — **The Merry Christmas Claim**
"Season's Greetings and Good Diggings all the Year"

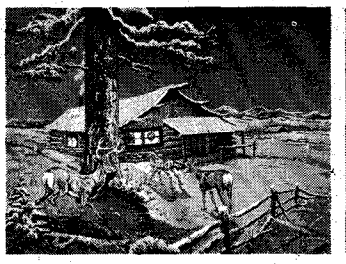


P1751 — **Chuck Wagon Santa**
"With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season"

L1753 — **"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd—"**
"Wishing you all the Blessings and Joys of Christmas"

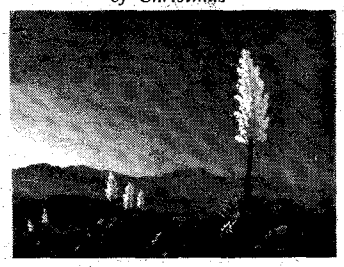


T1754 — **Season's Stampings**
"And Best Wishes for the Brand New Year"



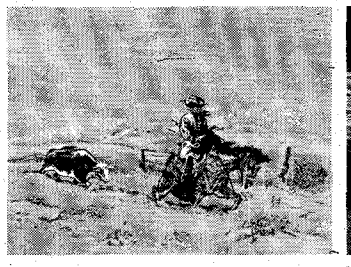
L1755 — **A Christmas Visit**
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"

L1757 — **Season's Greetings**
"With Best Wishes for the Coming Year"



H1758 — **Candles in the Big Church**
"May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year"

P1759 — **Christmas Capers**
"Merry Christmas"



L1761 — **A Christmas Kindness**
Greeting is an appropriate verse

S1762 — **Christmas Eve in the West**
"Wishing you all the Blessings and Joys of Christmas"

L1763 — **The Christmas Dance**
Greeting is an appropriate verse

L1764 — **Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours**
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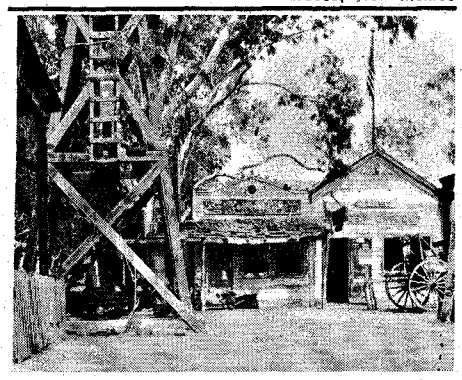

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November-December, 1960
Volume 8, No. 2
Whole No. 42

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Assistant Publisher

ROBERT STOUT
Assistant Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $3.75 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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True West

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Now's the Time!

YOU WHO have read this "Turrible Rag" thoroughly for any length of time know about my long-winded editorials. I start out with good intentions for a brief chat, but there is so much to cover, it seems the thing just stretches on out. This time it's got to be different —I only have a little bit of space. Seems our articles ran so long this time we're flat out of runover space. So I'll be brief—you lucky people!

Letters on the liquor question are still coming in! We've never touched on a subject that has brought such profound and lasting interest from our readers. And, as I mentioned before, we are amazed at the percentage of letters on both sides of the fence that showed such a high degree of sensible thinking. Generally, on a question like this, the "crackpot" type letters pour in by the hundreds. Perhaps the "crackpots" read better magazines. . . .

At any rate, after such sincere appeals, and with such a high percentage against it, we decided to forego that extra revenue—so long as we can afford to, at least. By the way, if you didn't read that "Liquor Ad Decision!" on page 4 of the September-October issue, pull that edition out of the broken window pane and do so. It is one of the most interesting features we've ever run. A representative of one of the big time magazines is interested in running a feature on it.

NOW TO answer those of you who have asked and are still asking, "What can we do to help?" Turn to page 65. NOW'S THE TIME! Actually, I need go no further for you know the score by just glancing at the gift subscription page. We have received piles of letters already saying you folks are going to give from one to twenty subscriptions to both magazines this season. Well, by golly, folks, if you'll do it now—before the rush starts—you can't imagine what a difference it will make here in this office. Most people wait until the very last and those gals in the circulation department say life is mighty difficult the week before Christmas!

If every one of you would give even one subscription, we wouldn't need any extra advertising revenue! That's the best and the quickest way in the world you can help us right now. It's sort of a three way deal—helps us, you and the ones receiving the subscriptions. You'd be amazed even to guess at the number of people who love this type thing and who have never heard of TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES! We get letters from people constantly saying they have seen both magazines on the stands for years but thought they were just "another western." You can help greatly here by word-of-mouth advertising (the best kind!) relative to helping sell us on the newsstands.

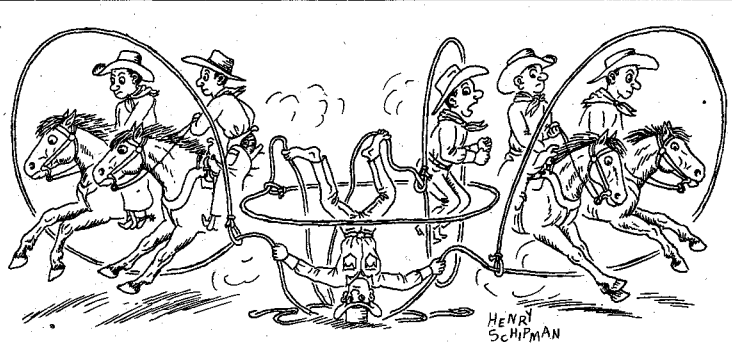
Another important item—if you have just so much to spend. How about dividing it between TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES? See, we're still trying to meet your growing demands for monthly issuance. If we can go to six times a year instead of four with FRONTIER TIMES—we've got it made. Then there'll be TRUE WEST one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next. Actually, both are the same magazine—just different titles so we can stay on the newsstands longer with each title. We've proven it by switching contents at the last minute and nobody ever noticed! Now, durnit, will you believe us?

I'VE GOT to cut it off. Thanks to you people who are writing the western wear companies—boots, hats, jeans, and any type western items. One woman said that she had written fifteen companies and was still going strong. She sent carbon copies of some of her letters. If we had 500 like her, our worries would melt!

And, of course, don't forget our old faithfuls—advertisers doing business with us now. Tell them where you saw their ads. We've never had an issue so jam-packed with Christmas ideas.

We have to work so far ahead that it seems a little out of place for me to wish you a wonderful holiday season (on this hot day in September!) but I'm doing it anyhow and thanks again folks for "buying your ticket and helping push our train up the steep grades" at the same time! It shouldn't be long before you have something worth it in these two magazines and there won't be any more steep grades.

Well, I can dream, can't I?—Joe.



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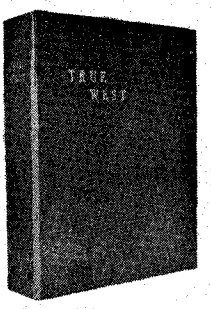

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Dear Sirs:—

I always pass your magazine on to others when I finish with it and more than once they have said, "Gee, a western magazine printed out West!" To tell you the truth I have felt the same way because you are in the heart where these things took place and not like these drugstore cowboys that write about the West but were no farther west than Brooklyn or West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

For Heaven's sakes think twice before you move to the city were people look down on you from fifty—seventy-five or one hundred feet in the air and if you get a whiff of fresh air it puts you in bed, sick from the shock.—S. M. Hensler, Ridge Road, Tylersport, Pennsylvania.

$150 for First Four Issues

Hi Gang—

Thanks for warning me about my time being up on FRONTER TIMES mag.

Am sending three bucks for a three year renewal—also please check on my TRUE WEST subscription and if it's on the last legs notify me pronto and I'll send some more dough.

If I get any good stories on mines or lost treasures from Austrailia where I'm going August 15, I'll send 'em in to you.

Some smart aleck offered me $150.00 for my first four issues of TRUE WEST.

He must be plumb nutty.

They are worth their weight in "diamints" to yours truly.—Joe Koszta, 233 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Tom Horn—A Relative's Viewpoint

Kind Sir:

I will try and write a few things about Tom Horn. They won't be firsthand as he left home before I was born. As a dearly loved cousin of my father, he talked of him in later years. His brother Charley was my husband's uncle by marriage to Tom's mother's sister. We visited Uncle Charley's home and family in August, 1911—forty-nine years ago—while on our honeymoon to the Rockies. One of his daughters and I climbed the mountain at Boulder, Colorado, and sat on the side of the mountain looking down on the cemetery where Tom Horn is buried. She told me all about their sad experience.

My father told me that Tom's father (Martin Horn) and his nephew, Tom Horn, Sr., moved with their families from Ohio in 1853. Tom was two years old at the time. This part of Tom's story is somewhat like the Bible story of Abraham and Lot. Martin and Tom Sr. each bought land near Etna, Missouri, not far from Memphis, Missouri. Etna was quite a business town then, but soon started fading away when the Santa Fe railroad came through, missing it some four or five miles. There is just a church and cemetery left as a landmark. My mother worked in the Tom Horn, Sr. household before marriage to my father in 1879. I well remember visits from Tom Horn, Jr.'s mother after he left home.

Tom left home at sixteen. He worked for the government as an Indian scout, for how long I don't know. Also he worked as a soldier and a stock detective. He learned Spanish and Indian dialects easily—when he was sixteen, he proved so able and manly he secured a driver's job on the Overland mail. But $50.00 per month couldn't hold him when the Army offered him $75.00 per month to boss one of its horse herds. At seventeen he became a protege of the great Al Sieber, chief of the Indian scouts. They went to the San Carlos agency where Tom acted as interpreter.

At White River the Apache chief, Pedro, took such a fancy to him that he invited him to live with the tribe. With

Tom Horn

them he earned the name "Talking Boy" because of his fluency with the Apache tongue. After he left White River, he went to Tombstone where he met many noted westerners and outlaws. For a while he had a rich interest in a silver mine, but he was restless and sold out, turning his back on fabulous wealth. He preferred adventure.

He again rode with the chief of the Indian scouts. He acted as interpreter for the noted Apache chief, Geronimo, at the latter's mountain hideout. Though only eighteen he faced the wily Indian coolly. In all his future dealings with the white man's government Geronimo would have no other interpreter but Tom.

(Continued on page 58)

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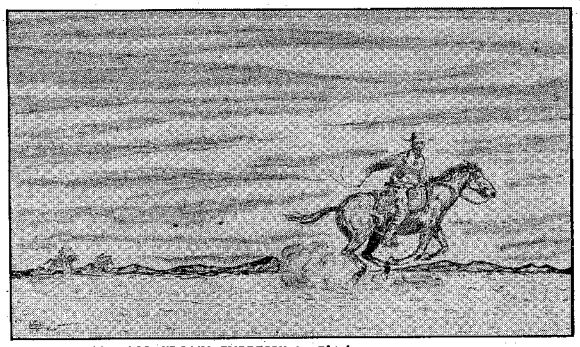
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Scenes from the Old West

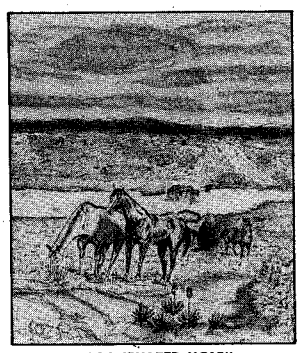
New designs for 1960 by the well known Western Artist Bob Kiser. These cards are the "first" ever with the Scenes covering the complete front and back of the card. They are sent to you flat so that they can be framed if desired. The picture area is 9¼ x 6¼. The french fold card size is 4⅝ x 6¼. The cards are lithographed in sharp Black and rich Brown tones on heavy white paper, with matching envelopes. Your name will be imprinted in gold if desired. They are available in either one design or assorted.



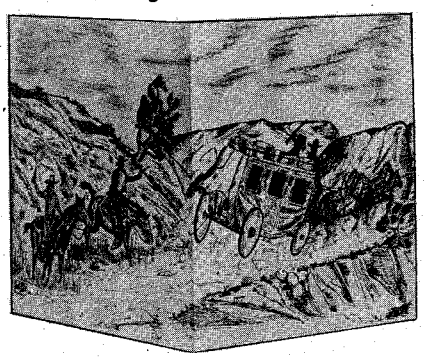
No. 101 "PONY EXPRESS" in Black
Bringing sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

No. 102 "ON THE TRAIL" in Brown Tone
Bringing you every good wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

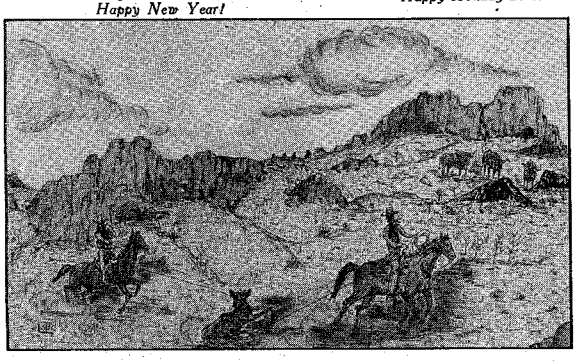
No. 103 "BRANDING TIME" in Brown Tone
Wishing you all the joys of a Happy Holiday Season



No. 104 "WATER HOLE" in Black
May all the joys of this Happy Season be yours!

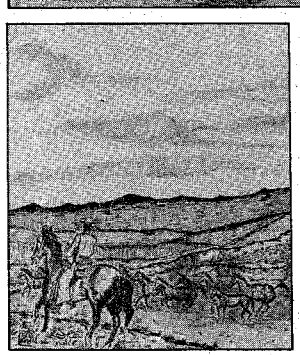


No. 105 "THE CHASE" in Brown Tone
To wish you peace and happiness at Christmas and always



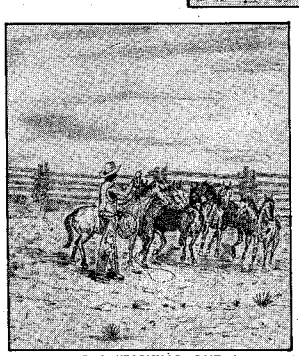
No. 106 "ORNERY CRITTER" in Black
To wish you a very Merry Christmas

No. 107 "CHUCK WAGON" in Brown Tone
Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years

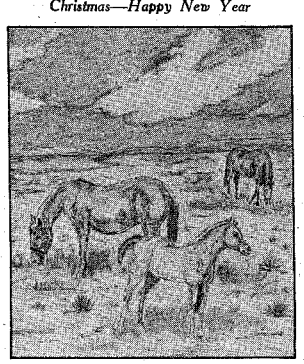


No. 108 "WILD HERD" in Black
The Season's Best Wishes—Merry Christmas—Happy New Year

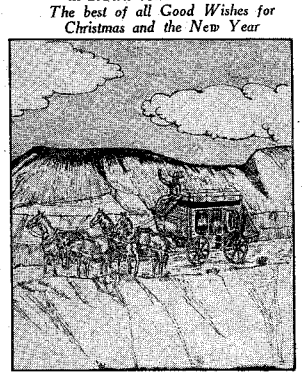
No. 109 "LAST OF MANY" in Brown Tone
The best of all Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year



No. 110 "PICKING OUT A GOOD ONE" in Black
Sincerely wishing you Joy at this Season and in the New Year



No. 111 "PEACEFUL GRAZE" in Brown Tone
Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Bright New Year



No. 112 "UNSCHEDULED STOP" in Black
May you have all the joys of this Happy Season

MAIL ORDER BLANK BELOW

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO

WESTERN SCENES

P.O. BOX 2001
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Orders will be filled promptly and accepted thru Dec. 15. Satisfaction Guaranteed. No C.O.D. orders please. Colorado residents add 2% Sales Tax. Postage prepaid in U.S. and Canada.

WESTERN SCENES P. O. Box 2001 Colorado Springs, Colo.

Quan.	Without Imprint	With Imprint
12	2.00	3.00
24	3.50	4.50
48	6.50	8.00
72	9.50	11.50
100	12.00	14.00

Please send_____Cards

Design No._____or ☐ Assorted

TO

_____

_____

Please Print Name To Be Imprinted

Here ▶ _____

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Why is it so important

that there is a photograph of

Billy the Kid's Funeral?

By LEA F. McCARTY

Lea McCarty, famous Western artist from California, passed away February 4 in Santa Rosa, California.

Photos by the Author

Billy the Kid

THEY SAID no photograph was taken of Billy the Kid's funeral, but that's not true. One *was* taken and I found it. My hunt for it is the substance of this story.

I never realized until I found the photo that so much importance could be attached to its existence. Who the heck would care whether a photograph of Billy's burial had been made or not? What did it matter, anyway? He was only an outlaw, and a particularly bad one at that, a man who was said to have killed for the fun of killing on occasions. That may or may not be true. I don't know.

But I am an artist, and I wanted to paint a picture of the funeral.

I thought that if I could find an actual photograph of the funeral, it would give me something to work from. They told me there was no photo, that none had been made, but I wasn't so sure. I knew that stories centered around the Kid added to an already overgrown legend, but I had no idea the interest in such a photograph would be so widespread.

Now that it has been found, I can tell you that more thousands of persons than you can imagine *are* interested in the Billy the Kid legend. They want to know what the people who attended the funeral looked like, what they wore, if any of them were armed and a hundred and one other things that the picture itself reveals. And so it is printed herewith for everyone to see.

MY EFFORTS to find a photograph of that somewhat obscure event back in 1881 began when my wife, two sons and I threw our luggage into the car and took off for New Mexico.

As we neared Pat Garrett's stomping ground at Las Cruces, I told my boys about how the man who killed Billy the Kid was gunned down on his own ranch over a lease squabble with young Wayne Brazil.

When we got into Billy the Kid's country around Lincoln, a sign that read "Coe Apples" made me wonder if that Coe could be a relative of the Coe family who had known the Kid, whose real name was William Bonney. A living relative of the Coes might furnish me with some first-hand information.

My sons kept asking me if we, the McCartys, were related to the Kid. Some writers claim that Billy the Kid's original name was Henry McCarty and that he originally hailed from Texas and later went to New York after the death of his father, but Frank Coe's grandson, Ralph Bonnell, later told me so much hocus-pocus had generated during the last few years it was difficult to know who was telling the truth about Billy.

We turned off the main highway and drove about six miles into Lincoln. All along the way I remarked about the bone-white walls of old adobes built after the Lincoln County War and an old schoolhouse settled down like a derelict with its stud ribs showing. You could see it was old country; a phantom of Billy the Kid rose up out of my imagination, riding the old trail on his favorite grey.

The State of New Mexico has posted signs all over Lincoln, so you can't go wrong. Right now, what we wanted most was something to eat. We pulled up at the old Tunstall store, now known as the Penfield Store which occupies only a small portion of the lengthy original building. No trace remains of the old McSween house where gunfire was once riot and the singing of a lazy fly in the sunshine is quite audible for lack of anything stirring.

Mr. Penfield was a typical groceryman wearing cuff protectors. He had blue eyes and a standoffish provincial attitude due to the tourist trade.

"Have you ever heard of a picture of the Billy the Kid burial or funeral?" I asked politely.

"Nope," he said, "never did."

I KEPT ON buying and nothing loosens a groceryman like cash on the barrel head. I had a folio of some twenty-four gunfighters I had painted and sold and I showed Penfield the printed sheet of all of them. He seemed to come out of his shell and soon was talking about Billy the Kid. We talked about the Kid's gun and he said the one they had up the street at the old courthouse museum was a fake. He claimed

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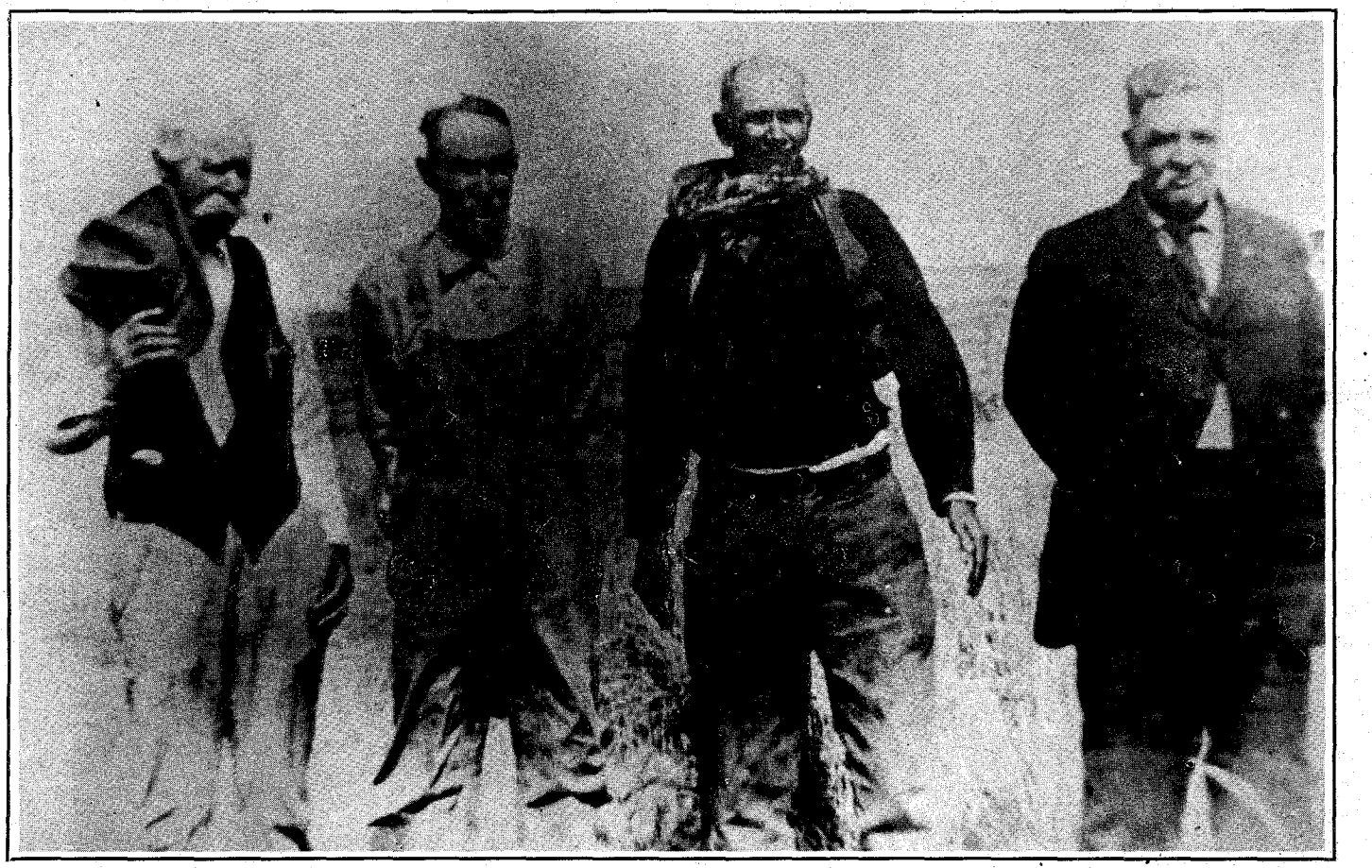

FIRST TIME EVER PUBLISHED! *The picture above shows the four men who attended Billy the Kid's funeral. This picture was taken across the wooden coffin in which the Kid lay; notice the disposition of the men's hats in respect. The story on these pages reveals the identities of these men and thus unravels the enigma of the Kid's burial.*

the only real one was that owned by the William S. Hart estate of the deceased silent-movie star. Hart had paid $25,000 for it. He went on quickly to add that should I visit the museum, I would see the bottom of the stairs where Billy was once held captive by Ollinger and Bell and the real bullet holes where he shot Bell to death.

"But why talk about the museum," said Penfield, "when I can always go them one better? If you'd like to walk into the '80's, here's the door which will lead you right into it."

He kicked open an old battened-up screen door which led into the longer part of the old building. I was flabbergasted; I felt like I was entering a movie set and yet it was the past preserved intact, from coffee grinder to square nails in their original kegs, the round glass candy counters, and a worn spot in the floor where Billy the Kid had once stood before the high bookkeeping desk to receive his pay from Tunstall for Los Feliz ranch work. Out through the dusty window Penfield pointed to where Sheriff Brady was cut down by the Kid's bullet and pointed also to the ancient Tunstall sign. Harness with the stuffing popping out hung from the ceiling rafters along with antiquated harness and bridles, ribbon counters, cheese cutter with fancy engravings, a couple of old Winchesters and all sorts of oddments out of the past.

I said, walking about, "And your father preserved this after he bought the store. Doesn't the State want it?"

Penfield smiled for the first time. "Sure they do, but they ain't going to get it until I feel I want to let it go."

"Is it open to the public?"

"Nope. I don't let folks in here unless I feel like it."

For this kind remark I told him to keep the sheet of gunfighters.

"So Sheriff Brady was cut down on the road out there?"

"Sure was. Some years back a *Life* photographer went prowling around here to take pictures of Brady's son and he asked more questions than Walter Noble Burns could in a lifetime. People just don't seem to understand that the Lincoln County War was the worst in the history of this country and that it involved not only locals but U. S. officials, too."

"What was the truth behind it?" I asked, seeing this opportunity to get it first-hand.

WELL, SIR, my father always said that John Chisum's Jinglebob-Longrail outfit stretched from the lower Pecos on down fifty miles and that small ranchers who lost strays in that mess of 100,000 head lost 'em for keeps. But not so the large ranches; Chisum saw to that. And Murphy-Dolan, who owned the store up where the courthouse now stands, stole from John and sold off beef to the tune of about 5,000 rustled head a year to the army at Fort Stanton and Fort Sumner. Think of that! Tunstall, for all his English blood, was a good businessman and started this store here and went into the cattle business up on the Los Feliz. He was competition to Murphy-Dolan, so the Murphy outfit retained lawyers in Santa Fe and joined the ring of thieves. Murphy had once been in the army and knew how to gamble and get army officials in his debt. It is easy to figure how he got the contracts for beef."

"How did Billy the Kid fit into this?"

"A good question," said Penfield. "Billy was a good boy by all human standards, but as you know, he ran off from home because of a murder he'd committed, wandered down through Mexico, into Bowie and Tucson, Arizona, and maybe spent some time in Tombstone. He worked for John Chisum and then Murphy and finally went over to Tunstall. He was a wizard with a gun and a natural-born leader. When the cattle war got into full swing, he joined up with the McSween crowd, after Tunstall was shot, and from then on the Murphy faction pointed a dirty finger at Billy; he was the goat and had to go on killing to protect his own life against every trigger-itching son-of-a-gun out to get a reputation. It's the story of a boy wearing a man's breeches and pittin' his spunk agin' the Santa Fe ring and reputation hunters."

"How many men did the Kid really shoot down?"

Penfield let his wrinkled hand slap the counter with a bang which sent the dust motes flying in the sunlight shaft. "We figure about five—Billy Morton and Frank Baker, who paid for the Tunstall blood-letting, Bob Beckworth and deputies Bell and Ollinger, Billy's jail guards and we just don't know about Joe Grant or Mexicans and Indians across the border. The trouble here in Lincoln has been that the old-timers used to swing away in hammocks and spiel off exaggerations which could put any one of them in purgatory. The only ones who really knew what they were talking about were George and Frank Coe who

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once rode with the Kid. Anyhow, my business is groceries and I'd just as soon stick to them. All the old-timers are dead now anyhow."

Penfield was through talking. Nothing more could get an expression out of him.

WE VISITED the old county courthouse up the street and the state custodian was a nice young chap who showed us the disputed .44-.40 pistol in a glass case—he smiled at the idea of it being that which belonged to Billy the Kid—and he led us about showing us many other things of small interest. Upstairs, however, along with a painting by the famous artist, Peter Hurd, who lives over the hill from here, we saw where Billy the Kid tricked Bell, his guard. He had shot him down the stairs and then gone to the window, hollered at Ollinger who came running, and then cut him down and almost in two with the second barrel of Ollinger's own shotgun. It is easy to reconstruct the scene, although many of the old buildings are gone.

"How about Mrs. McSween's playing the piano during the fire?" I asked the young custodian. "Is this true?"

"I don't think so. Old-timers say it is ridiculous to assume that McSween's wife played the piano with all the gunfire going on. They say stray bullets hit the keys or strings and this led to the story."

Stories about the Kid in Lincoln vary in the telling. One must remember that many years have gone by since Billy was on the scene. Grandchildren are apt to stretch things a bit, with the exception of Frank Coe's grandson whom I met later.

I inquired about that funeral picture everywhere and nobody seemed to have heard of it or was interested. I told them I was an artist and wanted to get it in order to paint this historic event. They looked at me as if I might be a little off the beam.

SINCE DIRTY weather was making up and the blizzard which had swept across Oklahoma and the Panhandle was moving across a ragged sky, we moved along toward Fort Sumner, where we intended to visit the Kid's grave. I remember that I was particularly struck with the feeling of that lonely horseback ride to Fort Sumner the Kid had made—the bleak stretches with accents of cedar brakes. I marveled at the Kid's riding all this distance which to him must have seemed like putting the world between himself and the ambitious Pat Garrett who was out to kill him.

The weather got worse as we left Fort Sumner the following morning and headed eastward out of town toward Clovis. Tumbleweeds rolled and bounded and piled up against the fences and red Oklahoma dust painted the world a blood red. It was uncanny. Cattle, with an icy wind now blowing up to seventy-five miles an hour, stood as forlorn looking as Russell's "Last of the 5,000" and whenever we stopped to catch the attention of a farmer, he had to holler against the wall of wind. We turned off some four miles out of town on an old dirt country road with a big sign pointing: GRAVE OF BILLY THE KID, 2 MILES.

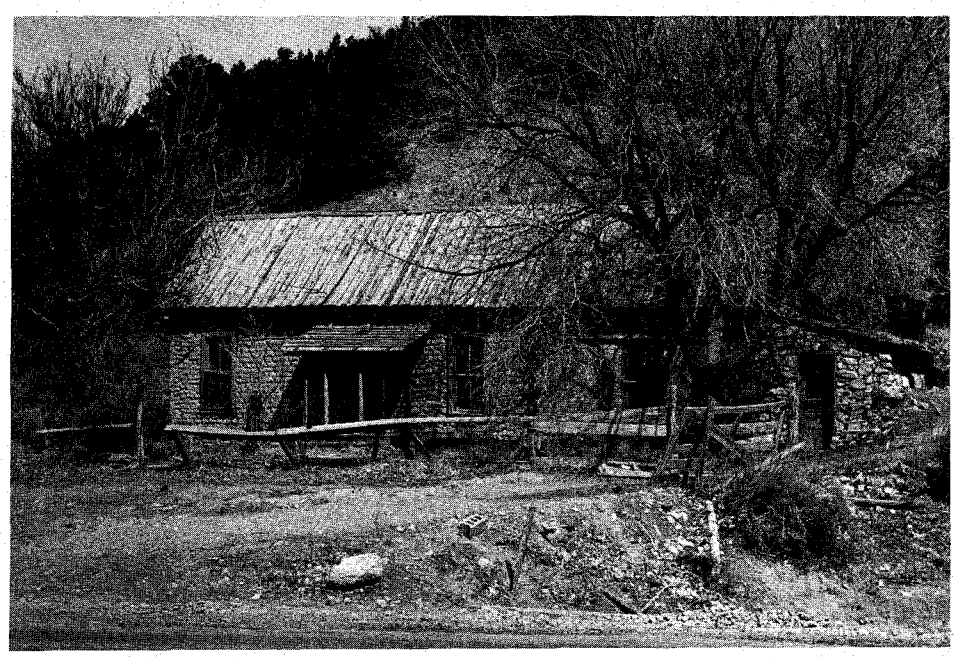
A long two miles. We got lost, headed back finally and tried again. Red dust made the land a ghost world and flurries of snow and flying rubble did not help matters. After hunting an hour or more for the Kid's grave, I saw the dim form of a man by a fence feeding some calves out of a bucket. I pulled up into the yard past the old house to ask where I might find the grave of the notorious outlaw.

"Hell's fire, man!" he shouted at me. "You're damned near standing on it!"

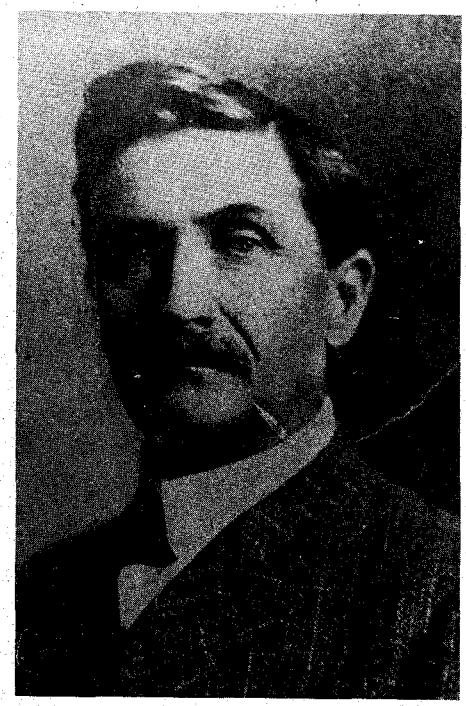
He pointed and I followed his finger across the yard, over an old tire, some trash, a lot of tangled debris, then on over an old barbed-wire fence, along a worn path with tumbleweeds racing and bouncing and finally saw an old cyclone fence thrown up around a gray stone which was the grave not fifty feet away.

"That can't be it, can it?" I shouted in amazement and surprise.

"What did you expect, mister, the tomb of Nebuchadnezzar?"



The killing of Tunstall set off the Lincoln County War. Here is where the Kid rode down Baker and Morton and killed them.



The original picture of Pat Garrett has been patched up. It is said that he was so disliked after killing the Kid that the picture was torn in two by someone and had to be patched. It now hangs in the Fort Sumner Museum.

I WAS speechless. Could this possibly be the grave of the gunslinging Billy? I got out of the car and bent down against the wind as I moved along the old path, careful not to stumble over the rubble. There it was sure enough, inscribed on the stone and along with him, Charlie Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard. The wind bit and tore and one did not tarry long. It seemed as if the Kid did not want me there, as if I were not wanted because I was the first artist to have painted his life-sized portrait and sold it for the price of a new Ford car. The old man who had been feeding the calves came up to me.

"Bring your wife and kids inside," he said in my ear, "and have a look at our Billy the Kid Curio Shop."

This, too, came as a surprise, since the building was an old gray clapboard affair about ready to be flattened in that wind. The old man, whose name was Tom Sullivan, led me into the building with a flashlight. The lines were down due to the worst blizzard in Texas history which was now sweeping down into New Mexico in all its fury.

It was a typical curio shop. But at one end of the room were some portieres made of hard eucalyptus which rattled when a gust of air stirred them like old bones. I gave him the fee charged and entered. Through the cobwebbed window I could see Billy the Kid's grave in the weird setting of a gray-red world of dust, sleet, and flying debris and it was easy to see how farmers often spoke of his ghost roaming about at night.

It was dim and we had to use our flashlights as we explored the room with oddments of sorts. We came upon old photographs of Pat Garrett, Pete Maxwell (from the Rose Collection), an Indian woman who cursed Pat Garrett and wished him shot dead after he had cut down the Kid in the Maxwell house, and one of the house itself with an "X" where the Kid was killed in the dark.

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But the picture which held me enraptured was the one with the four men standing with heads slightly bowed and hats in hand.

I WAITED a moment to contain myself before I spoke. "This picture," I said giving my wife a significant look, "what is it?"

Sullivan took it and ran his elbow over it to dust off the glass. "Oh, this thing," he said, "well, it happens to be Billy the Kid's funeral as it was on July 15, 1881." Sullivan removed his spectacles. "Don't know the names of none of them so don't ask me."

"Has it ever been printed?"

"Not that I am aware of. And why would anybody want to print this thing? You can't see the Kid in it. The woman who owns Billy's grave and this museum, lives in Fort Sumner and she might know if she would be of a mind to tell you, but she's in California right now sunning herself. You know, sir, if I owned Billy's grave like she does, I'd build a ticket office and charge and get rich. But her, oh no, she's got plenty of money anyhow and seems to like to let the public come here and look. They don't come to see Fort Sumner—like some of our town fools think—but come to look at the grave of Billy the Kid. They come by the thousands from all over the world and the deep rut around that grave is deeper than it would be if George Washington lay buried there."

"Aren't others buried here who are important to someone?" I asked.

"Soldiers, you mean. They moved them all over to the National Cemetery years ago and some went to Roswell which only had a population of twelve when Billy was alive and now has thousands. Just Billy and a few others buried here."

"Why doesn't she sell the graveyard?"

"To the State you mean? They won't buy it." He bent over to whisper, with the wind howling outside and my flashlight on that precious picture. "Some say she's afeard of Billy's ghost. It's been seen, you know, by some of the folks around here. Mr. Austin saw it, so he says, riding one night across the old fort ruins and carrying the wooden cross. He rode the beautiful gray he was so proud of. *Duerme bien querido.*"

"What's that mean?"

" 'Rest in peace, beloved.' It's on the cross the Mexican girl put there when he was buried. Soldiers from the fort came and shot it up some—brave fellers when Billy was stone-dead. Then Pete Maxwell's daughter came out here one night and carried the cross into Pete's house to win $10.00 from her father who bet she was afraid to do it. That wouldn't have been me, sir! I've seen Billy's ghost myself but I don't expect you to believe it."

"Oh, I believe you," I said stoutly. "How about my taking a picture of this burial photograph?"

"Would that be the right thing?" asked the aging custodian. "You think that would be the right thing?"

"Look here. I'll give you a few dollars and this sheet of gunfighters for the chance to take it. I doubt if I can get a good picture with a small flash outfit I carry and in such a dirty frame."

MUCH TO MY surprise Mr. Sullivan took the picture from the frame, muttering that it was a waste of time to think I could get a picture. He clung to the dollar bills. We used a flash light to focus and a small bulb and stopped far down with open-flash procedure. After this, we took pictures of the Maxwell house, and then we took our two sons who were restless and got on our way again into the storm and headed back to Fort Sumner. I rented a motel room and developed the films in a bathtub with a blanket thrown over the window and towels stuffed wherever light leaked under doors, and so on. Our kids kept knocking, asking what we had. When could they come in? Could they just peek?

We could have danced a jig when we saw those negatives, not only of the Kid's funeral but also of the Maxwell house, Pat Garrett and a few others. We had, we felt, recorded a little history quite important to those who follow the Kid's legend to the letter. Then we made a few black and white prints in a contact set-up. The flash light was used again to expose through the negative onto the paper.

We had cheese and crackers for a snack and asked each other as we looked at the funeral picture, "But who are they?"

"Tell you what we'll do," I decided,

(Continued on page 62)

The Pete Maxwell house at Fort Sumner in which Billy the Kid was shot by Sheriff Pat Garrett. "X" marks the room in which the Kid was shot. It is said that feelings ran so high that Pat himself almost got cut down.

Amid broken bottles and thrown-away tires is the burial place of Billy the Kid.

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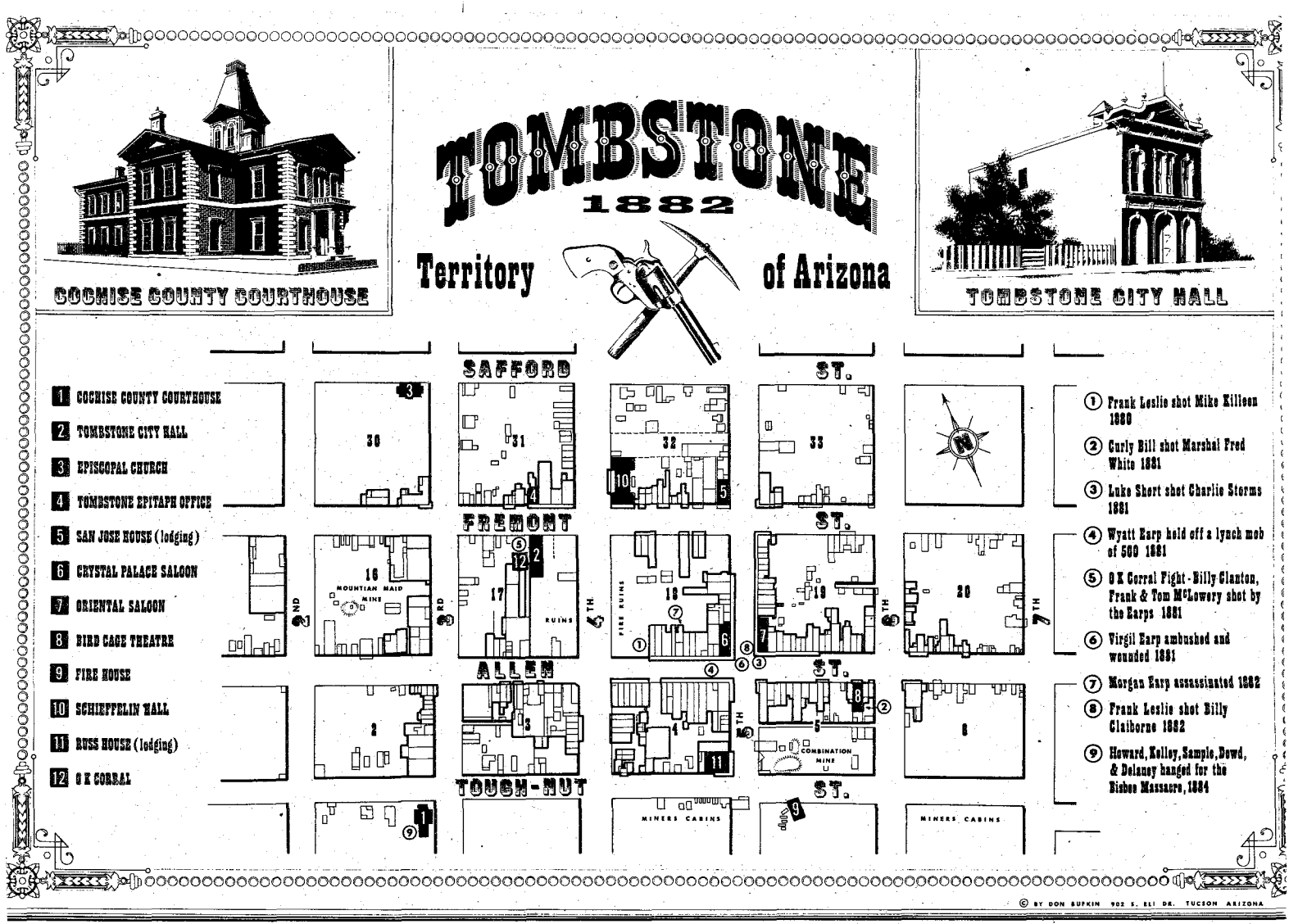

Map by Don Bufkin

This Was Tombstone!

By SAMUEL O. SISCO

MAYBE IT's because of the two TV series that are seen weekly by millions, plus a few older movies, but whatever the reason, Tombstone, Arizona, remains one of the most popular tourist attractions in the entire West. Every day hundreds of motorists pull up to look the old town over. On weekends and holidays it is difficult to find a place to park.

"Where's the O.K. Corral?" asks one motorist, while another may inquire about the Crystal Palace Saloon or insist on seeing the exact spot where Frank Leslie gunned down Billy Claiborne. The office of the old Tombstone *Epitaph* is photographed so frequently that its present editor wears a fixed smile for fear that he may be caught looking glum.

The approaches to Tombstone are dull and uninteresting, across a sweep of rolling desert and mountain ranges where coyotes, rattlesnakes and Gila monsters abound. The town itself lies on a flat mesa, hemmed in by the Whetstone. Burro, Mule, Huachuca and Dragoon mountain ranges.

The visitor's first impression of this historic spot is that of a by-gone period. Almost all of the present buildings were erected between 1879 and 1882, when the site was a cactus and brush-covered land. More than half of the commercial houses have long been deserted.

Benches, scattered along the main street in the shade of roofed sidewalks, contribute to the old town's hospitable atmosphere. Old-time miners and cattlemen, now retired, loiter on the streets and talk of the early days. There is no hurry, no nervous spasm of industry, and although it is still a mining center, Tombstone is only a ghost of the roaring camp it used to be.

The Lucky Cuss, Toughnut, Contention, and Grand Central were the mines from which millions were taken between 1880 and 1886. While they were yielding so abundantly, Tombstone grew to a rip-roarin', properous silver camp whose population reached 14,000 and whose principal industry, next to mining, was gambling. Gambling was profitable, not only in itself, but because the taxes collected from the sale of licenses supported the public schools. Allen Street became the main thoroughfare, and the Crystal Palace and Oriental saloons threw open their doors to increasing crowds of patrons.

Two out of every three buildings in the business district were saloons and gambling dens. The gamblers of Dodge City, at that time an infamous hole, moved in en masse; an immense redlight district sprang up simultaneously with church spires, and the first cemetery encroached so rapidly on the residential district that a bigger burying ground had to be laid out. Tombstone became

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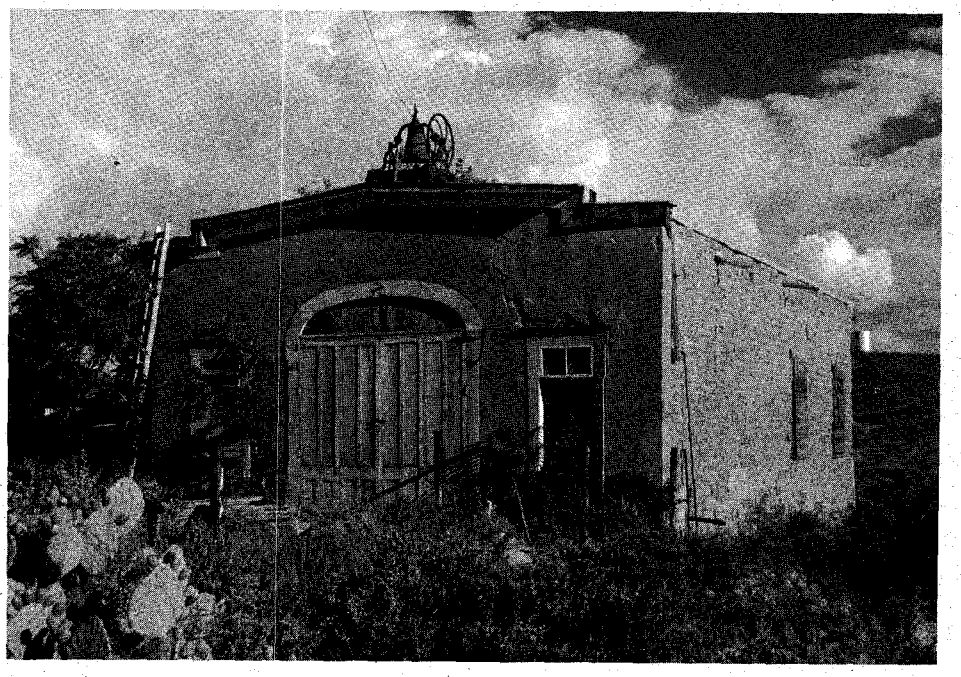
This was the town "Too Tough To Die"—

the gunslingers couldn't kill it in the old days,

and now the tourists keep it alive!

synonymous with everything wild, reckless, daring and novel.

In 1880 alone 110 liquor licenses were issued. There were fourteen faro banks which never closed. Perhaps the Episcopal bishop who visited Tombstone was justified in saying that it was not yet ready for a resident rector. Yet in 1881 Reverend Endicott Peabody arrived fresh from divinity school, so full of enthusiasm that on Saturday nights he visited saloons and dives and invited patrons to attend services on Sunday. The men liked him, listened to his sermons, and contributed liberally toward the church which he succeeded in building.



Tombstone Chamber of Commerce

The oldest public building in Tombstone—the "new" fire house—built in 1880 of adobe. Its restoration will be the next project of the Tombstone Restoration Committee.

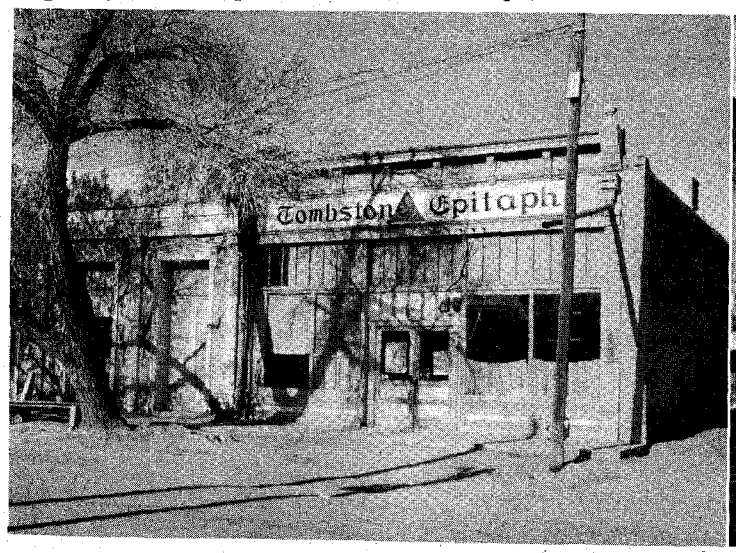
MANY ARE the tales told of Tombstone's lawlessness. One concerns Frank Leslie, who was tending bar at the Oriental the day Billy Claiborne threatened him. He finished the "killer cowboy" by slipping out a side door and covering him just as he was about to re-enter the saloon. Leslie called Claiborne's name and, as he turned, dropped him with a bullet in the chest. Returning to the bar, Leslie commented, as he picked up his unfinished cigar, "He died nice."

The liveliest street battle that ever occurred in Tombstone took place on October 27, 1881, in front of the O.K. Corral. The time was about 2:30 p.m. when the Earp brothers climaxed a long-standing feud between Ike Clanton and the McLowery brothers.

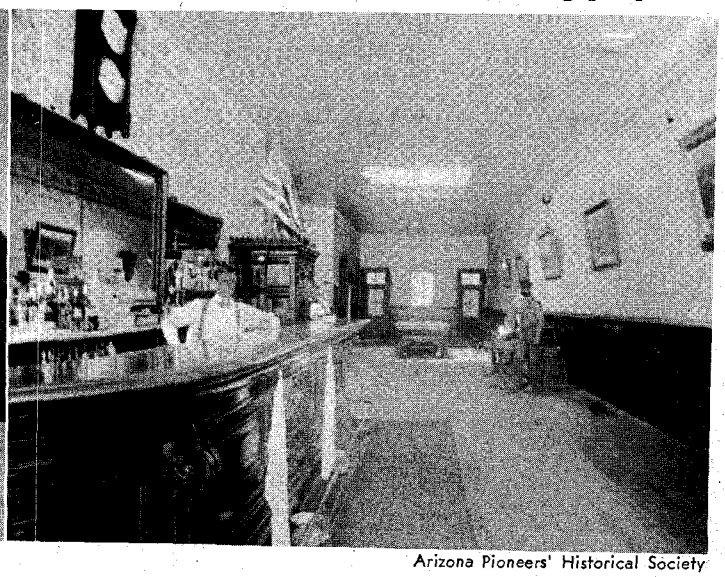
From Fifth and Toughnut Streets one gets an unobstructed view of the mines. Far to the left are the Grand Central, Contention, and Toughnut properties, and to the right is the Lucky Cuss. Almost at one's feet is the gaping mouth of the Million Dollar Stope, down whose black throat every tourist gazes. This, more than anything else, convinces the visitor that the city is honeycombed with mine tunnels.

Each property was developed by sinking deeper and deeper shafts, but water was struck at the 500-foot level. To combat it, huge Cornish pumps were installed by the Grand Central and Contention Companies, and these drained the lower mine levels. The Grand Central pump cost $300,000 and operated with a huge walking beam that stood thirty feet above its foundations. Both companies soon discovered, to their annoyance, that they were draining the district; but the other companies which benefited from the pumping refused to pay for the service. The Grand Central continued pumping, however, until 1885, when a fire in the pump house stopped all work. A year later the Contention hoist and pumping works burned, and with both systems disabled, the two mines closed down.

The years of 1880 to 1890 saw Tombstone rise and ebb as a silver camp. After the mines became flooded in 1886, most of the people for whom the town had laid silver eggs moved away, and its population of 20,000 had shrunk by 1890 to 2,000. With the big pumps idle



Dr. E. R. Harrington



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Left, the Tombstone EPITAPH building as it appears today. Right, the interior of the famous Palace Saloon, a photo from yesteryear.

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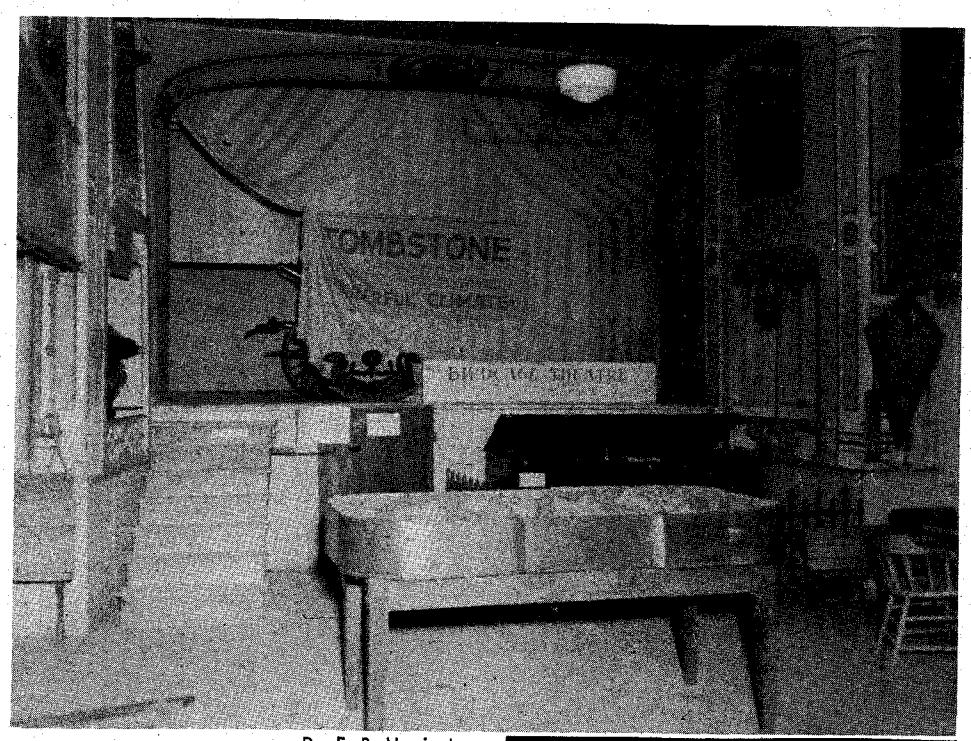
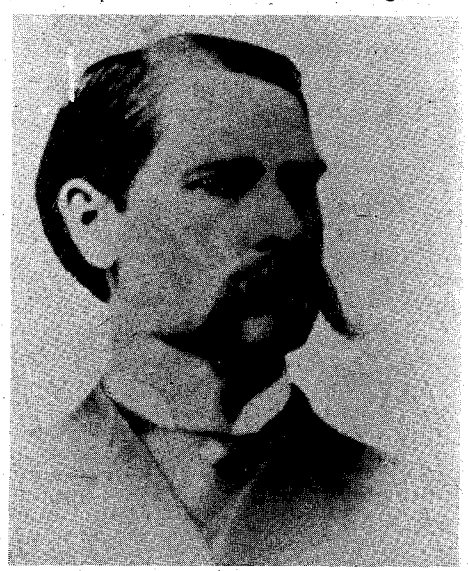
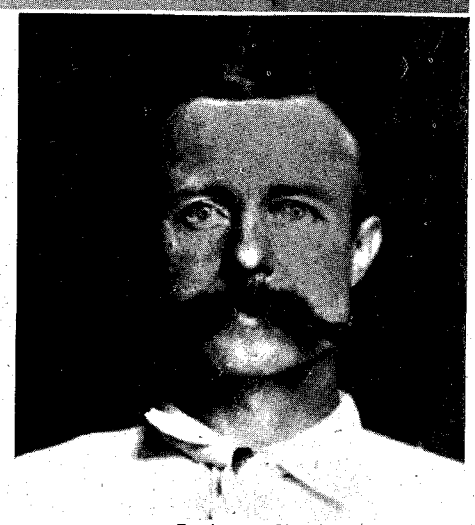


Dr. E. R. Harrington

Inside the Bird Cage Theater, looking forward to the stage. The theater is now a museum with many relics. One of these, a dice table, can be seen in the foreground.



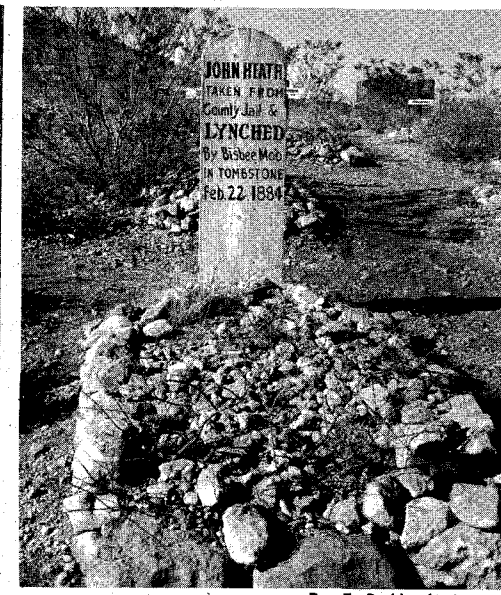
Tombstone Chamber of Commerce



Tombstone Chamber of Commerce

Above, Buckskin Frank Leslie, who dealt at the Oriental Saloon before being sent to prison for killing a woman drinking companion. Left, Wyatt Earp in Tombstone. The picture was taken in 1881. Below, a view from the fire house looking across the Million Dollar stope toward Lilly Cashman's boarding house.

Dr. E. R. Harrington



Dr. E. R. Harrington

Sometimes the local citizenry got impatient.

and the natural water table only 500 feet below the surface, sporadic and shallow leasing operations were all that could be carried on; most of those were on No Account Hill, whose deposits had thus far been overlooked.

A. L. Grow, an agent for two of the big mining companies in 1891, conceived the idea that by consolidating all the mines in the district into one corporation, the pumping problem could be handled satisfactorily and the flooded lower workings again be made accessible. The necessary capital was raised, and in 1901 the Tombstone Consolidated Mining Company began operations by sinking a boom shaft to a depth of 1,080 feet, building a cyanide mill, and installing boilers to provide steam for the big pumps. Tombstone during this period enjoyed another flurry of activity. But it was short-lived. Pumping ended in 1909 when, through carelessness, water entered the fuel pipes under the boiler. The fires went out, and in an hour the water in the shaft had submerged the costly pumps. That August the company went into bankruptcy. On June 23, 1914, the entire Tombstone Consolidated Mining Company was bought by the Phelps Dodge Company for $500,000 at a receiver's sale.

TOURISTS, not mining, are now the city's main industry. Tombstone has wisely taken stock of its assets and preserved so much of its past appearance that visitors can enjoy a vicarious thrill by walking its streets and investigating its historic sites. Not that Tombstone is intact. Two bad fires in the early eighties leveled the business area but its adobe and brick buildings, whose wood or metal awnings cover the sidewalks and shade pedestrians from the fierce summer sun, are those which replaced the original flimsy tents and shacks. Only where buildings have been torn down for the lumber they contained are there gaps in the few compact blocks which comprise the central mass of the city.

AT 6TH and Allen Streets is an oblong adobe building having three plain front doors with fan windows and red brick Romanesque arches above. This is the Bird Cage Theater, built in 1881,

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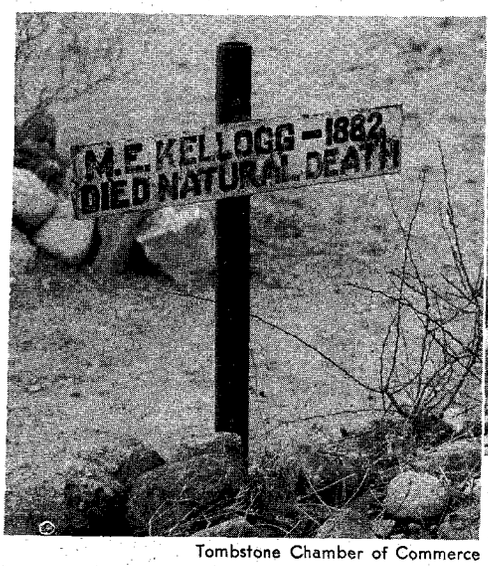


Tombstone Chamber of Commerce

Quite uncommon in Tombstone, 1882.

Dr. E. R. Harrington

He owned the horse he was riding.

Tombstone Chamber of Commerce

and was the town's variety house, saloon, gambling-house, and brothel. The theater was named for its birdcage-like boxes in its small auditorium. On each side was a row of seven boxes, one of which was level with the stage.

During the first three years of its operation, the theater never closed its doors. The respectable folk of Tombstone shunned the Bird Cage, which very early acquired the reputation of a temple dedicated to the diversion of the lusty unattached, but the town's officials, notables and local desperadoes could generally be found there when inquiries failed elsewhere. Wyatt Earp and his clan usually occupied the boxes on the left, while the Sheriff John H. Behan faction settled on the opposite side.

Acts that were vociferously cheered by one side were immediately considered poison by the other, an aggressive partisanship said to have instigated several shootings within the little theater. This partisanship was probably intensified by the refreshments served on small tables in the boxes and on the main floor. There was also a room backstage where admirers were permitted to toast their favorites. Famous variety artists of the day appeared here.

The Bird Cage ceased to be a theater in the 1890's, and is now a dining room and museum of early Tombstone history. Although the bar is comparatively recent, the wallpaper, lithographs, and oil paintings were part of the original interior decoration. A large oil painting of nudes that hung in the saloon, pictures of variety artists, an organ from the Episcopal church, a square piano from Schieffelin Hall, and dice and faro tables are among the articles exhibited. To add a touch of realism to the old theater, an unoccupied grave is in front of the establishment.

The Crystal Palace with its many well designed French windows, doors, and trim was one of the most luxurious and famous of Tombstone's early-day saloons and gambling houses. It is a gray frame building on the northwest corner of 5th and Allen Streets, with overhanging eaves that protect lolling inhabitants from the summer sun. For many years its doors were closed, but in 1902 it was reopened, bringing memories of past glories to many old-timers still living in Tombstone.

The Crystal Palace, still a favorite gathering place, contains a fine collection of early-day ore specimens of the district surrounding Tombstone.

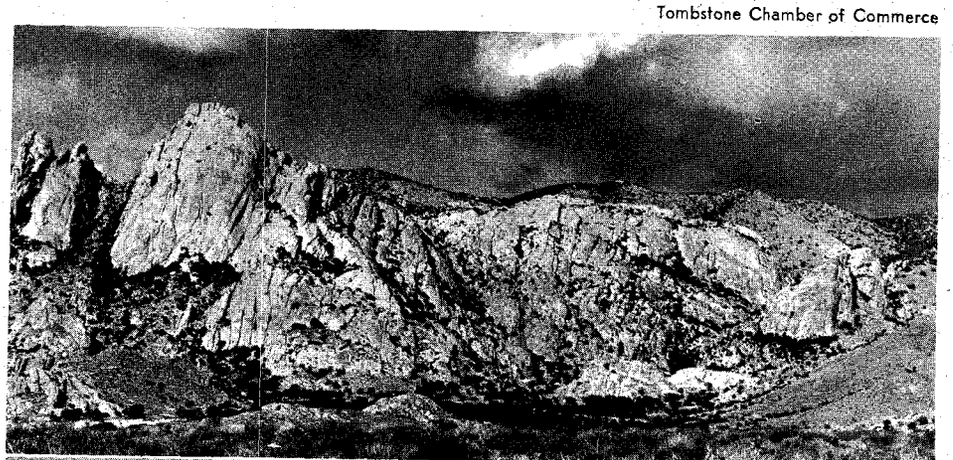
The Oriental Bar, northeast corner of 5th and Allen Streets, across from the Crystal Palace, was famous as the hangout of U.S. Deputy Marshal, Wyatt Earp. Now it is a drug store.

Earp and Sheriff John Behan took

(Continued on page 38)

Right, Edward L. Schieffelin, the man who named Tombstone. The gun he is holding is now in the Court House Museum. Below, a view of Sheep's Head Mountain, where Chief Cochise had his lookout and stronghold. It is about 12 miles across the mesa from Tombstone. Below, a parade marches through the city in the Territorial days.

Tombstone Chamber of Commerce



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

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Bodies of the three men were found—

scalped and filled with arrows.

But what became of the young

BUFFALO HUNTER'S BRIDE?

By MOLLY MADDEN

Illustrated by Gene Shortridge

IT WAS TIME for the arrival of the daily train the morning of August 10, 1870, in Ellis, Kansas, and the construction crew working near the little depot relaxed, waiting to see what new—or old—friends would be coming in. Charley Granger, the conductor, stepped down, first showing solicitude for some as yet unseen passenger.

"It's a woman!" an astonished baritone voice boomed. "A real honest-to-God woman!"

Behind the baritone, another higher, more falsetto voice "hurrah-ed" and Martha Smith, trim and well-dressed, smiled and thanked Charley for his extended hand. Following her off the train came her family: Mary, the oldest daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen; Jennie, a few years younger; three more little girls and two little boys. Shielding their eyes from the sun, Martha Smith and her children looked around them. No trees, no buildings of any kind, only a bewildering expanse of knee-high prairie grass greeted their gazes. The girls sat down on a pile of ties and began to cry. They didn't like the desolation of their new home, and already wanted to leave.

The Smiths were Texans. But when Martha's husband died, she had left, moving to New Orleans, then to Illinois, trying to find a way to support her family in the hard days after the Civil War. Lured by the promise of a new railroad being constructed across the prairies, she had brought her family to Kansas and a new life.

Within a short time Martha had established herself in the UP Railroad's twenty-four room hotel, Ellis' first. John Edwards set up a dining room in a rebuilt railway coach, and between the two of them they did a booming business. The hotel was filled within two days after its official opening, with Martha the proprietress and Mary and the other children working at various chores.

Mary soon became regarded as the town's "princess," ruling her domain—the loyal Irish railroad workers building a roundhouse near the depot—with smiles and kindness. Everyone in town worshipped her. Hays, the townspeople said, could have its fancy ladies and Sheridan, (an infamous cluster of mud hovels at the end of the line) its "Sheridan Girls," but Ellis had just one girl—a lady, Mary Smith.

The grass had barely begun to green the following spring when Mary met Dick Jordan. She was hoisting a bucket of water up from the town well when a tall young man took the bucket from her hands. From his crusty blood-stained clothes she knew him to be a buffalo hunter, but his neatly combed hair set him apart from the matted-bearded hunters she knew.

"Mary Smith," he said, "I've heard of you. I'm Dick Jordan. I live here but I've no time for funnin'—much. I've hired out to Mooar Brothers for the summer hunt. They've got an order for 10,000 hides at $3.50 apiece. Think of that, Mary!" He clasped her hand in his sudden enthusiasm. "You wait for me. I'll get me a stake and we'll get acquainted, Mary Smith. I'll be back."

And, waving his hand gaily, he disappeared.

MANIFEST DESTINY, the politicians called it. The iron horse was pushing west and the homesteaders were following. The hell-roaring Seventh Cavalry, 2,000 strong, was whooping it up at Ft. Hays, twelve miles away. Buffalo hunters were flocking in from the Platte to the north, from the Arkansas and Cimarron to the south, all moving out upon the great Arkansas herd of bison, 15,000,000 of them. Mary felt this new, big, sprawling tide of life about her. She was part of it as Dick Jordan was part of it. She would wait for him.

A wonderful business, buffalo hunting. The plains were almost dark with the massive creatures. Three bedding places surrounded Ellis—on the north, west and south. The herds came in after dark, even after the settlement had been established, to water at Big Creek. Then majestically they filed back to their wallows for the night. At daybreak they got up, by twos and three's, wandering slowly away to graze.

In July they moved north to the Platte, the yellow playful calves at the old cows' sides, moving always into the wind. By fall they were back again, heading south towards the Arkansas winter ranges. John Mooar, a New York trader at Hays, had found a market for thousands of hides, which manufacturers used to make buggy tops, sledge bodies, and army accoutrements. Robes were sold everywhere. Soldiers and townspeople ate the meat, fresh, cured or dried. Some hunters took only the tongues, but most killed for the hides alone, leaving the ranges full of bloated rotting carcasses. The stench hung heavy for miles around.

Heavy snows lasted late in the spring of 1871, leaving gray dirty drifts in the brakes of the Saline and Smoky. The rivers were full when the great Arkansas herd started north. Dick Jordan, taken on by Mooar's outfit as a skinner, had yet to see an Indian or buffaloes in great numbers. Twenty years old, nervy and ambitious, he had it all to learn.

He was to learn it fast, to pack a lifetime into the next twelve months.

TWO HUNTERS, two skinners and two freighters driving high sideboarded wagons for the hides and camp gear—that was the Mooar outfit when they set out in June. Fifty miles south of Ellis they headquartered on the Hackberry. Early on the third day Jordan rode out with Joe Gokey.

"Lookee there," Joe exclaimed after an hour's ride. He pointed north to a white frost cloud on the horizon. "It's them. Must be five miles off."

Soon they could see about twenty black specks, then more. Finally the whole prairie was a black mass of heads bobbing in rhythm.

"Give 'em a try, boy. Figger where they'll pass. Hobble your horse up ahead, come in at 'em against the wind. Aim at the fore one—at the lungs. Shoot one,

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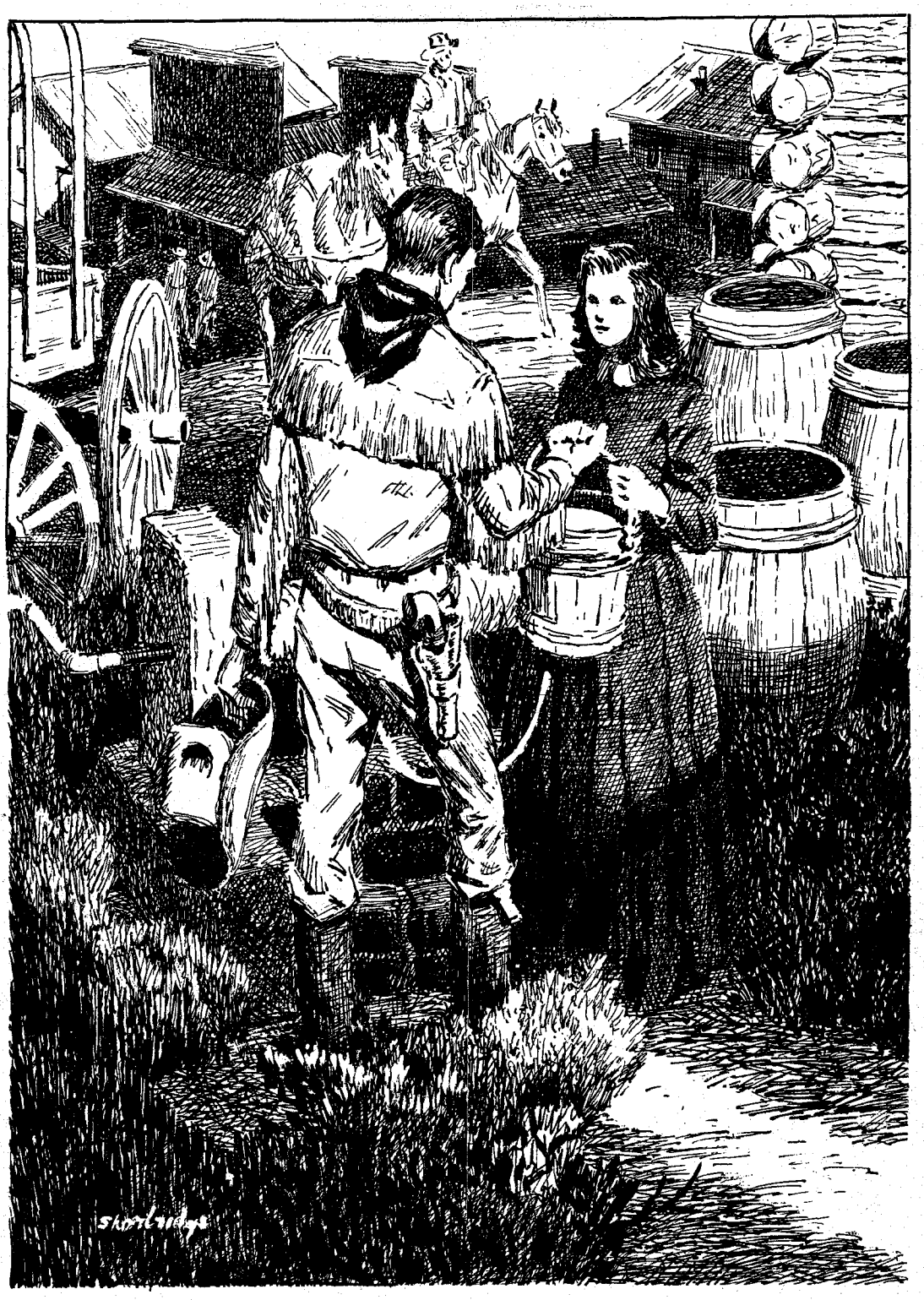

"Mary Smith, I've heard of you," he said. "I'm Dick Jordan. I live here but I've no time for funnin'—much."

don't ye stop. Keep shooting, always at the lead one."

Hobbling his horse in a bush, Jordan crawled up the hill. His fingers worked nervously on the trigger as he sighted at a ridge, waiting. Four or five buffaloes came on slowly. Their grunting and sniffing made him tremble. They were very close now. Resting his gun on a rock, Jordan aimed at the lungs of the front animal and fired. The cow jumped, ran a little way, slumped and fell. Low bellows came from the herd at the smell of blood. For a moment Dick began to tremble, but remembering Joe's word he steadied himself and aimed at the new leader. A miss. He shot again. The rest of the herd approached, roaring loudly, milling around. A couple of old bulls pawed the ground. Their bellows rumbled ominously. When the third one led off, Dick fired and got her, a fine young cow. He crawled around the hill. When the herd started passing his new location he banged away shooting, reloading. Finally the loud reports of his gun, the bawling and stamping of the herd, were too much for him. Face down on the ground he shut his eyes until the whole herd had bunched together and drifted away. He looked down at the dying animals sprawled below. There were thirteen of them, slumped and awry, some still alive.

Word of Jordan's prowess as a hunter reached Mary. When he returned, toward the end of May, he told her of the hunt, of the emotions he had felt; the loniness, the fear, the frightening tenderness when he saw Kiowas begging sugar from hunters on the Saline. And he told her of his plans—that he and his brother George and Fred Nelson, were going to organize an outfit of their own, and that with the money he'd make he would build a fine home with mirrors and Brussels carpets.

IN NOVEMBER they were married. "No good can come of it," boded the railroad workers, "taking that tender girl away from her people."

Take her away Jordan did. In January

(Continued on page 57)

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The last great Indian war was fought in 1915 between the Paiutes of Utah and the U. S. Government. No one has ever said the Army got defeated — but neither were the Indians!

Tribune.

Office, factory and store find the more efficient workers among those advertising in The Tribune Want Columns.

23, 1915. 16 PAGES—FIVE CENTS

TWO WHITES ARE MISSING

THE INDIANS—Jose Cordova is reported to be danlungs. Dr. John Stanley is reported to have been capth of Cottonwood gulch, near Bluff, and in which the

REDSKINS OVERCOME PHYSICIAN AND GUARD

Dr. John Stanley and Partner Disappear at Mouth of McElmo Canyon While on Way to Aid Jose Cordova, Who Is Wounded.

SCOUTING PARTY CAUGHT IN TRAP

Posse Starts Search for Lost Comrades; Fear Felt for Men Who Were Cut Off in Rocks; Traces of Hand-to-hand Struggle Found.

Scouts Are Missed.

DR. JOHN STANLEY

T WAR DUE TO TIONAL VANITY

Bryce Gives Views ure at London Iniversity.

FACES DEATH WITH SUBLIME COURAGE

Mme. Bernhardt Undergoes Operation; Surgeon's Report Favorable.

The Indian War Nobody Knows

By ROBERT S. MIKKELSEN

DAWN WAS only an hour away when a hailstorm postponed the violent end of the federal posse's long ride. Exhausted from slogging through the red winter mud of southern Colorado and Utah, the men hunched numbly under the sting of cherry-sized hailstones.

Six miles farther south, camped on the side of a deep wash that ran past Bluff, Utah, to dump its muddy water into the swollen San Juan River, old Polk squinted north through the same storm. At last he saw what he had been watching for—a faint signal fire that flickered against the wind for a moment and then went out. He grunted to the Paiutes who had been watching with him, and their own fire hissed into life, relaying the message south. On the south bank of the San Juan River, Chief Posey and his Ute warriors saw the spurt of flame and kicked their gaunt ponies into the roiling water.

When the hail slacked off, the possemen tightened their cinches and checked the magazines of their Winchesters with stiff fingers. Then they eased their humped, stamping horses down the treacherous Cow Canyon trail into Bluff. At exactly 6:03, Feb. 21, 1915, they rode into Bluff.

All of the town's 150 citizens were awake, and most of them were armed to the teeth. Of the five town councilmen waiting on foot for the posse at the north end of Bluff's rutted business street, three carried .30-.30's and two had sawed-off shotguns tucked under their arms. Deputy U.S. Marshal Gingles rode up to them and jerked his thumb toward Cottonwood Wash, a mile to the northwest. "They still there?" he asked.

The councilmen nodded. "Be careful," one of them said. "They're braved up meaner than hell."

"What do you mean?"

Storms and Paiutes had honed tempers keen in Bluff. "You'll damn soon find out when you try to arrest Polk's kid," the man answered.

Deputy Gingles shrugged and shot up his arm. Clods of mud flew as the posse shook itself out into a ragged line. When the riders were spaced the way he wanted them, Gingles snapped his arm down and they loped off toward the rocky rim of Cottonwood Wash. The West's last Indian war was about to erupt.

HIS HUGE frame slouched in a chair in the town hall of Blanding, Utah, forty miles north of Bluff, United States Marshal Aquila Nebeker waited out the night anxiously. A sizeable crowd had gathered at midnight to watch the posse spatter off into the darkness. Now, a few minutes after dawn, only a handful sat around the hall listening for the tinny ring of the telephone to announce the news from Bluff. Marshal Nebeker had every reason to believe the news would be good. His posse was well picked, and in spite of the storm his plans were proceeding on schedule. Unfortunately, however, it was a schedule Posey had anticipated.

Polk's signal fire had told Posey that what he had been readying for was coming—a large posse carrying Winchesters, Deputy U.S. Marshal badges, and a warrant for the arrest of Polk's son, Tse-nagat, on a charge of murder. If the arrest of his blood brother's son had been all Posey was expecting, the boy would have long since been on his way toward the Navajo Mountains a hundred miles to the south, where a whole regiment of cavalry couldn't have served a warrant on a Paiute riding a tough pony and packing a sack of dried meat. But that wasn't all the posse had planned and Posey knew it. With Nebeker's blessing, the stockmen who composed the posse intended to get done while deputized what they hadn't been able to do on their own for fifteen years—drive the renegade Paiutes and Utes back onto the Southern Ute Reservation where they belonged.

By 1900 there weren't supposed to be

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any Indians living off reservations without federal authorization. After relocating the White River Utes of Northern Colorado on the Uinta Reservation in Utah, and establishing the Southern Ute Reservation in Southwestern Colorado for the Utes and Paiutes of the Four Corners region, the Bureau of Indian Affairs could report at last that it had the American Indian neatly fenced up. Except, that is, for Posey and any other Ute or Paiute who wanted to jump the reservation with him.

NO ONE knew better than that bullet-furrowed old chief why Four Corners settlers bore a grudge against roaming Utes and Paiutes. For twenty years he had led his bands along trails strewn with the bleached bones of cattle and sheep he had slaughtered by moonlight. Most stockmen in the area expected to contribute a few head to Posey's commissary every year. As one rancher complained to the Indian Agent on the Southern Ute Reservation, "If Posey would register a brand, I'd slap it on a few of my cows and save him and my herders a lot of trouble."

As it was, few riders were willing to stay out with a herd all summer on the lonely mesas drained by the San Juan River. Most of the herders that hired out were wetbacks. Between 1900 and 1915, forty of them were found who had learned too late that it was dangerous to hunt for missing stock. Once in a while Posey sent one of his squaws to square things with a rider whose herd he had singled out for continual raids, but more often he emptied a magazine of .30-.30's into his camp wagon to let him know what to expect if he went looking for moonlighted cattle or sheep.

The stockmen of Southern Colorado and Utah made their complaints to the Bureau of Indians Affairs, which quietly pigeonholed them. The Bureau knew that only cavalry could curb Indian depredations in the remote, fantastically eroded Four Corners country, and it had no intention of admitting there was still an Indian problem out West by requesting the aid of U.S. cavalry. Without cavalry to back him, the Ute Indian Agent was powerless to keep Posey on the reservation.

"I can't stop young bucks from following Posey off the reservation," one Ute agent told some irate ranchers. "The only thing a brave can count coup on around here is a basketball game. When he goes with old Posey he can take scalps if he wants them bad enough. And when he gets back, there isn't a Ute man in the tribe that would inform on him or a squaw that wouldn't meet him out in the cedars after dark."

THEN, in 1914, Posey's blood-brother, Polk, triggered the inevitable showdown. Ironically, the trouble started on the reservation. Toward the end of March, when most sheepherders were drinking up the last of their lambing-time checks, a herder named Juan Chacon drew a year's pay, about $300.00, and went to Navajo Springs to talk to the Ute agent about marrying a Ute girl and taking her with him to Mexico, where he intended to buy a herd of his own. The agent agreed to write Washington, and Juan moved in with the girl's family while they waited for an answer.

At the same time Polk's son, Tse-na-gat, showed up at the agency. Having come onto the reservation with Posey, who had sold his last squaw to a one-armed Navajo and was in the market for a new one, Tse-na-gat soon heard about the money Juan was carrying. He lost no time going after it. He came upon Juan alone and shot him. As he was dragging his body out of sight into an arroyo, five Utes accidentally rode onto him. Coolly, Tse-na-gat invited them to share Juan's money with him. Three of them were willing, but the other two were Juan's intended brothers-in-law. Both of them had liked Juan, and they told Tse-na-gat that he'd better get off the reservation and stay off it. He threatened to kill them if they reported Juan's murder, but they were tying their heaving ponies to the rail outside the agency office before he had finished piling greasewood on Juan's body.

Agency Superintendent Jenkins heard the brothers out, got a warrant for Tse-na-gat's arrest, and rounded up twelve Ute Indian Police who agreed to help him serve the warrant. Two days after Juan's murder, they rode out to Posey's camp, about ten miles from Navajo Springs.

Posey was temporarily away trying out a new squaw. What he would have done if he'd been there is purely speculative, but the disappearance of Tse-na-gat's informers after Posey heard about the killing suggests pretty strongly how he would have handled the situation: Tse-na-gat would have given himself up, and without the two brothers to back their story, Jenkins would have had to let him go.

But it was Polk, acting with the finesse of a tick-maddened bull, who took over when the police showed up. When they got within a hundred yards of the camp, he unlimbered his old .45-.70 and stung up a cloud of dust just in front of them. They pulled up and counted the braves behind Polk as their horses milled nervously. There were over thirty, including Tse-na-gat, all of them fidgeting with rifles. Then Polk's .45-.70 boomed again and one of the police reeled as the heavy slug thumped into the pommel of his saddle. That was enough. Jenkins waved toward the agency, and they headed back, the sound of Polk's taunts still audible a quarter of a mile away.

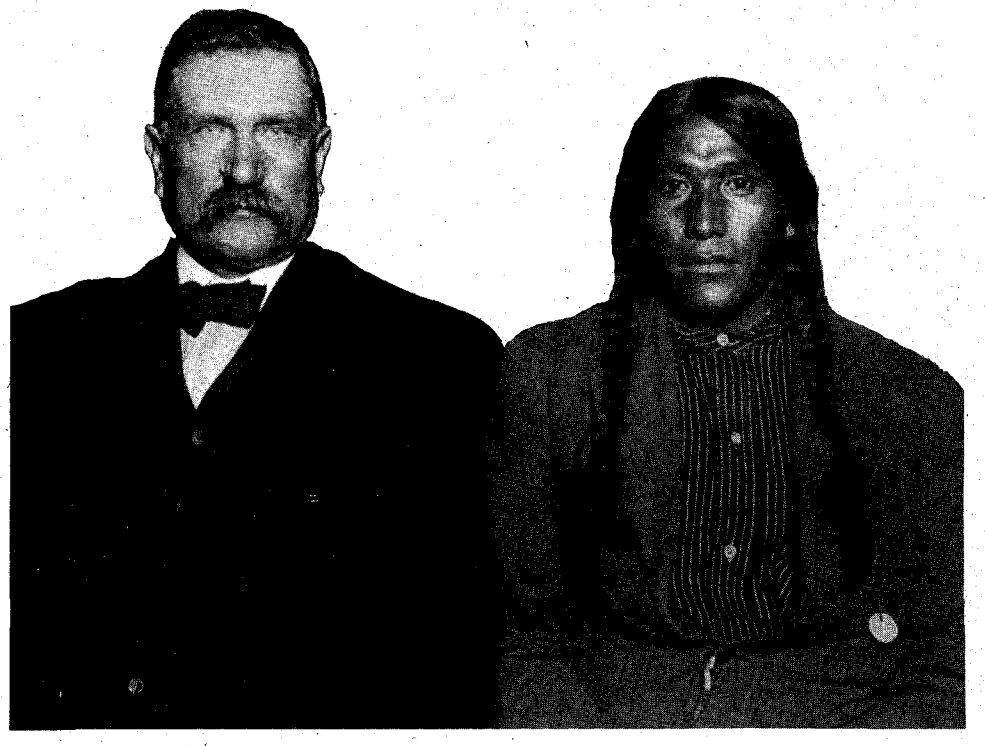
Superintendent Jenkins informed Washington of Polk's coup, and for once got a straight answer: let local authorities serve the warrant. But by the time Jenkins had turned the warrant over to the sheriff of Montezuma County, Colorado, Polk and Tse-na-gat were gone, their tracks leading southwest off the reservation.

POSEY'S new squaw, a doe-eyed fourteen-year-old Ute girl, kept him contentedly on the reservation for the rest of the summer, but a large band of Paiutes joined Polk, who lazed through the unfrequented mountains of Northeastern Arizona, hunting elk and mule deer. When the first dustings of snow started the herds down to lower, more settled country, Polk headed north to his favorite winter camp on Cottonwood Wash, where he intended to dry enough meat stripped from Bluff ranchers' fat steers to last his band through the winter.

Whites around Bluff had been conditioned to Polk's moonlighting, but not his new-shown arrogance. Their wikiups were scarcely thrown up before the Paiutes, Tse-na-gat conspicuous among them, began to slaughter cattle, sometimes in broad daylight, and took to swaggering through the town. Few of them could speak English, but all of them commanded enough Spanish to let townspeople and nearby ranchers know that they had backed the agency down on the reservation and were ready for any trouble that San Juan County whites wanted to make.

For several months the people of Bluff put up with it, knowing that any action taken against Polk might be avenged on ranchers out away from town. But when another thirty bucks and as many squaws and children appeared in Polk's camp one morning late in January, the

Marshal Aquila Nebeker and Tse-na-gat.



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LAST EDITION

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

12 PAGES — TUESDAY FEBRUARY 23 1915 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH — SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR

Indian Agent Jenkins Requests Goverment to Take Quick Action

IGHT ASSUMES MORE SERIOUS PROPORTIONS

iginal Posse, Reinforced by Volunteers, Sweeps Down On Indians Encamped in Cottonwood Gulch, Killing Three Indians and Burning Huts of Tse-Ne-Gat and Old Polk, His Father—Members of Posse Who Became Detached Have Been Found—Indian Agent Jenkins Wires Washington for Assistance— Band of Indians Rides Into Bluff This Morning Thought to be Indian Police From Shiprock—Indians Reported As Having Moved to Butler Wash, Eight Miles West of Bluff.

(By Long Distance Telephone.)

Bluff, 11 o'clock a.m., Feb. 23.—A band of Indians is ust riding into town. There seems to be quite a number of hem, but they appear to be peaceable. It may be that they re the Indian police of Shiprock, N. M., or some of the raves who are willing to give themselves up.

The five men who were held prisoners in the rocks came own the county road yesterday and are now safe in Bluff.

The posse has not gone to Butler wash yet, although hey have completed their preparations.

(Special to The News.)

Bluff, Feb. 23.—A United States deputy marshal is ordering 0 rounds of ammunition sent to Bluff at once.

Indian Agent Jenkins has wired the commissioner of Indian irs at Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Situation here still serious. Citizens much alarmed and t government to take decisive action. Conferred with Mar- Nebeker and he very properly insists that warrant be served. ans are holding out in the hills. Am endeavoring to get in h with friendly element of Indians and have them assist in effecting peaceable arrest of Black."

ndians Receive Help nd Move Into Butler Wash

(Special to The News.)

Bluff, Feb. 23.—Indian Agent J. E. Jenkins of Navajo Springs, it for the Utes, has arrived in Bluff and will co-operate with shal Nebeker in capturing Tse-Ne-Gat. The Indians have se- d further reinforcements and moved to Butler wash, eight s west of Bluff. At that point they are fortifying themselves nst any attacks.

The posse is forming with as many as are available, leaving mber behind to protect the town in case it is attacked. In- guides have been secured to show the posse the most prob- hiding places of the bands of Indian fighters.

Butler wash is the second wash to the west of Bluff and the try between Bluff and the wash is quite open. The wash is emely rocky and the sides are precipitous, where the main s cross, leading into the oil fields and to the road that leads to Navajo reservation and the trails to New Mexico and Arizona. along this road that the Indian police from Shiprock will have me in. There are a number of places where the wash can be ed, but it affords an excellent hiding place. About three beyond Butler wash is Comb, wash, which is a long escarp- . This would also afford an excellent hiding place.

Dr. Johnson of Cortez arrived at 2 o'clock this morning and leave with the posse to attack the Indians.

REE INDIANS KILLED RESULT OF BATTLE

ver, Colo., Feb. 23.—The battle en a posse led by United States al Aquila Nebeker and two of Indians led by Tse-Ne-Gat, a which began early Sunday near Utah, today assumed more seri- reportions. The Indians, who oined by Old Posey's band Sun- umbered ninety. The original of 26, reinforced by volunteers nearby villages, last night swept upon the Indians encamped in wood gulch, killing three. In- and burning the wikiups or ed huts of Tse-Ne-Gat and Old his father. This information was contained in a telephone message from Bluff to Durango, Colo., just before midnight, which was the first defi information received since early yesterday.

Five members of the posse—Murray Williams, Frank Wheatland, Roy Moore, Dick Lewis and Roscoe Houston—became detached from the posse when the battle opened and are isolated in the rimrocks, according to Thomas M. Burke, a member of the posse, who telephoned from Bluff. The men have been without food or water since early Sunday, but are well supplied with ammunition.

Mancos Jim, a Ute chief, yesterday counselled the renegades to surrender "to save the squaws and children," but was met with obstinate refusal. "We will fight until death," was the answer.

The Indian girl who was killed Sun-

Mountains in Butler Wash, Where Indians Are Hiding

day while running through the line of battle has not been identified. The names of the three Indians killed last night also have not been learned.

Volunteer bands from Grayson and Montezuma, Utah, and 24 Navajo police from the Indian agency at Shiprock, N. M., are en route to Bluff. A heavy snow storm prevails.

A telephone report also stated that troops passed through Moab, Utah, shortly after noon yesterday. Marshal Nebeker denied that a request for troops had been made.

The trouble arose over the resistance to arrest of Tse-Ne-Gat, also known as Everett Hatch, on a charge of the murder of Juan Chapon, a sheepherder, March 28, 1914, in Montezuma county, Colo.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S CONDITION GOOD

Bordeaux, via Paris, Feb. 23 3:25 a. m.—The condition of Sarah Bernhardt, whose right leg was amputated yesterday, was said late last night to be satisfactory, although she was suffering considerable pain.

DAVILMAR THEODORE HAS ABDICATED AS PRESIDENT OF

Washington, Feb. 23.—Davilmar Theodore has abdicated as president of Haiti and taken refuge on the steamer, Frederick Henry, at Gonaives. The steamer has sailed to Curacao.

Local officials have been in the capital awaiting the news that the leader of the revolution in Haiti is outside the city. The intention is taken to forward the action of Haitien affairs to the United States will either propose to send a commission to the public in an effort to restore order in condition to satisfy the people and restore order.

NORWEGIAN ST REGIN SUNK DOVER BY

London, Feb. 22. [illegible] Norwegian steamer Re[illegible] off Dover this morning [illegible] submarine or a mine." [illegible] were saved.

The Regin, carrying [illegible] Tyne to Bordeaux, [illegible] after she was struck.

STORM PROS TELEGR

Chicago, Feb. 22.—A [illegible] sleet storm prostrated telegraph wires in seven [illegible] Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska [illegible] Dakota, according to [illegible] ed today by the telegraph [illegible] Many poles have been [illegible] and several cities cut [illegible] communication.

Telegraph service out of [illegible] the west was badly hampered [illegible] day and the companies [illegible] little prospect for communication [illegible] at least 24 hours.

INDIAN POLICE RIDING TO BLUFF

Navahos Will Assist Marshal Nebeker's Trained Men in Capturing Tse-Ne-Gat

MEMORABLE TRIP OF POSSE

of the band of Indians have retreated to the west down the San Juan river.

An uncontrolled report is that troops are to be sent from Salt Lake, but Marshal Nebeker does not believe this as he has not asked for help from either the state or the federal government. He declares that the trained Indian fighters he has with him can do more effective work than troops of any kind.

TRAINED INDIAN FIGHTERS.

The men from Colorado who rode into Bluff before daylight Sunday morning were Grover Brittain, sheriff of Dolores county and Sheriff A. N. Gingles of Montezuma county. Besides these two men there were the following, all well known Indian fighters, who have been in action many times before: Pete Fisher, Wi[illegible] Charles Hayes, Roscoe [illegible] Mrs. Verde Park, A. [illegible] Kerhan, Dick Lewis [illegible] Lockett, Frank [illegible] Akin [illegible]

RUSSIAN TENTH ARMY STANDS AT BAY

Many Encounters Indicate Counter Offensive on the Narew, Bobr and Niemen Rivers

BOTH SIDES REPORT CAPTURE OF PRISONERS

Along Western Battle Front Artillery Engagements Have Been The Distinguishing Feature.

London, Feb. 23, 12:15 p. m.—The Russian Tenth army which according to an official report by Grand Duke Nicholas, the Russian commander-in-chief in the field, lost one of its corps in the last big battle in East Prussia, now stands at bay along the line of the Narew, Bobr and Niemen rivers within Russian territory.

The latest communication relates many isolated engagements in this region which may mean that a counter offensive is now in progress, but of this there is no confirmation.

On the southern flank also the Russians have reported local successes, but these are not admitted by Vienna, which claims that all Russian counter-attacks have been repulsed with heavy losses to the Russians. Both sides report the capture of many prisoners and while the fighting has been without definite result it is evident that the struggle for the mountain passes has been extremely [illegible] and [illegible]

AUSTRIANS AND GERMANS ARE REPULSED

At Number of Points on Western Battle Front, According to Russian Official Communication

FIFTEEN HUNDRED PRISONERS TAKEN

Czar's Troops Capture Heights of Smolnika, East of Lupkow Pass, in the Carpathians.

Petrograd, Feb. 23.—Repulses of the Austrians and Germans at several points on the western battle front are claimed by the Russians in an official communication issued last night. It is stated that in eastern Galicia, southeast of Stanislau, two brigades of Austrians were driven off with a loss of 1,500 prisoners, including 20 officers and several machine guns. The communication follows:

"Fighting continues on the right bank of the Bobr and the Narew in isolated engagements. An encounter of secondary importance occurred near Grodno, on the Lyckow road, in which we attacked the Germans.

"The guns of the fortress [illegible] actively and effectively in the Osowiets [illegible] from Lomza we [illegible] a fierce combat. [illegible] offensive and [illegible]

Bluff town council wired the San Juan County Representative to the Utah State Legislature in Salt Lake City that the situation was dangerous. Representative Wayne H. Redd promptly called on Aquila Nebeker, U.S. Marshal for Utah, and asked him to arrest Tse-na-gat and escort Polk and his braves back to the Southern Ute Reservation.

That was a man-sized request, but Nebeker's answer was characteristically terse. "I'm on my way." He might not have agreed so readily if he had known what he was getting into.

NEBEKER had dealt with Indians before, as a miner in the Silver Reef country of Southwestern Utah, and as a prospecter in Mexico. He had seen a bold front backed by cool heads stand off Apaches, and he was convinced the same combination would tame Polk and his Paiutes.

When he got off the train at Dolores, Colorado, a hundred miles northeast of Bluff, he had already conceived a plan. In Cortez, county seat of Montezuma County, he swore in four tough Colorado deputies and told them what they were going to do. His plan hinged on two elements—surprise and Indian psychology. To keep Polk's scouts and informants from suspecting their intentions, the deputies would ride to Bluff separately, meeting in town February 5. Before dawn two of them would circle around behind Polk's camp. After daylight Nebeker and the rest would ride directly up the west rim of the wash to the Paiute wikiups. From experience, Nebeker knew that three men could ride into a camp of seventy braves for a parley with their chief. When Polk came within reach they would seize him and demand the surrender of his son. No Paiute would be likely to start trouble while a .44-.44 was pointed at his chief's head, and if Tse-na-gat tried to get away the two deputies staked out behind the camp could cut him off. Rousting Polk and arresting Tse-na-gat in front of the whole camp would be just the right show of strength needed to get it through the Paiutes' heads that they had run out of room off the reservation.

"What if we can't get hold of Polk?" asked one deputy.

"Or hang onto him?" another worried.

"He'll go down just ahead of us," Nebeker replied.

With the skin between their shoulder blades crawling at the thought of manhandling Polk in front of his braves, the deputies rode out of Cortez one by one toward Bluff.

On the afternoon of February 4, two of them and Nebeker were in Bluff, doubtful that the other two would make it by morning through the sudden blizzard whipping across the river flat around Bluff.

At ten the next morning, when the storm started to lift, there were still only three of them.

"Let's go get it done," was Nebeker's decision.

A few hundred yards out of town, they were hailed by a party of Paiutes leaning

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This is the barren land where the last Indian war of the West was fought. Hal Rumel Studio

out of the wind against their horses. They were waiting for the lawmen, they said, and in unprintable Spanish they forecast the outcome of another attempt to arrest Tse-na-gat.

After fuming about citizens who couldn't keep their mouths shut, Nebeker left for Blanding, the relieved deputies remaining in Bluff with instructions to scout Polk's camp continuously and phone their reports to the San Juan County Sheriff in Blanding.

Nebeker stopped in Blanding just long enough to alert the sheriff and rode on to Cortez, where he put A. N. Gingles, a former Montezuma County sheriff, in charge of recruiting and outfitting a posse that could arrest Tse-na-gat and dog Polk back into the reservation with or without the advantage of surprise.

TEN DAYS after Nebeker left for Cortez, a few puffs of smoke climbed into the winter sky southeast of Bluff and tore apart in the keen wind—Posey was signaling that he would ride into Polk's camp sometime before the moon rose that night.

Posey had found out about the second attempt to arrest Tse-na-gat from the same sources who had tipped off Polk—the scattered Mexican and Indian landowners in the area who bought raid protection for their small herds with information and supplies. To their practiced eyes the strangers riding toward Bluff had spelled law, and they had passed word quickly to Polk and Posey.

Posey snorted when he heard that Polk's braves had scared the lawmen away without firing a shot. But he didn't like the rumor that cowboys rode out from Bluff every day to scout Polk's camp from a rocky ridge just out of rifle shot. Maybe the whites were at last braving for a fight. If they were, the winter would be on their side. Deep snow in the passes leading up into the mountains and onto the high mesas would hold Indians to the kind of stand-up fight that whites nearly always won. This wasn't the time for a big fight, but bull-headed old Polk would start one if somebody didn't ride herd on him. In less than a week Posey made war medicine with fifty Utes who were chafing to get off the reservation, and they rode for Bluff, their saddlebags bulging with parched corn and rifle shells.

When Posey at last hunkered down next to the council fire in Polk's wikiup, Polk boasted that the big angry man on the sorrel mare had ridden away with his tail between his legs and that the cowboys he'd left behind were too scared to come closer than the ridge overlooking the camp. Posey wasn't so sure. Cowboys always gave them trouble off the reservation, but none of them had ever hung around scouting one of their camps before. It would be safer to move farther down the San Juan River toward the Navajo Reservation. The passes into the Navajo Mountains would soon be free of snow, and they could live off deer and Navajo sheep for a summer and give the stockmen time to cool down.

Polk couldn't see why he should give up his comfortable winter camp and freeze in the foothills of the Navajo Mountains just because some cowboys wanted to watch him. Besides, he hadn't dried enough meat to move camp on. Why should he have dried meat when he could slaughter a white man's steer whenever he wanted one? Maybe Posey was getting too old for the war trail. Maybe he should go back to the reservation where he could eat goat meat and pinto beans and have his yearling squaw rub him with the sheep dip that the agency ordered used to kill lice.

Polk would have to be humbled for talk like that. But right now Posey wanted to know what Polk intended to do if the big angry man came back with enough cowboys to make a fight.

He'd get one. The boulders around camp and the deep wash alongside it would provide plenty of cover from which to scatter lawmen like the last ones. And since only two or three trails into Bluff were open during the winter, a few scouts would make a surprise white attack impossible.

They agreed on some signals, and Posey left, wondering if there would be time enough to tame Polk before the whites pushed them into a fight.

There wouldn't be. In two weeks Gingles rounded up the kind of men Nebeker had in mind—ranchers who wanted reservation-jumping Indian corralled or dead, with no special preference.

(Continued on page 40)

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The man who lived with grizzlies

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

The story of Amity McTavish and his pet grizzly, Old Blue, became an epic of the Northwest, authenticated by records of Hudson's Bay Company. The battle between his pets and the wild ones made history.

THERE HAVE BEEN tales back over the years, some far-fetched, some pure fiction, about men who tamed and lived with grizzly bears, but the authenticated accounts of Amity McTavish have survived the closest scrutiny of historians and remain undisputed to this day.

McTavish was a recluse trapper who roamed the forest of Oregon and Washington for over a quarter of a century, before civilization finally caught up with him and converted him to religion. Even after he became a preaching man, he was accompanied by two grizzlies which amused his congregation more than McTavish's sermons, some of which were downright entertaining.

McTavish's adventures with grizzlies were recorded in Hudson's Bay Company's records and published in English newspapers as far back as 1834, when it was not an uncommon sight along the Sandy, the Willamette and Columbia Rivers to see him making the rounds of his traps with Old Blue and her two offspring, Little Blue and Pepper, romping at her heels.

Only two men, as far the records go, ever trained grizzlies successfully. McTavish was the first. James (Grizzly) Adams, who trapped animals for show purposes, was the second. Adams did his trapping in Calfornia and told some hair-raisng tales about his knfe battles with the bears, the most vicious of all North American carnivora. McTavish operated at a time when there was as yet no demand for grizzlies dead or alive, the whole business being but a sideline to his principal occupation, that of trapping beaver for the Hudson's Bay Company.

In February of 1833, Dr. John McLoughlin, wrote a letter to his friend, Edward Ermatinger in England, in which he said, "One of our subsidized trappers, Andy McTavish, frightens the whole fort (Fort Vancouver) about once a month when he appears with a whole troupe of grizzlies at his heels. These bears are genuine enough, known as Cascade silvertips, and are the most vicious of all bears." Dr. McLoughlin was chief factor at Fort Vancouver for many years.

IN FEBRUARY, 1829, the American brig *Owyhee* put in at the mouth of the Columbia and began trading whisky with the Clatsop and Chinook Indians, much to the alarm of the British, who then claimed the Oregon country consisting of what is now Oregon, Washington and most of Idaho. The *Owyhee* was the first American trade ship to enter these waters and bravely traded its way right up to Fort Vancouver, which was located on the north bank of the Columbia, opposite the mouth of the Willamette.

Amity McTavish, a crew member, jumped ship, and when he discovered that fever and ague had lain hold of the Indian population and had killed some of the whites, he bought a rifle and a few supplies and took to the woods.

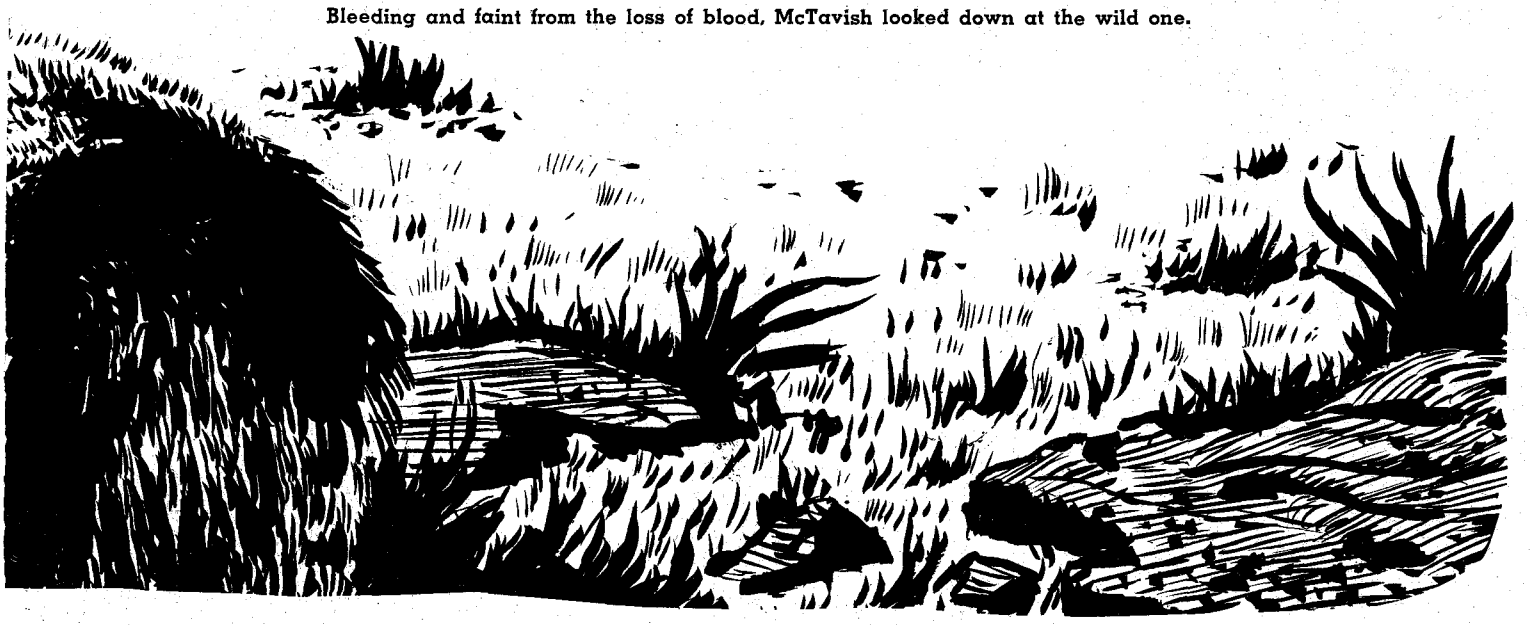
One of the first wild creatures he encountered was a grizzly, which he killed with a well-placed ball back of the left shoulder. The bear was a female with a tiny cub. Taking pity on the little creature, he stuffed it inside his jacket and carried it back to his camp. At first everything he fed it made it sick, but finally he solved the problem by mashing up salmon roe, on which it seemed to thrive.

Within a month the cub was romping with him and sleeping in his bed. He named it Little Blue after the bluish tinge reflected by the sunlight from its silver-tipped fur. He taught it strict obedience and even trained it in table manners. No matter how hungry it was, it would make no move toward food until McTavish gave the word. When he went off to look at his snares, the cub would go along, pausing here and there to sniff at an ant hill or dig eagerly into a woodrat's nest. It never wandered far out of his sight.

The old trappers around Fort Vancouver warned McTavish to be wary of the cub at it grew up. Cubs were fine when they were under a year old, they said, but after that—look out! They were merely voicing a known fact, that bears of any kind grow ugly with maturity. But never before had anyone given a bear complete freedom from a chain or a pen.

Back in his native Scotland, McTavish had trapped small fur-bearing animals

Bleeding and faint from the loss of blood, McTavish looked down at the wild one.



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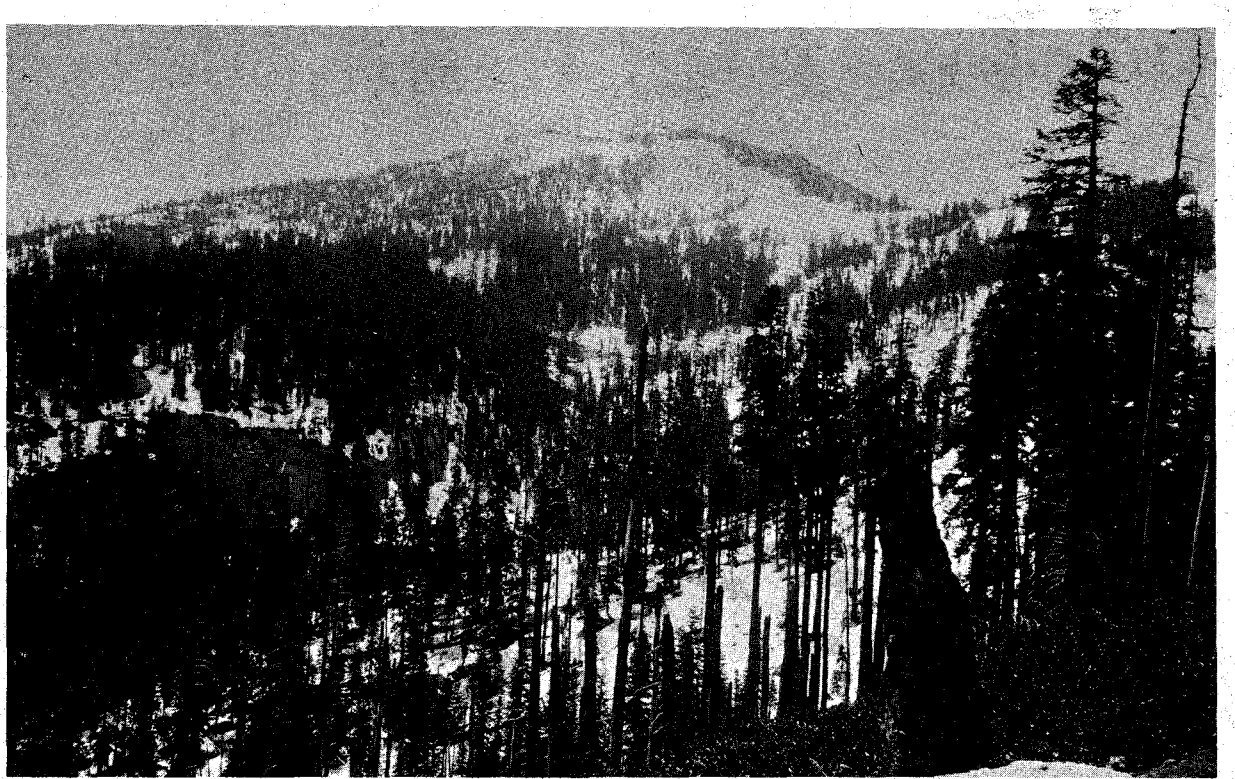

Oregon Historical Society

The Oregon backwoods country which McTavish and his bears considered home.

but he knew nothing of trapping beaver. Observing them building their dams and going about their daily activities, he studied their habits thoroughly and eventually he could catch as many beaver as anyone. At the time, no steel traps were available and he used snares exclusively.

When he killed a deer or elk he would permit Little Blue to eat the heart and liver while it was body warm as a special compensation for "being a good girl," as he put it. But that was all until her regular feeding time.

THEN ONE DAY when she was full grown, Little Blue became restless. McTavish easily diagnosed what was wrong with her, so when she went off into the woods by herself, he let her go. Two or three days later she was back, content to remain in camp. But from then on, she was called "Old" Blue.

Old Blue's loyalty to McTavish cropped out quite surprisingly one afternoon and it is perhaps best told in the simple words of Hudson's Bay Company's chief fur scout, Jess LaForte, in his daily report to Doctor John, the chief factor. He wrote: "I see McTavish old b'ar Blue jump five wolfs about to tare him up to git a doe he killed. One wolf neck broke. Others git."

What actually happened was somewhat surprising, considering the fact that game was plentiful, for wolves would attack humans only when in large packs and then only when hungry. The five that did attack appeared to be hungry and wanted the slain deer McTavish was carrying. In those days predators such as wolves, mountain lions and even the common black bear could be driven by hunger to attack a man, yet a quarter of a century later, when the fear of man had been instilled in them by the gun, such things were seldom heard of. The mere scent of a human would send them skulking for cover. But this, remember, was 1832.

As McTavish moved through the brush, carrying the doe, LaForte saw him and was approaching from a distance to see how many prime beaver pelts he could round up on short notice to meet an order about to be shipped. Old Blue was in the background, taking her time as she nosed through the woods, when suddenly wolf cries rang out behind McTavish. One of the animals leaped at the deer just as the trapper fired and missed. He flung the deer from his shoulders and began reloading his rifle. Another snarling beast came in so close that he kicked it in the ribs and sent it sprawling in the brush. Still another approached from behind and grabbed a leg of the slain doe, bracing itself on all four feet and dragging the deer after it. McTavish remembered later, and LaForte supported his claim, that he screamed at the wolves in an effort to drive them off. Whether it was his voice which drew Old Blue to the scene, or sight of the wolves milling around her master, he could not say, but the fact remained that Old Blue did come charging in, making a quick swipe at one of the wolves before it could withdraw out of range of her powerful paws. Her prehensile claws caught the animal under its jaw and sent it end over end into the brush. She made a lunge for another, but it was quick enough to dodge the blow and four of the beasts skulked away into the wilderness. The one Old Blue had cuffed went nowhere. It's neck was broken, almost torn from its body.

If Old Blue had had cubs at the time, there would have been nothing unusual in her attack, old trappers said, but the cubs were still several weeks off. The only possible explanation, it seemed, was that Old Blue had formed such an affection for McTavish that she was ready and willing to do battle for him.

This assumption was to be borne out some two years later in her first epic battle, and again five years from then when she fought almost to the death against tremendous odds and carved for herself a niche in natural history that has never been duplicated.

ONE MORNING some weeks after the wolf episode, McTavish awakened to discover two tiny pairs of ears sticking up out of the fur along Old Blue's belly. Fearful that he might arouse her mother instinct to defend her newly-born young if he picked them up, he made no attempt to handle the cubs, but went about his daily activities as though nothing had happened. In due time he did pick up one of the babies and Old Blue made no protest. She simply ignored it, just as a pet bitch dog might do, accepting it as something to be expected and tolerated.

McTavish had heard that grizzlies gave birth to but one cub, and some naturalists have since so claimed, yet there are exceptions to this rule.

Their mother having already been trained in the ways of man, it was no trick rearing the frisky cubs and teaching them to observe the rules of McTavish's menagerie. Their cubhood was spent in wildly chasing each other about the camp, upsetting pans of food, tearing up the bed and raising havoc in general. Playing on the bed was an unforgivable sin and when McTavish caught them at it he boxed their ears. When the cubs, in the excitement of play, forgot themselves and started romping on the bed, they would take off in high gear the moment McTavish discovered them at it and remain away all day, waiting for their master's anger to cool, which it did all too frequently, McTavish was to admit later.

Living in a vast wilderness with only grizzly bears as company had its drawbacks, yet McTavish preferred the grizzlies to most human company. "I can trust the b'ars,' he was quoted as having said.

Some experts on grizzly lore may violently disagree with him, for bears as

(Continued on page 49)

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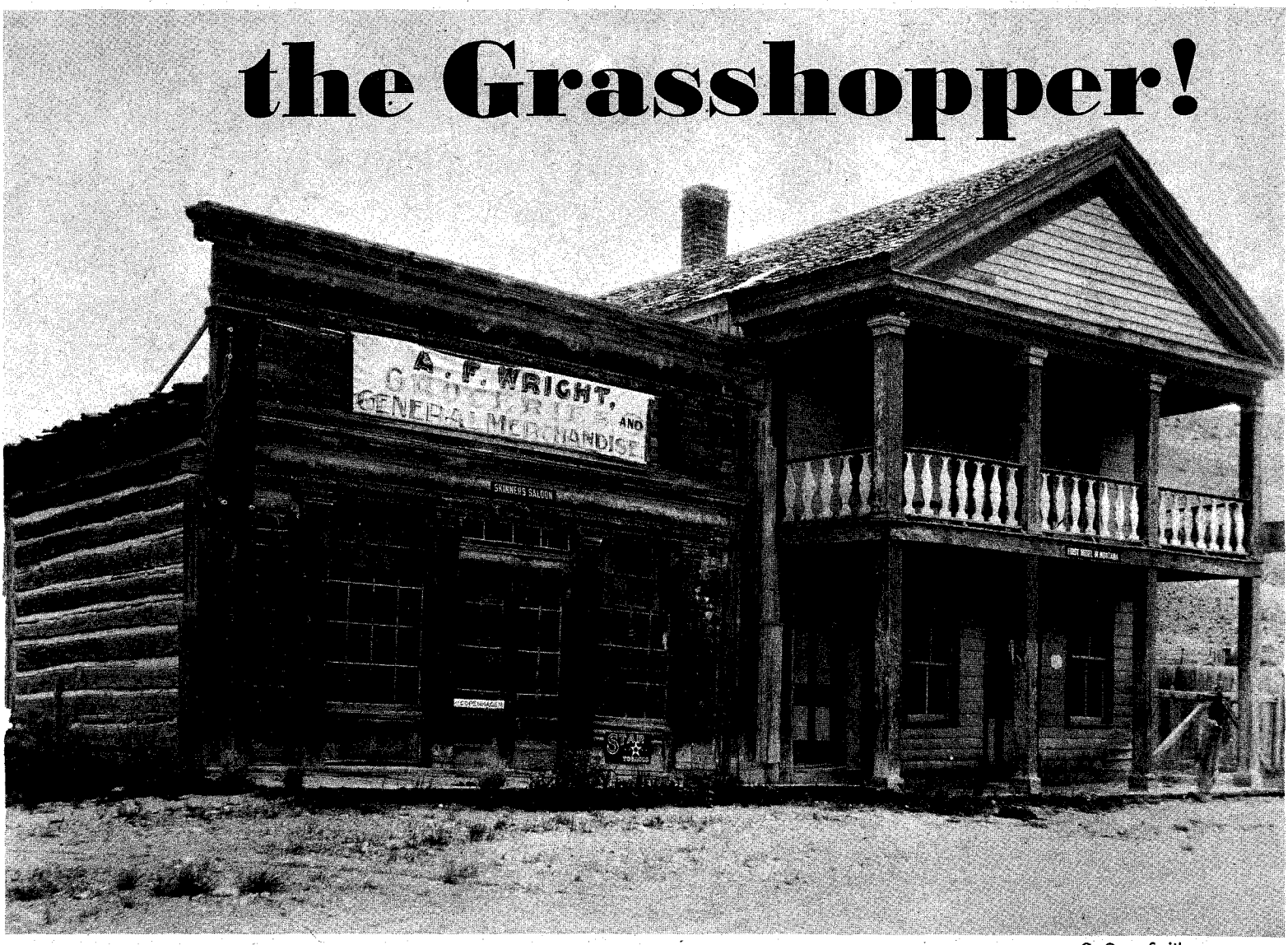
Gold on the Grasshopper!

By 'TANA MAC



C. Owen Smithers

Skinner's Saloon. Next to it is the hotel that was occupied by the first Montana legislature members. The saloon was the headquarters of road agents. It was owned and operated by Cyrus Skinner, who was in time caught and hanged as an outlaw near Hellgate.

GOLD IN the sagebrush—gold on the Grasshopper!

Magic words back in the year 1862 when the country was gold-conscious. But news traveled slowly in those days and months passed before the big strike in the sagebrush hills of southwestern Montana became an accepted fact throughout the country.

It was John White's scratching along a stream called the Grasshopper that produced the first gold, and almost overnight a town called Bannack sprang up. Although in Dakota Territory, it was destined to become the first capital of the Territory of Montana. And unfortunately it was to elect a sheriff named Henry Plummer.

When the news of the strike finally was confirmed in the East, there poured across the continent thousands of gold-seekers, most of whom could not distinguish gold from mica and knew less about the hardships they would encounter.

There was plenty of gold on the Grasshopper, all right, but the Johnny-Come-Latelys missed out on it. There just wasn't enough of it to go around, though between 1862 and 1882 some $16,000,000 in ore was mined on the Grasshopper alone.

Today Bannack's main buildings are falling down, or have already fallen. Its log-cabin dwellings appear forlorn derelicts whose storied past is all but forgotten. A cottonwood tree shades the Road Agent Bar; and Skinner's Saloon, where once a man down on his luck could find a sympathetic feminine ear, is boarded up.

The sod-roofed, one-room jail over which Henry Plummer once presided is crumbling and the two-story brick hotel is settling on its foundations. You might guess that here lived some 300 persons at one time, but the years whisper, "No, here once lived thousands," or at least they existed, surviving on the barest of necessities while pokes filled with Grasshopper gold. Placer gold was no idle promise, and from placer to quartz mining the development progressed. But the development was not of the town's people, nor was it even of the town itself; it consisted of tearing up the ground for more gold and to hell with humankind.

And along with this came crime. In a loosely organized society, turn loose the craven dogs of lust and greed and men turn wanton killers overnight.

Take the case of George Ives, a dash-

Henry Plummer wore a sheriff's badge — but he was his own most wanted criminal!

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This was Bannack before conscientious citizens of nearby Dillon came to restore the town to some degree, to nail back the sagging doors and bolster the beams.

C. Owen Smithers

The first Masonic temple in Montana.

C. Owen Smithers

ing, handsome though bashful ladies' man who became a rapacious killer and was hanged in the moonlight at Nevada City. There were others also.

BUT THE KEY figure during this reign of terror in the goldfields of Deer Lodge, Virginia City and Bannack, was the popular man behind the silver badge, the romantic, handsome sheriff of Bannack, Henry Plummer. This is the figure concerning whom the curious wanderer lends ear, for the exploits of this bandit seem as incredible today as they did to the people who knew Henry back in the 1860's.

Historical sources have listed Henry from Connecticut, from East Boston, Massachusetts, from Wisconsin and Maine. Uncertainty remains, and be it as it may, this man was a figure of polish and distinction. He had the manners of a banker, the looks of a movie actor, the speech of a scholar, the carriage of a lord, the fast draw of Wyatt Earp, but not the strategy of the fox, for while he was the idol of many, he could not hide his guilt from a few.

It is too bad the beautiful woman he courted and won for his wife did not write her memoirs of Montana's most notorious gallow's victim for posterity.

Bachelor Henry Plummer was not a man easily won. He was a welcome guest in the parlors of the wealthy and many women eyed him with delight. Perhaps even beautiful and wholesome Electra Bryan would not have won him if Henry had not considered the time auspicious for marriage, for he was weaving about himself a mantle of respectibility that would well befit the office of sheriff. From what better vantage point could a leader of a notorious gang who called themselves "The Innocents" direct plunder and pillage?

FEW MONTANANS today recall that Henry's venture into crime did not begin in Bannack, but in Lewiston, Idaho, which has not forgotten, for there Henry's steps were steeped in crime. In

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the spring of 1861, he entered Lewiston from Washington via California with a woman who assumed the position of wife, but of whom Henry tired after a brief interval and sent into the streets. It was discovered she had deserted her husband and children for this man of apparent polish. Plummer was forgiven by a lenient public because of his youth, but the woman was shamed and sank to lower indignities.

Within a few months of Henry's arrival in Lewiston, crime, organizing itself in the form of a gang, began to prey upon the gold traffic. But the capture of some of the gang's members and their speedy hanging, led the fellow-members of the gang to seek the rich goldfields of Deer Lodge, Virginia City and Bannack. Thus enters upon the Bannack stage the sinister Henry Plummer, who to Electra Bryan must have appeared to be all that a young woman's heart could cherish.

Henry had learned how to ingratiate himself with the elite. He was a fine listener—his ears ever attuned to the movements of the town's wealth. He was a gifted conversationalist, an impeccable dresser, a man of apparent means who had left behind him in Lewiston his gambling reputation. One man, his predecessor to the office of sheriff, saw through him but this man was forced to quit town, for Henry stacked the odds against this sheriff until his life wasn't worth a punched penny.

THE LAWMAN who was not deceived by Plummer was Hank Crawford, who unwillingly earned a reputation as a gunman because he wounded Plummer in the arm. That Crawford lived to escape the murdering guns of the Plummer horde is no small miracle. After eluding their efforts to kill him time and again, he knew his life could not remain charmed forever, so he thwarted their final efforts by leaving for Fort Benton and taking a steamboat east.

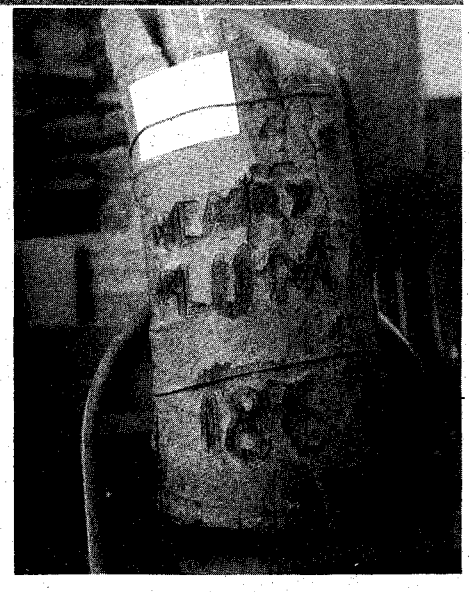
A museum in Dillon, twenty-eight miles east of Bannack has a .44 caliber Colt that was Plummer's gun, which it possesses because Henry traded the gun to Peter Wilson for a lighter revolver after being wounded in the right arm by Crawford. With this four-pound weapon, it is maintained that Henry could fire six shots in four seconds by fanning the hammer. Whether it is legend or truth. Henry's reputation as being the most deadly shot in the West—particularly Montana—still remains.

If Henry and his cohorts were disappointed at Crawford's escape, Henry was elated by the vacancy left in the sheriff's office. For the dignity of this position. it is probable he courted and claimed the hand of Electra Bryan, for marriage would give him the appearance of stability and respectability.

Matrimony, however, is a revealing companion and the marriage ended abruptly within less than three months when Electra took a stage bound for Salt Lake City, never to return to Henry.

When a woman in those days deserted the matrimonial pledge of "till death do us part," and particularly a woman of Electra's caliber, there was cause to wonder. Perhaps this desertion, coupled with other factors in Henry's demeanor, helped lead to his final apprehension.

THERE WERE those who guessed his alliance with the desperados, for his cohorts were careless, especially with details like slipping masks. Easily acquired



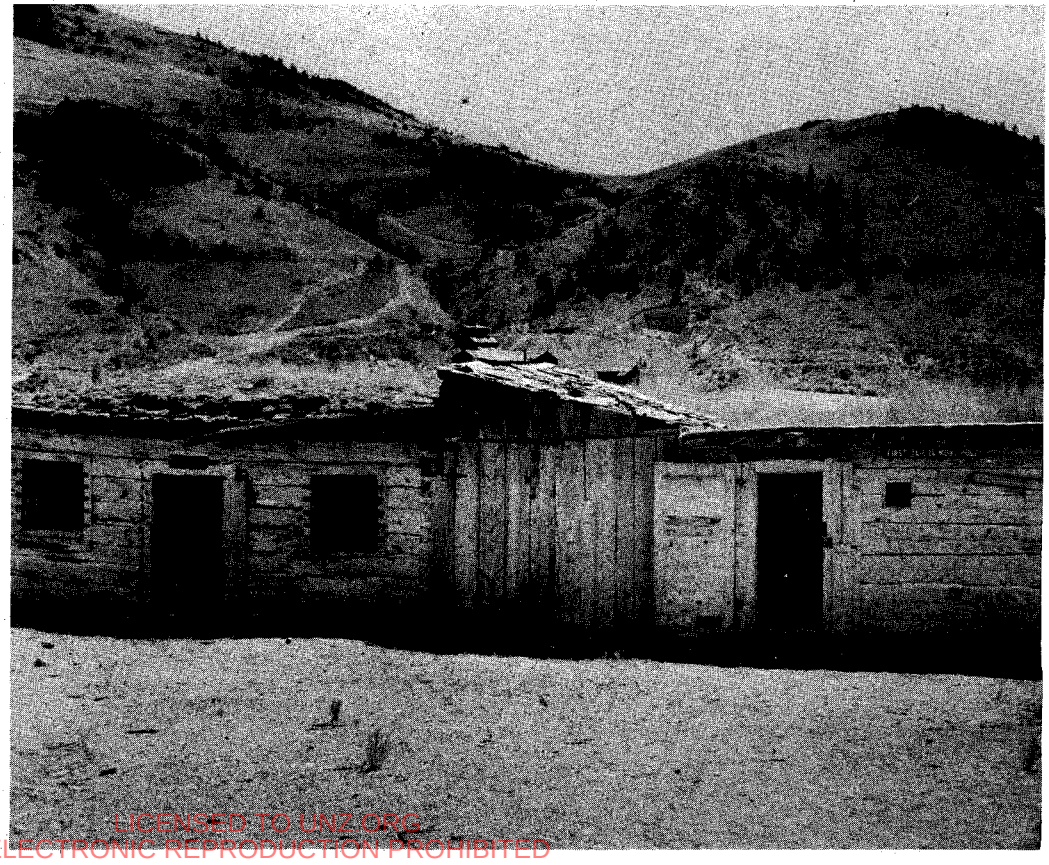
Above, church built in Bannack in 1870. Right, this section of tree, carved by Henry Plummer, is preserved in the Beaverhead Museum.

wealth has a way of inducing further carelessness. There was a young man, Henry Tilden, who, when accosted by the outlaws, recognized Henry and the horse he rode. This young man, of fine character, was warned to secrecy by the culprits who spared his life, probably in the belief they could intimidate him into silence. But Tilden never wavered in his conviction that the outlaw leader was Bannack's handsome sheriff, and he told those in authority who were later to become members of the Vigilante body. Tilden's strength in his conviction was not to be ignored.

Bannack was named after the Bannock Indians of the region but probably due to a mistake by an early telegrapher,

(Continued on page 64)

The first jail in Montana, built in 1862.



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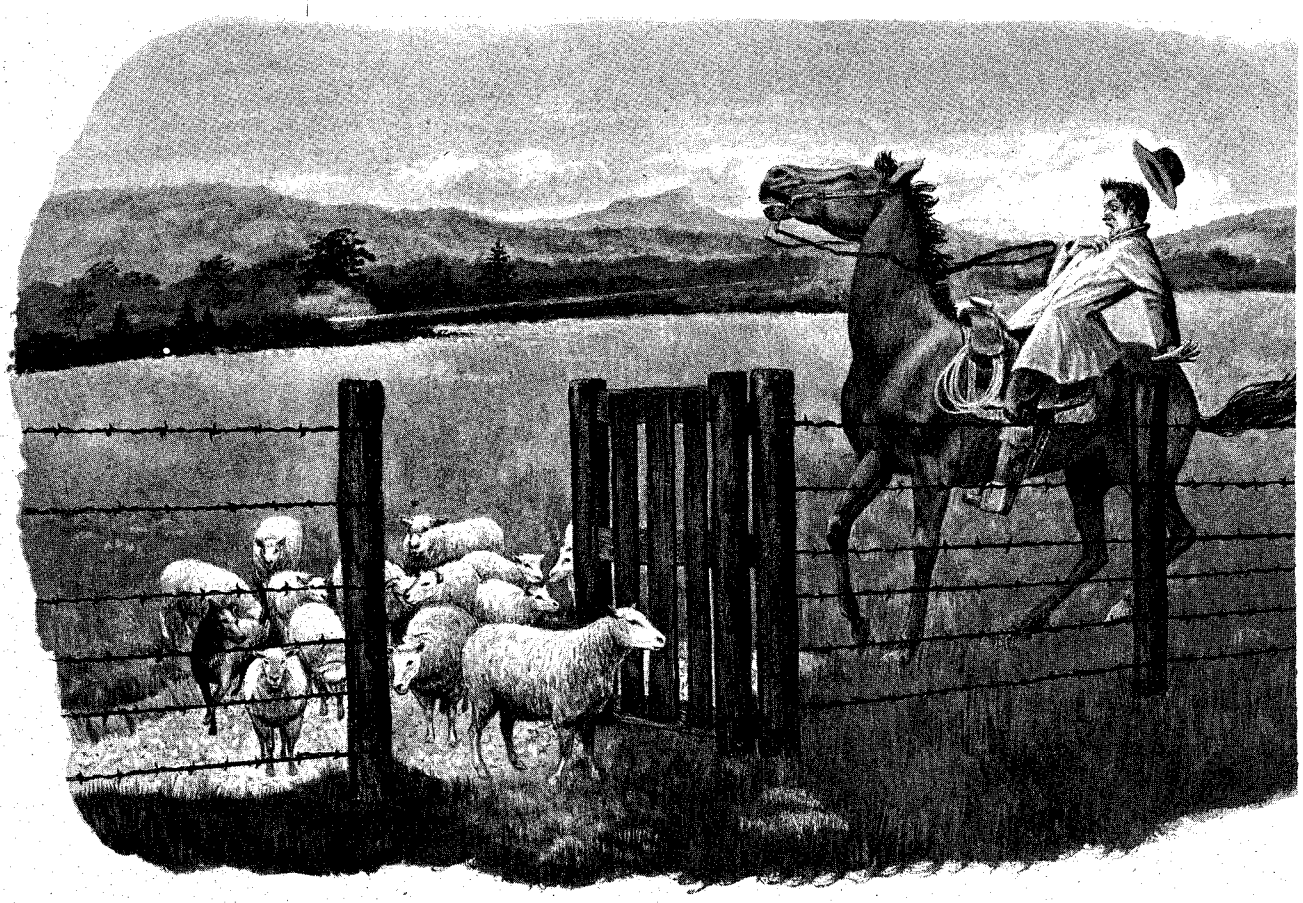

TOM HORN - -

was a hero or

Some said, "Good riddance—he was a cold-blooded killer."

But others screamed that he was railroaded to the gallows!

Author's Note: I know personally a number of people who knew Tom Horn—and knew him well. I don't believe a one of them believes Horn was guilty of the crime for which he was hanged. Horn was neither an enigma nor a homocidal maniac. He was a logical, cold-blooded frontiersman and in that respect was no different from Bill Tilghman, Bat Masterson or a score of other lawmen. He was probably more efficient than many of the better known officers. It is no secret that such stalwarts as Bucky O'Neill, Commodore Owens, Al Sieber and Glen Reynolds thought highly of him and a man had to prove himself to those fellows!

I am not a crusader, and at this late date I don't suppose anyone could change anyone else's mind about Horn, or Earp—or FDR, for that matter. But this article does attempt to put Tom Horn in better perspective to those who think justice will always triumph.

INCHES OVER six feet tall, piercing blue eyes, a wispy mustache and a receding hair line. That was the physical description of one of the most controversial characters in the West. But there was a lot more to Tom Horn than met the eye.

By the time he was thirty, Tom Horn (and that was his real name) had seen more bloodshed than most men can see in a slaughterhouse.

No one knows when or where he killed his first man, or his last one—or his middle ones, for that matter. Horn not only lived and acted like a cat, he was as quiet as one. He did lots of bragging, and sometimes, more often than not, his bragging was very close to the truth, but as for pinning him down to an episode, he was as close-mouthed as a man under water.

That he was one of Al Sieber's most trusted scouts was attested to by Sieber himself in a letter to Horn's friends in Cheyenne at the time of Tom's trial for murder. While he may not have captured Geronimo singlehanded as he implies in the autobiography published after his death, he was as responsible as anyone for bringing an end to the old renegade's depredations in Mexico and the U.S.

AS A GOVERNMENT scout, Horn fought Apaches for a number of years, at times trailing them deep into old Mexico, at considerable risk from both the Indians and the Mexican rurales who objected loudly when the Gringos brought law and order south of the Rio Grande. But Horn and the other scouts did it, and the Army knew they did it.

About that time, the Graham-Tewksbury feud erupted in Arizona resulting in many deaths on both sides. Horn's name is not prominent as a participant in the Pleasant Valley War, but he did work as peacemaker and deputy sheriff for such stalwarts as Glenn Reynolds (who was killed by the Apache Kid while Deputy Sheriff Horn was winning the World's Champion Cowboy title at the

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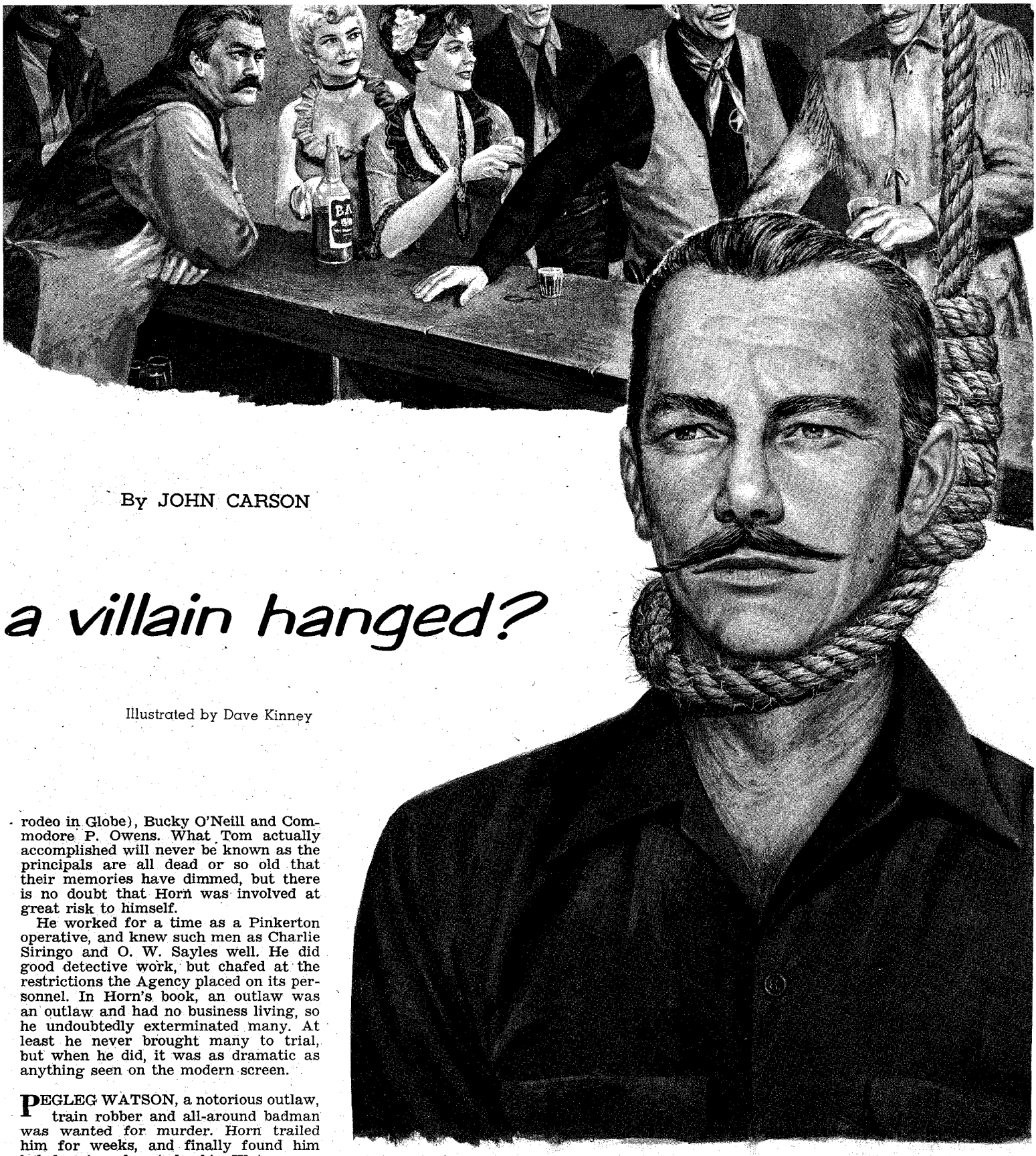

By JOHN CARSON

a villain hanged?

Illustrated by Dave Kinney

rodeo in Globe), Bucky O'Neill and Commodore P. Owens. What Tom actually accomplished will never be known as the principals are all dead or so old that their memories have dimmed, but there is no doubt that Horn was involved at great risk to himself.

He worked for a time as a Pinkerton operative, and knew such men as Charlie Siringo and O. W. Sayles well. He did good detective work, but chafed at the restrictions the Agency placed on its personnel. In Horn's book, an outlaw was an outlaw and had no business living, so he undoubtedly exterminated many. At least he never brought many to trial, but when he did, it was as dramatic as anything seen on the modern screen.

PEGLEG WATSON, a notorious outlaw, train robber and all-around badman was wanted for murder. Horn trailed him for weeks, and finally found him holed up in a deserted cabin. Watson was a dead shot with a rifle and notably fast

(Continued on page 47)

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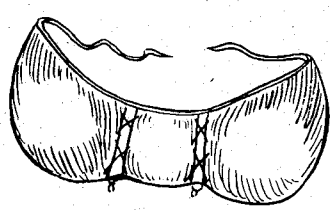
The prettiest belles in the West might not have had imported cosmetics, but they had their own secrets for padding, primping and preserving their sex appeal.

Sacque



Hip Bustle

Pioneer Beauty

By ELLA MARS

Montgomery Photo Service Photos

Lola Montez, one of the real beauties of the Nineteenth Century.

BEAUTY SECRET!

That simple phrase once held the power to stop conversation and command immediate unadulterated attention.

Tricking another woman into revealing her own particular beauty secrets was a popular pastime in early Texas. There were no rules in this game. The early Texas miss made her rules as she played. She used every known feminine trick and wile of the tongue to cause another woman to stumble in conversation thus letting a beauty secret slip by.

She eagerly consumed any and all tidbits of information and disdained the woman who divulged a secret deliberately.

She constantly searched for aids to her toilette.

On the frontier there was little time and no money to spend on personal fiddle-faddle. It would have made no difference had the Lost San Saba and an oil gusher squatted in her back yard. The early frontier belle would still have been unable to purchase eastern-made products because of the uncertain freighting conditions and the scattered settlements.

Texas provided an answer to her problems but she had to search her home lands to find it.

The term "beauty secret" must have originated in Texas because most of the rituals are still a secret and it is nearly as difficult to pry them out today as it was yesterday!

Only a frontier Texas miss could have endured the torture that the home-made contrivances imposed. To add salt to the gall of it, she had to bear the tortures in silence with no sympathizing sounds from anyone.

Each locality provided its special beauty aids but some aids were widely known.

FRECKLES: Most folk admire and accept a few "sun kisses" on the prettiest faces but there comes a time when a cheek or nose is too kissed and the freckles must go.

The poor girl had to wash her face with the whitest lye soap from the soap pot then hi-tail it to the milk cooler for the "freckle-eater."

She selected a pail of two or three day old buttermilk and poured the top milk off down to the thick bottom portion. She patted this thick milk into the skin on her face, neck and arms and let it remain until it was thoroughly dry. As the milk dried it might have faded the freckles but in the process it pulled and wrinkled the skin until it sometimes brought tears. The dried milk was rinsed off with cool water.

This treatment could be used three or four times a week and insured a freckle-free complexion—that is, practically free!

This buttermilk treatment was a common aid and an effective one but was

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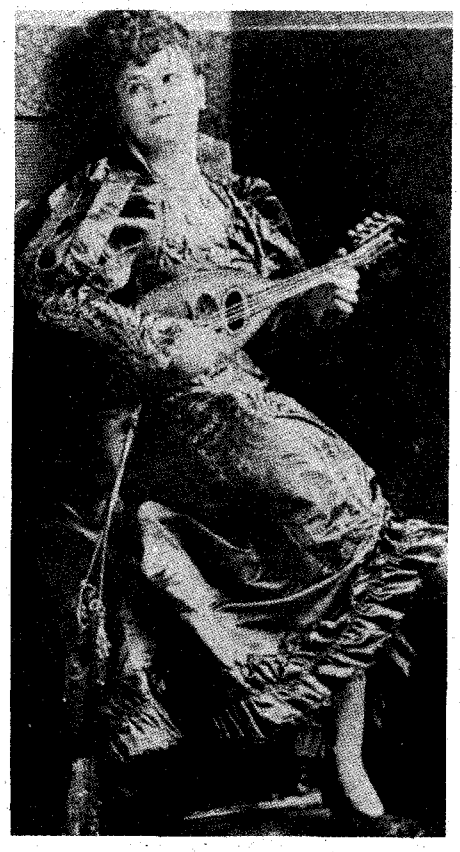

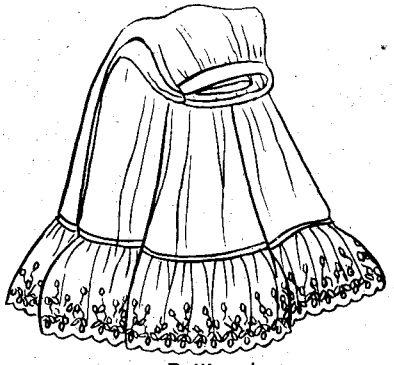

Petticoat

Lily Langtry, the "beloved" of Judge Roy Bean, who saw her only once and was infatuated by her beauty for the rest of his life.

Secrets

Hat

Illustrations by Evelyn Curro
From THE LOOK OF THE OLD WEST
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considerable trouble. Rumors and whispers told of a more lasting treatment. This treatment was so powerful that it was supposed to erase all freckles and keep a freckle-free complexion for the rest of the user's life. However, because of several drawbacks this beauty aid never became popular—except to whisper about.

In the first place the pioneer lass who used it would have had to be a mighty brave girl. The ritual was prescribed like this: (1) arise before daybreak on the morning of May 1 and walk into a field of wheat; (2) scoop handfuls of the dew and wash the face; (3) dry the hands across some portion of the body that wouldn't show the freckles; (4) proceed collecting the dew from the face and drying the hands across that portion of the body (the thighs or buttocks were the recommended portions); (5) hope and pray that the farmer's son wasn't peeking!

Several early-day beauties vowed that they had used the treatment but they had no witnesses to prove it. And if the farmer's son was peeking, he wasn't cheeping!

BLACKHEADS: The scourge of an immaculate complexion met their Waterloo when a masque of cornmeal moistened with buttermilk was applied.

Yellow clay thinned with vinegar was a triple threat to a bad complexion. While drawing impurities from the pores it acted as an astringent and a bleach.

FACE POWDER: White was the most popular shade in face powder because it was the only shade.

Had a young lady been accused of using face powder the insult would have been so great that she would have fainted —or shot her accuser.

Nevertheless, she had a "powder puff" hidden in a handy place. She made her powder puff by spreading open a small square of soft white cloth on a table and placing a spoonful of flour in the center. She tied the four corners together thus enclosing the flour in a tight little puff and at the same time forming the handles for her powder puff. The flour she used did have a faint trace of cream color in it because of the unbleached flour but it still appeared white on the skin.

The more ambitious girls ground the seeds of the four-o'clock and sifted its flour.

LIPSTICK: Lip make-up was used, too. It was no kin to our modern lipstick.

The most common and the handiest was the girl's own teeth brought down hard against her lips. This gave a natural

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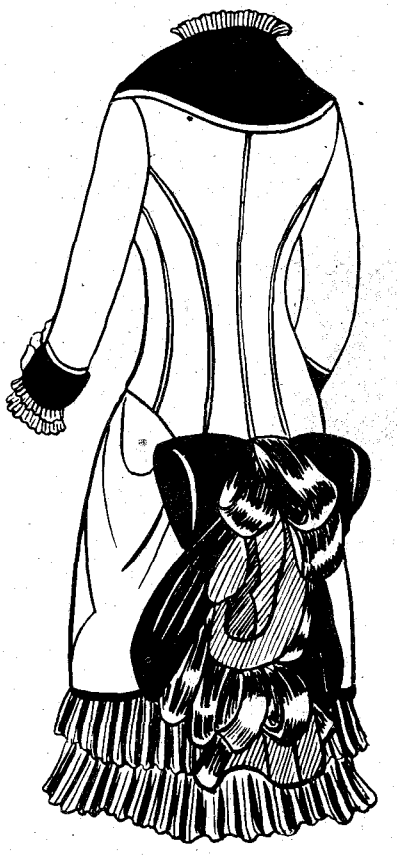

Dress

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The man loved his horse and sometimes he even thought that love was returned. About then was when Cooncan would try to kill him . . . .

I WOULDN'T call Cooncan a killer horse—but he came close to being one sometimes. He never bit me, struck at me with his forefeet, or went over backwards when I was in the saddle. But he did everything else, even dreamed up a bunch of new stunts I'd never heard of before. In fact, he durned near killed me a couple of times. Still, I liked him—he was the best cowhorse I ever rode.

He was a short-coupled coal-black gelding, the only horse I ever saw without a white hair. I never had a chance to weigh him, but would guess him to weigh a thousand pounds or more. He had a flat face (I never saw a horse with a Roman nose that was worth a damn!) and never had a saddle-sore nor a cinch-sore in all the time I had him.

I had a good black full-stamped roping saddle with pockets and a white buckskin seat—cost me sixty-five bucks, more than a month's wage on the ranch in southeastern Wyoming where I was working. It had one-piece four-inch stirrup leathers, no lacing—you just wound them around and around, adjusting them to get both the right length. A small strap around and just above the stirrups held them.

I have never seen cinch-rings like those on this saddle. They were wide at the bottom with a hump in the middle.

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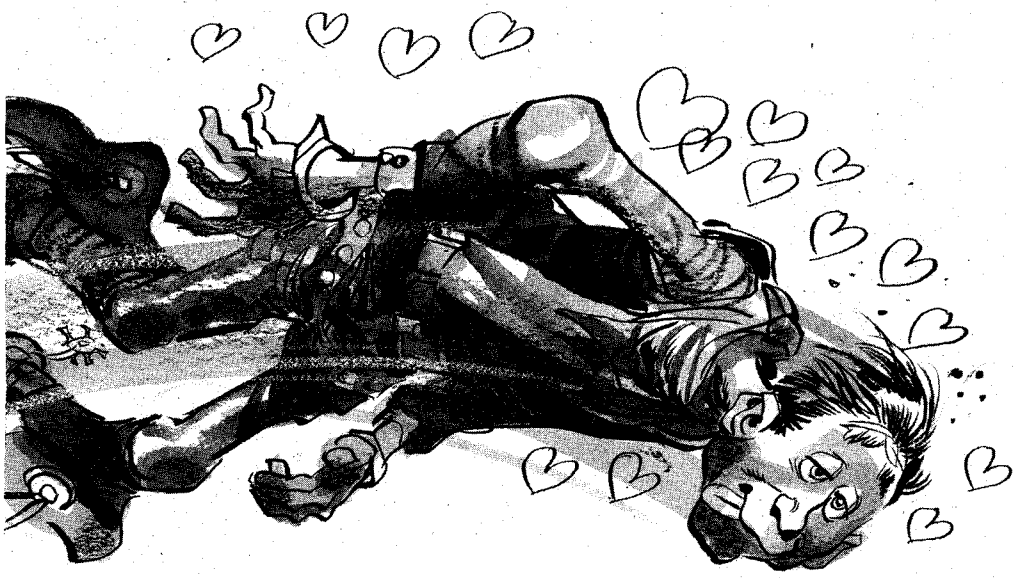

My horse didn't like me

By FAY SMITH

Illustrated by Jack Davis

I could slip the latigos forward and have a Spanish or three-quarter rig or slip them back and have a center-fire rig. It was a single cinch saddle. I seldom used the center-fire, other than a few times when I thought there were signs of a cinch-sore forming behind the top of a foreleg. We didn't have the breast plates ropers use nowadays—just used a tight cinch.

I wonder why saddles today are all double-rigged. Many years ago they were the same way, but we threw away the rear cinch and just used the front one. But it was too far forward and caused cinch-sores. I notice now that riders have the rear cinch buckled and loose, but that doesn't do any good. Of course, these cowboys today maybe don't ride as long and far as we did.

I BOUGHT Cooncan from an old cowboy for a hundred dollars. I knew the horse was mean, but he was so good to look at I couldn't resist. I fed him well, and had a good place to keep him. I had a nice little horse pasture, a half-section that came up to a "V" at my round corral. The pasture was never overgrazed and was in use the year round. It had a big spring of cold sweet water. Although I always kept the mangers filled with hay, I liked to grain feed the horses I was riding. My friends told me I shouldn't give Cooncan oats—he had soup and vinegar enough without them. But I like soup and vinegar.

I couldn't touch him back of the cinch. I had to tie up a front foot to shoe him or pull his tail. I don't like to ride (or even look at!) a fan-tailed horse. Those long tails can have burrs, get frozen and are generally a nuisance. To pull a horse's tail I wear gloves; pick up four or five of the longer hairs, wrap them around a finger or two, give a quick hard jerk, and out they come. Sounds cruel, but I don't think it is. Horses don't seem to mind it.

Cooncan bucked every day, always when first saddled and sometimes afterwards. I always had a quirt hanging from my right wrist, and preferred it to spurs. I wasn't trying to make him buck, but to stop him. I soon gave up trying to gentle him—he would buck as long as he lived. I would pour on that quirt with a sort of figure-eight swing, up under his chin and down under to the rear. I would get his head up, and a quirt under the chin helps. He was tender-mouthed too, and a horse can't buck with his head up. I knew I could ride him and he knew it too, so we got along. He never made me meet my shadow on the ground.

HE WAS SMART, could think. One morning when I went up to mount him, he, with perfect timing, jumped sideways away from me just when I threw my right leg over. My leg missed the saddle entirely. He started to buck; I was helpless and wound up under his neck, my left foot in the stirrup, my right hand on the horn, loose reins in my left hand. I dared not to let go and drop to the ground for I would have been trampled. Lucky for me another rider was there and picked me up. I remounted Cooncan and gave him the roughest ride of his life, giving him all I had with both spurs and quirt.

I tried never to give him another chance to do that again. At the ranch I would lead him to the corral fence and put his right side close to the rails. Out on the range, if I got off to open a gate, I would put him up against the wire fence. Other times, with no fence but another rider with me, I would put him alongside the other horse. Another thing I did that helped was pull the reins almost tight and grab a handful of mane in my left hand. I could have chocked him—that is, grasped the headstall on the bridle—but that's poor practice when a man rides a horse as often as I rode Cooncan.

Finally he got me again. It was my fault—I was careless. It was a very cold winter morning—so cold I took the bridle into the kitchen to warm the bit before putting it into his mouth, so it wouldn't freeze his tongue. It can get cold in a Wyoming winter at eight or nine thousand feet altitude, where our ranch was located. I must have ridden him forty or fifty miles that day. Coming home after dark and still a couple of miles from home I got off to open a wire gate. I was tired and supposed Cooncan was—he should have been. I didn't put him up against the fence because of the brush and snow. He was laying for me. He jumped sideways just as I swung my leg over, but I had a handful of mane and managed to hook the spur on my right foot under the saddle-skirt and managed to climb into the saddle as he pitched down the road. As soon as I could find the stirrup I gave him another rough ride, scratching him good from his shoulders to his hips. I was handicapped, too, for I was wearing a heavy pair of black angora fur chaps, a short fur coat, and overshoes. But I had my spurs. I wouldn't ride a merry-go-round horse without spurs; they've helped me so many times. One time on an elk hunt in the Jackson Hole country I was fording the Hoback River on an old gentle hunting-camp horse when he tried to lay down in the middle of the river. My spurs saved me from a ducking. I just managed to lift him up in time.

Sometimes when I was riding Cooncan through a gate he would jump sideways and try to hook my leg against the gate. Once he jumped beneath the low limb of a tree trying to catch me, but didn't get

(Continued on page 36)

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Wild old Days!

THE TOWN NAMED AFTER A BINGE

By THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

WERE YOU TO travel off the beaten path in West Texas you might happen upon the small, sleepy town of Boracho. Also located nearby is a peak bearing the same name. *Borracho* is Spanish for drunk, and the story of how the town came to bear such a name is a strange one indeed.

It all happened back in 1881, when two rival railroads, the Southern Pacific and the Texas and Pacific, were toiling grandiosely across the sandy desert country, each outfit trying to get to the city of Sierra Blanca before the other. To the victor of this hard-fought race would go the spoils; in this case the right to lay their tracks into one of Texas' largest cities, El Paso, and subsequently to lease rights to the losing railroad.

Things went well for both railroads, the Texas & Pacific approaching from the east, the Southern Pacific approaching from the southeast, until they reached a point 165 miles from Sierra Blanca. Here the picture darkened for the Southern Pacific. A sudden and prolonged rain had turned the territory through which its crews must lay track into a veritable swamp. Equipment bogged down in the sticky mud and their previously steady progress was slowed to a crawl. Unless similar troubles beset the Texas & Pacific, and soon, their chances of winning were slim indeed.

DAY BY DAY both lines slogged along, the Southern Pacific somehow managing to keep reasonably close to its rival. But sixty-five miles from their destination they realized that only a miracle could save them, for work had come to a virtual standstill. It was out of sheer desperation that a bold plan was conceived and carried out.

The very next night three tarpaulin covered wagons mysteriously appeared in the Texas & Pacific camp.

The tired, bored workers, of course, became curious and before long had uncovered the wagons. They were astonished to find the drays loaded with cases and cases of tequila, whiskey and wine. Quite naturally the men took a drink, then two, then three—and before long, the desert was abloom with one of the wildest shindigs West Texas had ever seen. The sun came up, and there was still liquor left, and it seemed the party was only beginning. Work? Who could work at a time like this?

But if the Texas & Pacific crews couldn't work, the Southern Pacific gangs certainly could, and doggedly they set about consolidating their gains.

For a week after the wild party, little or nothing was accomplished at the Texas & Pacific diggings, and foremen tried vainly to get their men sobered up. Workers were scattered all over the countryside, and every cactus boasted one or two men sleeping it off.

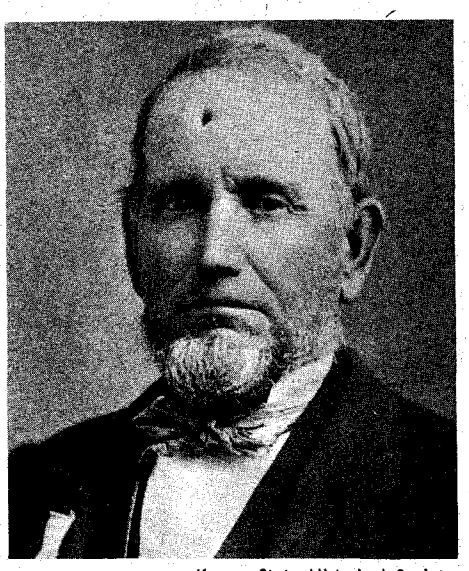
Quite naturally, the Southern Pacific steamed into Sierra Blanca before their competition, and was awarded the contract into rich El Paso. There, with victory finally theirs, the workers held a whing-ding second only to the one held by the Texas and Pacific hands earlier.

For at the place where the gigantic trick was played on the Texas & Pacific, and its workers went on a week-long binge, a town sprang up. Appropriately the town was called Boracho—"Drunk."

In 1956, during their diamond jubilee celebration of its strange namesake, Boracho was presented a locomotive, Number 3420, by the Southern Pacific. A fitting gift indeed, for a town that helped make railroad history, no matter how slight—and humorous.

BULLET-HOLE ELLIS

By LILY-B ROZAR



Kansas State Historical Society

Bullet-Hole Ellis

ABRAHAM ELLIS, from 1849 to 1862, made an outstanding record in Kansas—and had he not had a hole in his head, he would still have been worthy of being recorded in the archives of Kansas history. But a hole in his head, he had. And it was this hole that really put him, not only in the state, but in the national archives as well.

A long search, for a descendant, was made by the Kansas Historical Society, and was about to be abandoned, when his photograph was discovered in the historical collection. The hole in his forehead suggested something interesting, and the search was continued with increased vigor.

His historical records are all colorful enough for a long story, but the real drama is in the story of how he got the hole in his forehead—and gained the name of Bullet Hole Ellis.

It was while he was serving as lieutenant of Company D, Fifteenth Kansas and was on his way from Ft. Scott to Ft. Leavenworth. He stopped at Aubrey to spend the night. At daybreak, the landlord roused all in the house with the cry, "The bushwhackers are coming."

Ellis sprang out of bed, placed a fur cap on his head and looked out of the window. A raider took a shot at him. The ball passed through the sash and the fur cap, leaving the mark as indicated in the picture herewith.

The wound was one of the most remarkable on record. The ball crushed the plates of the skull and lodged in the inner lining. It lay buried in the wound for seventy hours.

The ball and twenty-seven pieces of bone are now in the Army and Navy Medical Museum at Washington. Ellis was five months recovering. He lived until 1875, twelve years after the incident, being one of the very few who ever survived a shot from the gun of William C. Quantrill.

KIT CARSON III RELATES HOW TOBIN KILLED ESPINOSA

By JAMES H. HOSKINS

THE FOLLOWING was taken from an article which appeared in the Colorado Springs *Gazette-Telegraph* January 18, 1955.

Kit Carson III of Alamosa never saw his paternal grandfather, the famous scout and U. S. Army officer for whom Ft. Carson is named, but he lived in the family home of Tom Tobin, his maternal grandfather, at Ft. Garland, and on a ranch three miles southwest of there from the age of six to seventeen. Tobin taught him how to shoot and how to ride horseback. He also told him how he had killed the cruel Espinosas, uncle and nephew, when they had a reward of $2,500 on their heads and how he had cut off their heads as proof of it.

"Contrary to a story that is often heard, Grandfather Tobin did not take the heads of the Espinosas to the governor's office in Denver to claim the reward," Kit Carson III told members of the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region. "He brought their heads to Ft. Garland and displayed them there to the commander of the fort in the room in which I was born. After that, I was told, they were taken out and buried behind the barn. And they are still there for all I know.

"These Espinosas bandits had killed about twenty-five persons when they finally killed a Frenchman and kidnapped

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his wife. The woman escaped from them and took word to Fort Garland where they were. Grandfather Tobin came upon them on Indian Creek, about twenty miles from the fort, early one morning as they sat beside their campfire cooking their breakfast. A fourteen-year-old boy was the only one who accompanied my grandfather at the time.

"Grandfather Tobin shot the older Espinosa and as he fell, started reloading his muzzle-loading rifle. While he was doing this, the younger Espinosa fired at him, but missed. The younger Espinosa then started to run, but by that time my grandfather had reloaded and fired at him, killing him instantly.

"It was the custom in those days to teach a boy how to shoot and how to ride horseback was about all that one could do for him. As he taught me how to shoot, Grandfather Tobin never used a target. He would tell me to shoot the heads off the chickens. We did not kill more chickens than were needed for the stew, for although he never missed when he shot, I rarely hit a chicken. I remember how he would scold me when I missed and ask me how I ever expected to become a good shot when I did so badly. But under his instruction I eventually was able to shoot fairly well with that old muzzle-loading rifle. I don't know where the gun is now. I lent it and it disappeared. I never learned what became of it. So far as I know, it is not hollowed to form the receptacle for the pistol, the rest of the tail hanging down until it must have almost touched the ground. In a smaller sheath on the belt is the hunting knife of Kit Carson. It is smaller than might have been supposed, but is whetted to a razor edge. The smoothness and precision of the grinding and whetting of this knife is remarkable. The brass hilt has three notches in it, which appear to have been carefully filed deep enough to leave no doubt that they are notches.

"I don't know what those notches may have been put there for," said Kit Carson III.

"I never saw Grandfather Carson," he said. "He died when my father was only sixteen years old."

The father, William Carson, was long sheriff of Costilla County on the central southern boundary of Colorado.

Stanley L. Payne, Colorado Springs GAZETTE-TELEGRAPH

Kit Carson III, descendant of the famous scout, shows a revolver to Dr. C. B. Malone, Lee Dorr, Dr. Paul West, and Kenneth Englert, all of the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region in Colorado Springs.

put several bullets into one's mouth. Thus one could spit one of them into the barrel of the gun on top of a new charge of powder. This was considered fast reloading.

"Grandfather Tobin then walked up to the wounded Espinosa who lay almost in the campfire waving a pistol and saying something about 'damned Americans,' but he was too weak to aim the gun and died on the spot.

"My grandfather took nothing that the Espinosas had except their heads. These he cut off with a knife belonging to one of them and then threw the knife away. He had thought by taking the heads back to Ft. Garland he could claim the $2,500 reward. Long afterward he was paid $400. That is all he ever received for ridding the country of these murderers.

IT WAS with the same muzzle-loading rifle that he used when he killed the Espinosas that Grandfather Tobin taught me to shoot. There was no school. To

in any museum."

Kit Carson III said he still possesses his Grandfather Tobin's .45 Colt revolver, one of a late enough model to be loaded with cartridges. He also has a buckskin suit that belonged to Kit Carson and his pistol, holster and knife. This pistol also is a .45 Colt revolver, but an old model cap-and-ball gun. Each cylinder was loaded with bullet and powder and a percussion cap placed on the end of it where the hammer would strike. The old revolver is handsomely embellished in the engraver's art and a brass plate affixed to it bears the inscription, "Kit Carson, Colonel of the First New Mexico Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry." The weapon is tarnished somewhat, but otherwise is in perfect condition, except that a bullet without powder is jammed in one of the cylinders. Kit Carson III said that he had fired it and that it was a good shooting gun. It has an ivory handle.

The holster attached to Kit Carson's belt is fashioned from an ox-tail. The large end is spread out and hardened and

"TIE THE ROPE GENTLY"

By GLEN HUTTON

JUDGE PARKER: "Josie, you will stand up and receive the verdict of the court, in your case.

"The Verdict: I, Judge Parker of the Western District Federal Court of Arkansas find the defendant, Josie Lenier, guilty as charged, and do hereby condemn him to another world where he cannot in the springtime view the awakening of Mother Nature in all her glory. Where you go, Josie, there will be no fragrance from the blossoms wafted on the evening breeze. There will be no little lambs gamboling in the meadows while the whistling farmer boy with his bare feet, and cheeks of tan, drives the milch cows into the lots. Josie, you will not see the beauty of the evening sunset nor enjoy the awakening which comes with the brilliance of the morning sun as it peers over the hills and all nature views it with the resurrection of life which it so beneficently gives after a period of restful sleep. You will not see that, Josie, because you will not be here. Have you any word to say, Josie, before the verdict of this court is carried out? Namely, you are to be hanged by the neck until you're dead, dead, dead."

Josie:—"Yes, there is something I have to say, Judge Parker, you merciless old tyrant. It is true that I may not see another beautiful sunset or sunrise, nor smell the fragrance of the beautiful flowers of the meadows nor hear the melodious calls of the songbirds in the woods. You have railroaded me and many others to the gallows with an ease that would put to shame the brutality of Genghis Khan. As you even withhold from us the pleasant words which mercy decrees that a gentle heart should offer, so shall it be for you when the time comes to face your Maker. In the delirium of the nightmares you will experience in your last days you will see the silent mocking shadows of your victims taunting you and I will be there. We will all look with sorrow on the terrible torture you face in the lower regions where you will consort with the minions of Hell throughout eternity. I say 'sorrow' because I feel sorry that I can offer you no other reward in the hereafter. You have not tempered justice with mercy in your official decrees, which the constitution of our beloved land offers to the condemned."

Judge Parker: (laughing) "Be merciful with him sheriff. Tie the rope gently."

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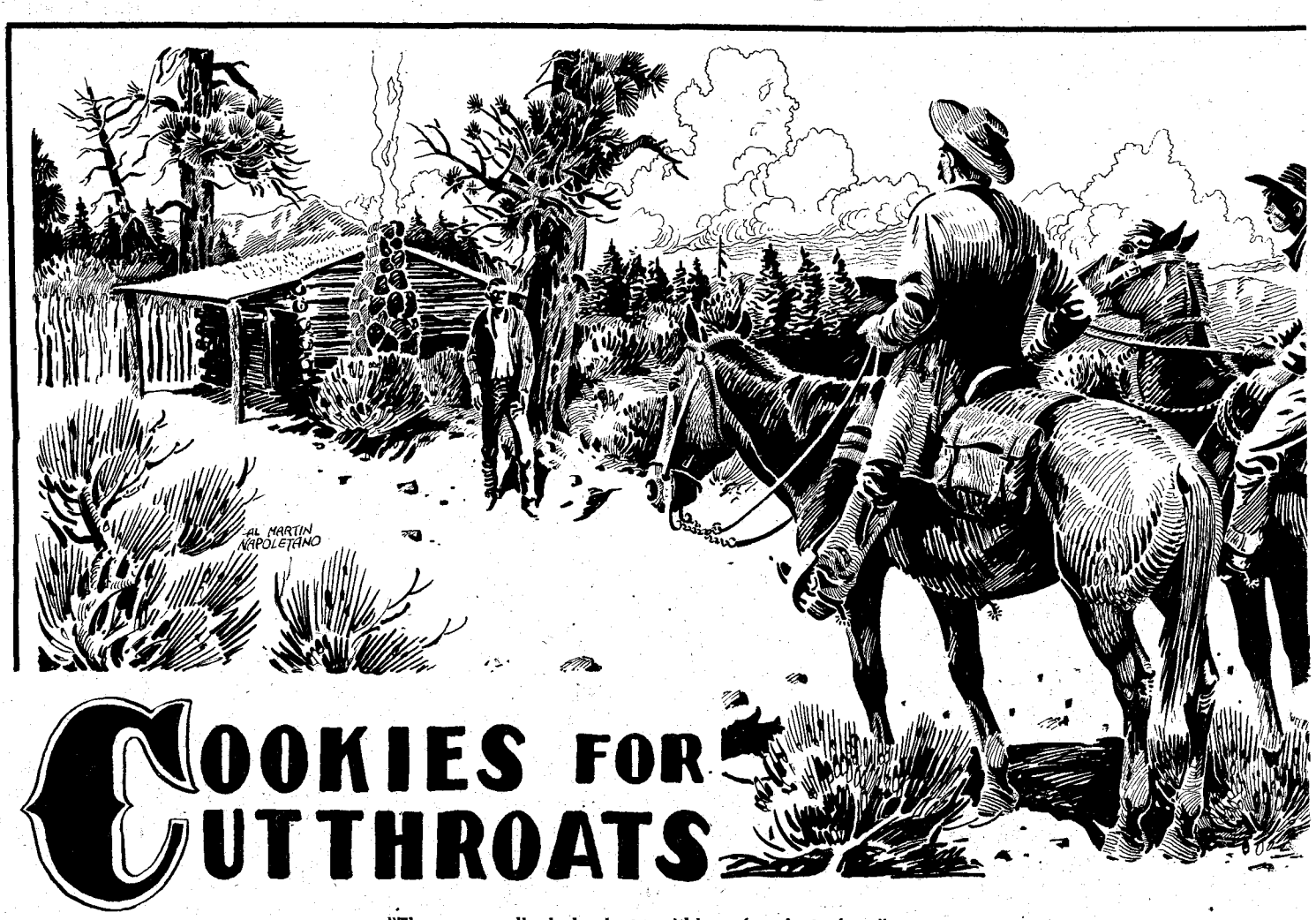

COOKIES FOR CUTTHROATS

"The man walked slowly to within a few feet of us."

Pa Nelson didn't feel much like Santa Claus when he saw the six-shooter staring at him. But he had come on a Christmas mission and he aimed to carry it out.

By DICK NELSON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Editor's Note: Dick Nelson was born on the plains of western Kansas. When a small lad, he went with his family to a Wyoming cattle ranch. After a spell of riding the range, he got into railroading. When in his 80's he made a discovery that surprised him. He had a flair for public speaking and writing! His boyhood brush with the Buck Hanby gang we're sure you'll agree is as unusual a Christmas story as you've ever read.

IT HAPPENED seventy-two years ago when Crazy Horse and Custer were fresh memories in the new ranches of Wyoming west of the Black Hills. Ever since, I've tried to measure the full meaning of "good will to men" by the lesson Preacher Curran taught when he sent us up Salt Creek Canyon with Christmas doughnuts and cookies for Buck Hanby's gang.

The preacher urged it as much for us boys, I know now, as he did for the gunmen. "If you want compassion, you've got to show some," he used to rumble through the black gorge of that big beard. "If you want a friend, be one."

He and Dad planned it, I still believe, while my brother Frank and I were lashing the Estey organ into our wagon the morning after Gospel service at the Quarter Circle W ranch. "Nothing so good for growing boys as an experience in the realities," Preacher said, steadying one corner of the Estey down the mess-hall steps and across the yard to our rig. Dad only grunted.

But he and Preacher walked back to the mess-hall stoop and talked in low tones. Frank and I spread blankets over mother's beloved "box of angel music" and lashed it tight.

Preacher, as that point, ten days and 170 cow-pony miles out of Custer City—and with a 100-mile circuit of sagebrush and drifted canyons still ahead—looked a little like a buffalo bull himself. We watched him talking earnestly to Dad. Suddenly his mitten hand shot out in an oratorical sweep and we caught the words "Hanby" and "Salt Creek Canyon." Dad's back was stiff for a second. Then he nodded. As they approached the wagon, Frank gave a low whistle of amazement but kept silent.

Preacher held out a furry paw to each of us. "Peace and good will to you and yours, and all men, Brother Nelson," he boomed, then waddled away toward his pinto.

Dad drove fast and in silence, Frank and I huddled against the blanketed sides of the organ. Once, as our eyes met, Frank leaned toward me and hissed, "Buck Hanby! Y'hear that? S'pose we'll get to see'm?"

I opened my mouth to answer, then thought better of it. Dad's lips and eyes framed the words so obviously that he might just as well have shouted, "Hush up!" Frank looked up, too. He was quicker than I was. Before I could think, he was shouting the chorus of *Throw Out the Life Line*. I tremuloed in on the third line.

THE DAYS slipped by. I had all but forgotten those spine-tingling whispers

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about Buck Hanby's gang when, while eating breakfast December 23, Dad said to my mother, "Molly, wish you and the girls would make a big batch of doughnuts and cookies today. Early tomorrow I aim to take the boys on a call."

"A call? Where will you find anybody to call on tomorrow? That's the day before Christmas—Christmas Eve—you know."

"Know it well enough." Dad looked sheepish. "Preacher says 'good will to men' means everybody. I aim we should live up to it and take a parcel to the Hanby gang."

For a second, I thought Mother would keel over. But finally a smile slipped across her lips.

"Why, of course," she laughed. "The Hanbys are our gang, aren't they? We're really responsible for them at Christmas. Get busy, May and Dot, quick with the dishes. May, set the fat kettle on. We're going to make doughnuts and sugar cookies for . . . uh . . . our neighbors."

Frank trailed me over to the corral before we finished our chores that morning. "Jumping jack rabbits," he whispered, "s'pose we'll really miss Christmas?"

"Dunna," I managed to whisper back before Frank's voice excitedly went on, "Hanby's killed a lot of men. Bang, bang! Just like that. The kids over at the Quarter Circle W said so. Betcha we're gonna hafta sneak up on him and shoot it out before we can deliver Ma's cookies."

Dad's voice came from behind us. "Stow the blood-and-thunder stuff. You've both got work ahead of you."

I scuttled off the fence and started back toward the saddle room. Frank was more deliberate. "We really get to carry guns, Dad?" he asked.

"Nobody carries any guns but me. And I don't want to hear a word more."

"But . . . gee whiz . . . they're . . ."

"I heard you the first time. Everybody says they're killers." Dad's voice was slow. "They haven't killed anybody around here. When they do, we'll handle it. Until they do, they're just a bunch of lonely men hiding out in that canyon. They've got as much need for a Christmas parcel as you have. Maybe more."

"Yes, sir." Frank jumped to the ground and scampered off.

By noon the kitchen smelled like all the candy in Sundance and Deadwood rolled into one gorgeous aroma. There were sugar cookies cut like bells. There were doughnuts sprinkled with cinnamon sugar, some twisted and shiny brown that seemed a foot long. There were square cookies perfumed with sorghum and brown sugar and star-shaped cookies with "Merry Christmas" dribbled on them in pink frosting. Ma and the girls wrapped all of them in soft tan paper. Frank and Dad and I rode out early the next morning.

SALT CREEK Canyon was northeast of our place, not far from where U.S. 16 today swings up between "The Oil City" and Osage. A few months earlier, Buck Hanby and his men rode in from the south and holed in there.

"Lots of gossip," Dad told us as we jogged across the hills that afternoon. "Nobody really knows what it's all about. If and when the sheriff wants Hanby, he'll go in after him. Until then, he's our neighbor and this is Christmas Eve."

When we reached the canyon mouth, Dad stopped. "Single file from here on," he ordered. "Frank, you're last. If they shoot, you light out for Mondell's. Tell him to round up a posse."

Bushes grew high along the trail; thick enough for a dozen men to hide. I fixed my eyes on Dad. He rode with his head high and kind of smiling. But he had the reins bunched in his left hand. The right hand rested on his thigh, close to his Colt.

As we topped the rise to the canyon floor, a smudge of smoke eddied up from a log and stone dugout. And just then a man stepped out from behind a scrub pine and walked towards us, hands tight against his trouser seams.

"Sit right here. Let him come to us," Dad ordered without turning his head. Then, while my teeth chattered, he raised that right arm and waved it, real casual and friendly like.

The man came on, keeping close to the trees, his hands still tight along the pants legs. He was young and limber with coal black hair. He wasn't smiling any.

Dad sat statue-still. He gave a little smile. "I sure hope," he said, "Preacher Curran has a real nice Christmas."

The man walked slowly to within a dozen feet of us. He was not much older than I was. He looked us up and down, stared down the trail behind us, up into the bushes and trees, finally to the top of the canyon wall. His hands moved away from the slim hips then for the first time. The right one came up in a little wave of greeting. "Hi," he said. Lookin 'fer somethin'?"

"We're the Nelsons from down on Oil Creek," Dad said. "Your nearest neighbors. And it's Christmas Eve. Thought we'd come calling."

The youngster just stood there.

"You know how women folk are," Dad grinned. "A neighbor's a neighbor till he proves himself otherwise. They made some doughnuts and fancy fixings. Allowed as how you might not have good cooking facilities up here."

"Y'mean," the youngster licked his lips. "Y'mean your wimmen baked some doughnuts for us?"

Dad nodded down toward his saddlebag. "Open her up," he invited. "Taste one. If we ain't welcome here on Christmas Eve, carry the rest of them on in and we'll jog back home now. Getting kind of late, anyway."

Wordlessly the youngster glided to the saddlebag and snatched out the top packet. Ma's precious rice paper ripped open; the saddlebag contests began sending out the headiest perfume ever wafted up Salt Creek. The youngster buried his face against the package. When he looked up, there was a tear trickle down each side of his nose. "I swan," he gulped. "I do swan. You wait here. I'll be right back." He ran off toward the dugout, holding the packet in front of him.

Dad sat stock-still. "Preacher," he said mostly to himself, "I guess you're right on the bull's eye."

Once, after the youngster had kicked open the dugout door and darted through, package first, we saw the door open again and a bearded face peer out. It was a good five minutes before Black Hair appeared again, his hands once more tight against his pants.

"Fellers say you're tuh leave the horses heah," he twanged. "Bring them goodies if you're still a' mind to. And, misteh, you cache them shootin' irons with me."

Dad got down, handed over his Colt, and didn't so much as glance at the saddle scabbard where his Winchester rifle gleamed. He piled all the parcels from the saddlebag onto his left arm, then beckoned to us. I thought I'd fall flat on that trail. Frank's cheeks showed white. But we single filed toward the dugout, with young Black Hair stalking at the rear, holding Dad's Colt.

Dad pushed the slab-pine door open and stood still. I edged up to him and felt Frank's head pressing against my shoulder. The first thing I could see in the gloomy room were four twinkling lights. Then the lights resolved into gun barrels. They were pointed straight at us, with a man behind each.

Dad spoke gently. "If this is the way to say, 'Merry Christmas,' I guess we've been brought up wrong."

The skinny fellow in front tossed his gun on the bunk behind him. "Put'm away, boys," he ordered and walked over to Dad with his right hand out. "I'm real sorry, Misteh Nelson, suh. We are wrongfully hunted men up heah. Takin' every precaution. Ah'm highly honohed, suh, fuh this Yulesome visit."

The three other guns slicked back into holsters. The men walked toward Dad, each with his right hand extended. Each grabbed Dad's free hand and shook it, mumbling "pleased to meet yuh." The last one bent his head low over Ma's parcels. "Y'mean," he said, "we can just

(Continued on page 59)

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My Horse Didn't Like Me

(Continued from page 31)

away with it. Another time, seeing a big rock and a tree close together, he darted between them, hoping to scrape me off. But again I fooled him—I was on my knees on top of the saddle when he got there. There wasn't room for him to get through and he got stuck. He started to buck and I couldn't get off onto either the tree or the rock. I was in a bad spot on top of that saddle, but I weathered it out. He pitched so much in that tight squeeze that my carbine scabbard, slung under my leg, had a hole chewed clear through the thick leather where it had grazed against the rock. I looked at it again just now and with a touch of nostalgia thought of all the riding I used to do, the many near misses . . .

ONE TIME it wasn't a near miss—Cooncan broke my foot and tried to kill me. I had made a good cow horse out of him, rope horse, cutting horse. He knew cattle and liked to work them. Another rider and I were moving a bunch of cows and calves into the ranch in the late fall for winter feeding. There was little snow on the ground, but it was cold. Crossing a small, almost dry creek, a cow broke back. Cooncan took after her without me telling him to. The cow turned back to the herd; I knew Cooncan would turn, too. That horse turned so short sometimes my foot would almost drag ground. I tightened my seat, prepared. But I wasn't prepared for the ice which was under the grass, ice which neither Cooncan nor I could see. His foot shot out from under him and he landed on my foot. I didn't have a chance to raise it. He bounced right back on his feet, but I was hurt and made no attempt to ride him back and quit the saddle instead. That was an error. I found myself hung, left foot stuck in the stirrup (I was wearing two-inch underslung heels, and the left one didn't pull through). The stirrup was twisted and my foot sort of telescoped. Cooncan dragged me, kicking at my head; I rolled away to the left to get away from those deadly heels. That's the only way to get a stuck foot out of a stirrup—roll away from the horse and the foot will turn over and come free. Mine did.

The rider with me was out of sight over a little rise when he saw Cooncan in with the cattle. He came looking for me, leading Cooncan. We both knew I couldn't ride Cooncan back, wild rascal that he was, so I was lifted up on my pal's gentle horse and he rode Cooncan. We quit the cattle and headed for the ranch a mile or two away. My foot was so swollen we couldn't get the boot off. It had to be cut—broke my heart to see a good pair of tailor-made boots go down the drain.

The nearest doctor was a day's ride away, no automobile, no telephone. Those good people at the ranch set my foot, bandaged it tightly and it healed perfectly. In those days we were our own doctors and furnished our own law. In a few days I was riding again—on a gentle horse—and carrying a crutch. Cooncan didn't mean to fall, I know—horses don't like to fall any more than we do—but after he got me down he took advantage with those heels.

ONE TIME after an all-day ride, Alice, my wife, and I rode into the corral. She went to the house and I closed the front gate. But the gate to the horse pasture was open. I had just loosened the cinch but had not unhooked it (I used a tackaberry buckle) when Cooncan broke away out through the gate into the horse pasture bucking and running. I thought he would go down in the pasture but instead he went around the barn and through a barbed-wire fence. I found my rifle torn off the saddle under the fence. (We carried rifles all the time for there were stock-killing wolves on our ranges.) I watched Cooncan pitching down the road and saw the saddle turn under his belly and pound the top of his forelegs as he ran and bucked. There was blood on the ground under the fence, so I knew he was badly cut. I ran back, mounted my wife's horse and took out after him. Half-a-mile from the pasture I found my saddle, which he'd apparently shed over his hips. I stopped and got my rope. I chased him a mile or more before I could rope him. He was a mess all over—a piece of meat half as big as a football hanging from one shoulder, one eye cut out and hanging, all four legs badly cut.

I led him slowly home and went to work. The nearest vet was twenty-five

The author on Cooncan.

miles away, in Laramie, so I had to do the job myself. I got a big needle and some thread from Alice, put that piece of flesh back in his shoulder and sewed it in place. I put his eye back and sewed it in place. We had some strong carbolic acid salve which I rubbed over his cuts. It was summer and the flies were plentiful; this was a good healing disinfectant and would keep them away.

He recovered completely. The tops of his forelegs were badly pounded by the saddle, but that worked out and he soon had four good legs again. I did make one mistake however; when I put his eye back I sewed the eyelid open. He could never again close that eye, but he could see with it fine. Looked funny when he would wink, like he was flirting with you.

Funny thing, while I was doctoring him he would stand in the corral without being tied and I could do anything with him. He even let me squat on my heels right behind his hind legs and never offered to kick me. He knew I was helping him, and appreciated it. But when he got his health back he was just as mean as ever and again I couldn't touch him back of the cinch.

ONE TIME when Alice and I were riding on the open range in the Pole Mountain country between Cheyenne and Laramie we ran across a lone lamb. It was fall and the lamb was big and fat. It was Fred Warren's range; I supposed he had moved a band of sheep through there and the big lamb had gotten separated and left behind. I didn't know where Warren's men had gone, and I didn't want to leave the lamb there for wolves and bobcats to get. So I said to Alice, "I'm going to rope him and take him home." I figured the next time I saw Fred I would tell him about it and make it right even though the lamb wasn't branded.

Ever try to rope a sheep? Don't. I've heard of cowboys roping coyotes, which I doubt, never having seen it done. A friend of mine, Art McKechnie, roped a bull elk once, halter-broke him and led him home. I saw the elk in Art's corral. Art used a sixty-foot rope and swung an enormous loop—the McKechnie loop, we called it—but he got the job done. I used a forty-foot rope.

So I tried to rope this lamb. It didn't run away, Just dodged through sagebrush about a foot high. All my casts weren't good, but even good ones he would duck out of before I could pull them snug. I was making my loops smaller and smaller, which took more accurate throwing, and Cooncan was helping me out all he could. Finally, with a loop not over two feet big, I made a perfect cast. As the loop hit the end of the rope the lamb was in it; I popped the rope as I would a whip and I had him. I hog-tied him and went to lead him over the fork of my wife's saddle. But her gentle mare wouldn't let me do it; so as a last resort I had to try Cooncan. He never moved and we got our mutton home.

MY FRIENDS wondered why I made Cooncan my top horse. Several reasons: he was a challenge (and I was young); no matter how long or hard the ride he always came home with his head up; he never got tired; he was handsome to look at and was one of the best cowhorses I ever rode. Most horses are gun-shy, their ears so sensitive the blast of a gun hurts them. But I have laid across Cooncan's saddle and used him for a rest on a long rifle shot and he never moved. Another good thing about Cooncan—a man hates to lend or let another man ride his top horse. No man ever asked to borrow Cooncan.

When I enlisted in World War I, I shipped all of my cattle and asked a neighbor to take care of my horses for the use of them. Horses don't sell for anything on the open market; besides, I didn't want to sell them. I could always buy cattle—and I figured on coming back—but good horses are something else. And, anyway, I loved Cooncan.

When I returned I found that two men who tried to ride Cooncan were promptly bucked off and he wasn't ridden again until I got back.

Sometimes I think Cooncan was just playing a game with me and didn't really hate me. I was always kind to him, except when I was forced to fight him. When I returned from the service, I could tell. I caught him without roping him—he knew me and sort of snuggled up and didn't offer to buck after two years without being ridden.

In my weaker moments I like to think he actually liked me—in a sadistic sort of way . . .

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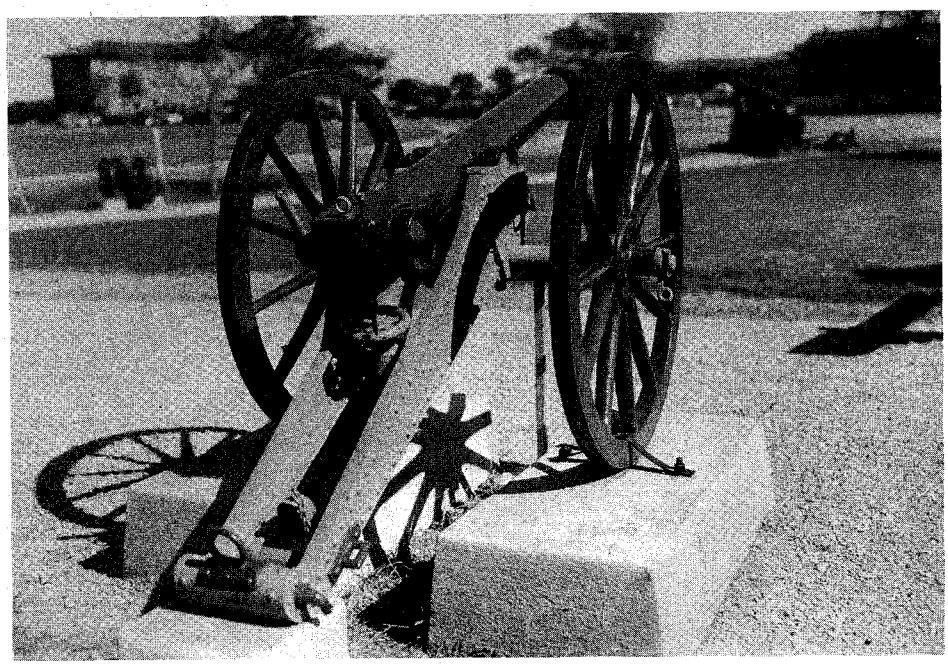

Chinese mountain gun, captured by Riley's battery (Battery F of the Fifth Field Army) at the gates of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion.

Ask True West --

Editor's Note: Sure! We'll stick our necks out! You ask 'em; we'll answer 'em—any questions of wide and general interest pertaining to the old West (any questions that is, except why we're crazy enough to stick our necks out!) Address your questions to "Ask True West" c/o George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a direct reply.

Question: Can you tell me anything about the "Chinese cannon" which I recently saw on exhibition at Fort Sill?—Harb Strauss, St. Louis, Missouri.
Answer: The officials at Sill inform us that this is a Chinese mountain gun, which was captured by Riley's Battery, Fifth Field Artillery, at the Peking gate during the Boxer Rebellion in China, 1900.

Question: When was the last stagecoach robbery in the West?—C. Niles, Texarkana, Texas.
Answer: We believe the last robbery of a stagecoach took place July 20, 1914, when Ed Trafton and an accomplice stopped thirty-five coaches in succession in Yellowstone Park and robbed the passengers of around $3,000 in cash. The law caught up with them four days later and they were sent to prison.

Question: How many men did James McKinney, the California outlaw, kill?—L. K. T.
Answer: Joseph E. Doctor of Exeter, California, who made an exhaustive study of McKinney, states that McKinney killed four men, and that there are two other 'probables'—that is, men he is believed to have killed. McKinney died in a gunfight at Bakersfield, California, April 19, 1903.

Question: How long was the Central Overland stageline?—Mike Landers, Modesto, California.
Answer: A very ancient postal guide informs us that the Great Central Overland Mail and Stage Lines, Atchison, Kansas Territory, to Placerville, California, was 1,913 miles in length.

Question: What was a spike-hitch?—Miles Caughorn, Globe, Arizona.
Answer: This was a term used by teamsters designating that a single leader was hitched forward of two or more spans. This hitch was often favored by stage drivers for night driving when a single horse or mule knew, and would follow, the trail.

Question: When and how did California Joe come to his end?—Ed Morris, Enid, Oklahoma.
Answer: Mose Milner, "California Joe," was killed October 29, 1876, at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, by Tom Newcomb, who shot Milner from behind with a Winchester rifle. According to Holdout Johnson and Dr. McGillicuddy, who were present, it was a clear case of murder. But as there were no civil authorities near the post the culprit made his departure. Newcomb was never brought to trial. Around 1915 he is said to have been guiding hunting parties near Gardner, Montana. Milner is buried at Fort Robinson.

Question: How are executions carried out in Utah by firing squad?—Beryl Noe, Wisconsin.
Answer: The Warden of Utah prison advises us as follows: "The sheriff of the county from which the condemned is committed is charged with the duty of selecting a firing squad and the carrying out of the execution. The squad consists of six men, five men armed with .30 calibre rifles and one man as a foreman. The identity of the squad is concealed and they enter the prison with hoods over their heads and take their position behind a large canvas wall with loopholes for their rifles. The condemned man is placed in a chair fifteen feet from the squad with a hood over his head. A doctor then examines the man and places a target about the size of a dollar over his heart. At a signal from the sheriff the foreman orders the squad to fire: Four rifles contain live ammunition; the fifth contains a blank. These rifles are loaded by the sheriff or foreman and none of the squad knows which rifle contains the blank. Each member of the firing squad is paid fifty dollars by the county in which the condemned was tried. Utah allows the condemned the choice of being hanged or shot."

Convicted and condemned in 1912, J. J. Morris was told he must choose how he must die. "Which will cost the most?" he asked. Told that hanging was the costliest, Morris cried, "Then hanging it will be, for I want the best Utah's got!"

Question: Isn't it a fact that the Indian could both see and hear better than the white man?—Al Jordain, Sedalia, Missouri.
Answer: The answer is yes. The Indians of the Plains and mountains of the West had these faculties developed to a superior degree.

Question: I've heard a lot about the good eating of the buffalo. Would it stand up with a good filet mignon?—Garrison Weber, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Answer: Having never eaten of buffalo, it's hard to say. There is no accounting for taste. But the old-timers say the

(Continued on page 56)

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This Was Tombstone!

(Continued from page 13)

great care never to stand by an open window or doorway when in their respective headquarters. So many shots came from across the street that the saloon owners moved their bars about twenty feet back from the front doors to preserve what was left of the mahogany fittings and plate glass mirrors.

Schieffelin Hall, on the corner of Fremont and 4th Streets, is a large two-story adobe. It was built in 1881 by Al Schieffelin, who felt that the raw new camp needed entertainment other than that provided by Joe Bignon's Theatre Comique, which had opened in 1879. Upon the hall's completion, it was said to have the largest stage between Denver and San Francisco.

The first professional traveling troupe, the Nellie Boyd Dramatic Company, played in the Hall on December 5 and presented "The Banker's Daughter." Tombstone in those days was on the drama circuit, and troupes which were booked for Denver and El Paso stopped off to play the town.

The Russ House located on 5th and Toughnut Streets is an adobe building formerly operated as a boarding house by Nellie Cashman, a beloved early-day character. "Colonel Nellie" fed every hungry man and frequently turned her house into a hospital and nursed the sick regardless of race or creed. She worked faithfully for law and order and despised killers. Yet, when a speculator erected an immense wooden stand with seats at $2.50 each, so that spectators might view and jeer the five Bisbee bandits who were to be hanged en masse on a Tombstone street, she spoke to her friends and with their help tore the stand apart before it could be used.

An immense hole indicates the Million Dollar Stope, 5th and Toughnut Streets, from which a million dollars worth of silver was taken in Tombstone's initial boom. Stope mining is carried on in timber-supported passages. The labyrinthine passages beneath lead for miles under the surrounding country and connect with other mines. The large opening was made by a cave-in that engulfed a horse and delivery wagon. The driver jumped to safety and the horse was taken out two miles across town.

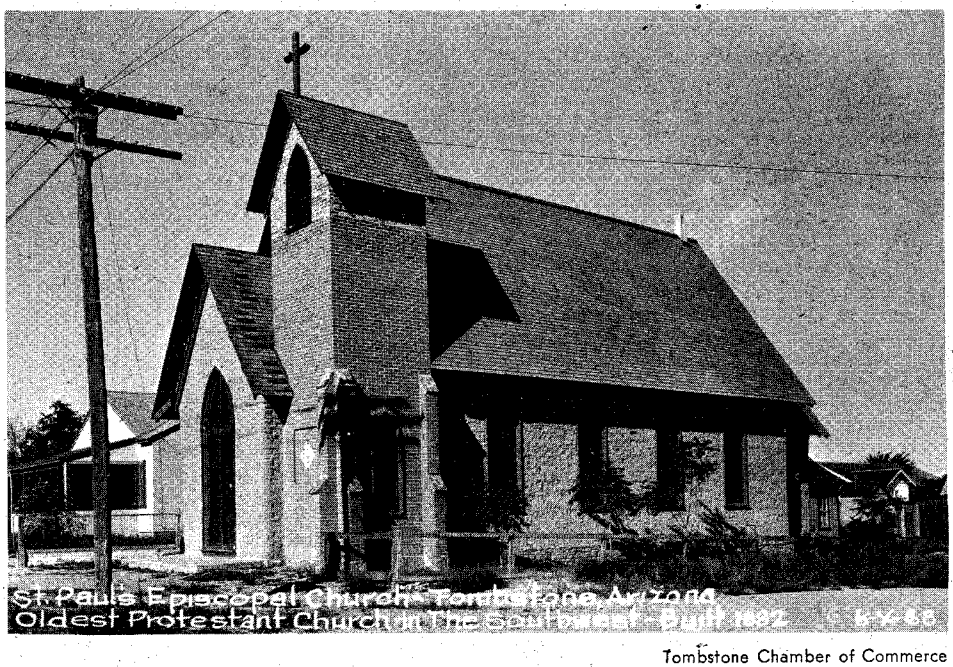
The Can Can Restaurant, northwest corner 4th and Allen Streets, now abandoned, was once famed for its delicacies. During the 1880s this restaurant employed hunters to provide it with bear, deer and antelope, and imported lobsters and fish from Guaymas, Mexico by fast stage. The name can still be discerned on the galvanized iron false-front.

The rose tree in the patio of an inn at 4th and Toughnut Streets, is locally considered as the largest in the world. The tree is an extraordinarily interesting one, of the Lady Banksia variety, with extremely fragant small white blossoms. It generally blooms in early April. The single trunk has a circumference of forty inches at the base. The spreading arms are supported on thirty-two posts and cover 2,000 square feet with a thick shade. The low adobe wall, cactus-banked, and the squat adobe buildings around the tree add charm to the spot.

The office of the Tombstone *Epitaph,* 5th Street between Fremont and Allen Streets, houses the town's only newspaper, the oldest weekly continuously published in Arizona. The first *Epitaph* dating from May 1, 1880, was one of several dailies published in Tombstone; its office was on Fremont Street between 3rd and 4th Streets.

According to one story, the *Epitaph* received its name while one of its founders, John C. Clum, was coming by stagecoach from Tucson. When Clum asked his fellow passengers what he should call the paper he was about to establish, Ed Schieffelin, who happened to be one of the passengers, replied: "Well, I christened the district Tombstone; you should have no trouble in furnishing its epitaph."

The paper's early day editors and owners were firm and outspoken in their editorial policy. Its readers did not invoke the aid of the courts to seek redress when they felt the paper maligned them, but called on the editor with hardware ready for action. The office witnessed many lively scraps and some shootings.



Tombstone Chamber of Commerce

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the first church in Tombstone.

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Dr. E. R. Harrington

The Bird Cage Theater today.

In the beginning the paper had three editors. Years later Dick Gird, owner of the paper, was asked, "Why the three editors?" He replied, "They wanted to make sure they'd come out on time every week. It was unlikely anybody would kill all three at the same time."

THE COURTHOUSE, 3rd and Toughnut Streets, a two-story red-brick building, erected in 1882, was vacated in 1931 when the county seat was moved to Bisbee. The large courtroom was the scene of many dramatic trials, and in the courtyard to the northwest there were several hangings.

It was from the jail of this courthouse that John Heath, accomplice of five masked men who killed five men and a woman while robbing a store in Bisbee, was taken and lynched on February 22, 1884. The policeman on duty at the City Hall heard a commotion in the direction of the courthouse early in the morning while he was raising the flag, and tying the flag where it was, only part way up the pole, he went to investigate.

Thus it was that throughout the day John Heath was lynched, the flag on Tombstone's City Hall, unnoticed in the excitement, hung at half-mast. The six-man coroner's jury, which deliberated on the lynching of Heath rendered a whitewash verdict, declaring the deceased came to his untimely end "due to strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise."

The site of an old blacksmith shop, 3rd and Allen Streets is now occupied by a service station. The iron scroll fence and adjoining gate, wrought by the blacksmith during off hours, are remnants of other days.

The Wells, Fargo office, 3rd and Fremont Streets, a small adobe structure, indicated by a marker, was built in 1880. The building was a stage and express station and point of dispatch for large quantities of gold and silver bullion.

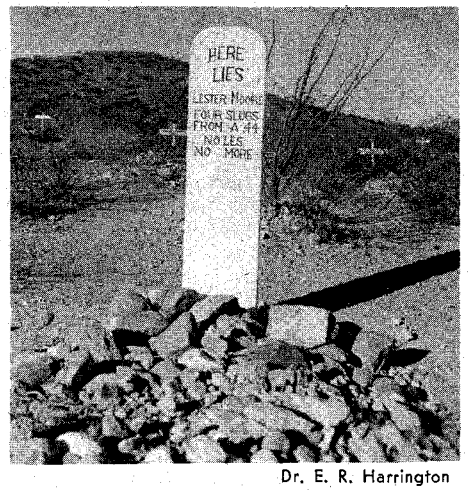
The Episcopal Church, 3rd and Safford Streets, an adobe structure built in 1881, is the oldest standing Protestant church in Arizona. The old steeple, destroyed by lightning, was replaced.

The O.K. Corral, Fremont Street between 3rd and 4th, indicated by a marker, was the scene of the famous Earp-Clanton clash in October, 1881.

Boot Hill Graveyard, at the northwest city limits adjoining US 80, is the burial place, as its name implies, of men who died with their boots on. One marker is "Dedicated to the memory of all the unidentified," which includes practically all of the 276 buried here. Another gives this information: "John Heath, taken from County Jail and lynched by Bisbee Mob in Tombstone, Feb. 22, 1884." The other five desperadoes involved in the same crime are also buried in Boot Hill cemetery.

Dutch Annie, queen of the red light district, died in 1883, and her funeral was attended not only by the underworld but by businessmen and city officials. The procession to the cemetery consisted of 1,000 buggies and was second in size only to that of Ed Schieffelin.

For years Boot Hill was a forgotten patch of Tombstone, a rubbish dump where only cactus and yucca grew. In recent years the place has been cleaned up, its graves outlined with stones, and legible headboards placed on identifiable graves. Where but in Tombstone could



Dr. E. R. Harrington

A tombstone in Tombstone.

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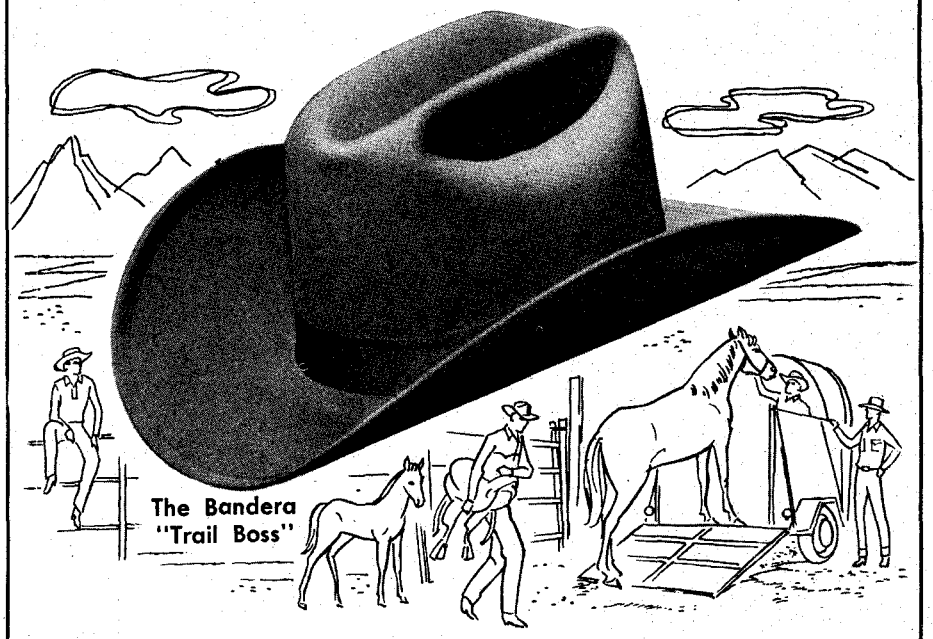

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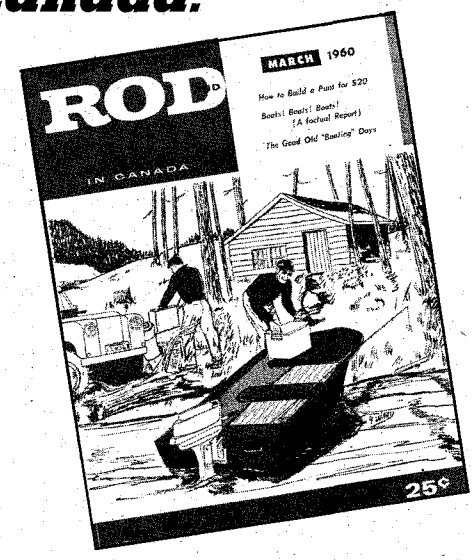

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one find so many inscriptions which read, "Killed by Indians," or "Died of Wounds," or such odd ones as, "John Blair, died of Smallpox. Cowboy throwed rope over feet and dragged him to his grave."?

Tombstone's most notable figure, Ed Schieffelin, is buried on a hill overlooking the town close to the site of his first discovery. A monument erected over his grave is inscribed: "This is my Tombstone." Around it cholla cactus and prickly pear thrive, quite the suitable growth for a town "Too Tough To Die."

The Indian War Nobody Knows

(Continued from page 19)

ON THE 17th of February they were ready. Twenty-six strong, including a surgeon, a blacksmith, an interpreter, and a cook—plus another twenty Coloradoans waiting to join them along the way—they rode out of Cortez between two lines of cheering townspeople, their 12,000 rounds of spare ammunition sinking their baggage wagon hub-deep into the red clay mud.

Nebeker, who had left for Blanding two days earlier, found the reports of his deputies in Bluff anything but reassuring. Polk's braves had rolled rocks big enough to shield a man into handy positions around their camp, and they had been target practicing at cans and bottles set up toward Bluff so that bullets sang frequently over the town. Still more ominous, Posey's signals were being seen regularly south of the San Juan River.

Nebeker was brusquely confident. "Tell the people down there to stop worrying," he instructed his deputies at Bluff. "This time those Paiutes are going to end up back on the reservation whether they know we're coming or not."

While he waited for his Colorado posse, Nebeker lined up a change of grained horses for them and dashed off a telegram to Representative Redd in Salt Lake City: "Consider all Indians this area reservation bound."

Meanwhile the posse rammed through a storm that dropped a foot of snow along the trail to Blanding. Their first night out of Cortez, Gingles ordered camp on an icy flat called McCracken Mesa. By morning they would have taken on the whole Ute tribe just to get warm. In spite of the snow and mud, they made Blanding by eight o'clock that evening. Several deputies had to be lifted off their horses and massaged back to warmth, and the rest found movement difficult.

"When do you want to leave for Bluff?" Gingles asked Nebeker. He reeled with the answer.

"Immediately. Don't give them more time to get ready. I want you to have their camp surrounded by dawn."

"You mean you're not coming with us?"

"Certainly not," Nebeker snapped. "Our movements have to be coordinated with decisions of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. I can do that best from here. Can't you take care of Polk with forty-six men?"

A MEXICAN spur wouldn't have roweled Gingles any deeper. He got his men back into the saddle by midnight. He was not to contact Nebeker again until Tse-na-gat was in custody and Polk and his braves on their way back to the reservation. If Posey butted in, Nebeker had assured his deputies just before they re-saddled, so much the better—both

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renegades could make the trip back to the reservation together.

When Gingles and his men reined in within sight of the Paiute wikiups on the west bank of Cottonwood Wash, everything looked at first as if it would be as easy as Nebeker had made it sound. Blanketed tightly against the wind, which blew strongly toward the posse, a few squaws were out after wood and water. The only other signs of life were the tendrils of smoke streaming out of the wikiups. Not a buck showed anywhere.

The deputies were elated. They had expected the Paiutes to open up from the rocks around their camp as soon as the range got right. Instead, they'd been caught squatting around fires inside their wikiups.

Gingles ordered twenty of his men to line the east rim of Cottonwood Wash across from the camp. The other twenty-six were to divide, across the wash as quickly as possible, and stake out north and south, so that the only escape route open to the Paiutes would be straight up a rocky slope west of their camp in perfect range of the posse's rifles. With the wind and the fresh snow muffling their movements, the posse could basket the Paiutes before they knew what was happening.

As Winchesters scraped free of rifle boots and shells lever-clanked into chambers, Gingles wedged the last chink in his strategy. Picking out a tough old cowman, he hooked a thumb at him. "Ride back a-ways and keep an eye out south for Posey," he told him. "Holler if him or any of his boys show up."

Then, just as the twenty men along the east rim were dismounting to take their positions, the trap being set for Polk triggered shut on the flanks of the posse as they wallowed into the swelling stream at the bottom of the wash. With unnerving suddenness whooping Paiutes exploded out of their wikiups, working the levers of their Winchesters as they ran to fire point-blank down into the floundering deputies.

They boiled to the edge of the wash, wavered, and then broke against the coolly placed fire of Gingles' men on the opposite rim, but not before the undercut bank crumbled a dozen of them into the possemen clogging the stream below. Rifle butts thudded and the bottom of the wash filled with the stench of cordite and muzzle-seared horseflesh. Then the deputies who could, thrashed free of their mired horses and clawed their way back up the side of the wash they had plunged down minutes before. A few managed to keep enough firm ground under them to ride downstream, out from under the lead whistling murderously over the wash. Six Paiutes stumbled behind them at lariat ends.

A frightened Paiute girl ran out of a wikiup and fell screaming, part of her foot torn away by a soft-nosed bullet. For a moment there was an embarrassed lull. One of the deputies stood up and hollered for the Paiutes to get her out of the way. He pitched into the wash, Polk's bullet in his forehead.

Firing crashed out again, then stuttered into an uneasy silence that brought the posse's interpreter, a half-breed Ute named Mancos, crawling out from behind the boulder he's been hugging since the first shot.

"Maybe Polk and Tse-na-gat give up now," he called to Gingles. "I go see." Without waiting for Gingles' okay, he got up with sudden bravado and disappeared over the edge of the wash.

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ALL THAT Gingles had been able to find out about Mancos in Colorado was that he owned a small spread somewhere along the San Juan River in Utah. He had shown up at the sheriff's office in Cortez with a note from the Ute agent stating only that the agency considered him reliable and that he knew Polk well. How he happened to know Polk so well began to gnaw on Gingles as Mancos climbed back into view, picking his way up the far side of the wash with obvious familiarity.

"The breed's found him an easy trail up there," commented one deputy.

"He ain't never lost it," said another, with grim insight.

As Mancos topped the far rim two Paiutes grabbed him and swung him between them and the posse. Polk stepped in behind them, and the high staccato of excited Paiute carried across the wash. Then they moved out of sight behind an outcropping of sandstone. When they reappeared, Mancos was waving a dirty white rag on the end of a stick. Polk and three other Paiutes were jammed up in a straight line behind him, all heading toward the edge of the wash where Mancos had climbed up.

"Polk's kid's with them," called out a deputy far enough up the wash to see behind Mancos and Polk.

"Some of you get out on the edge where you can see into the bottom," Gingles shouted; "They might make a break downstream."

It took guts to step out onto the edge of the wash and into the sights of the Paiutes dug in on the other side, but four or five deputies did it.

"Tell them to throw away their guns, Mancos!" Gingles yelled again.

Mancos said something in Paiute and several pistols whirled into the mud behind him.

"Rifles, too, dammit!" bellowed a deputy kneeling on the edge. Cocking his .30-.30 he turned to Gingles. "They ain't packing rifles into that wash under me!"

A battery of hammers clicked back in agreement.

"Hold your fire! Mancos, tell 'em to throw down their rifles!"

"They no savvy!" Mancos screamed back at Gingles.

Then all hell broke loose again. Polk fired over Mancos' shoulder, shattering the thigh of a deputy who snapped off a return shot that gutted into a Paiute behind Polk as Polk leaped over the cowering Mancos into the wash. Close behind Polk, Tse-na-gat and two other Paiutes slid down the embankment and plunged out of sight under the overhanging bank that held up the deputies poised to cut off their break down the wash. When Paiute lead began cratering the mud all around them, the exposed deputies left the wash to Polk and ploughed in behind the rocks with the rest of the posse.

Once more a solid crash of gunfire bridged the wash. Rock splinters ricocheted away on both sides, and thick smoke swirled into the wind as posse bullets blasted live cooking-pit coals into the brush walls of the wikiups.

At the same time the rear guard deputy caught a flash of movement near an abandoned stone house about five-hundred yards to the southeast. Through a battered old telescope he made out a restless herd of horses strung out behind a stone wall that led away from the southwest corner of the house. He guessed they were posse horses that had broken away during the firing and banded up in the quiet lee of the wall. More stockman than Indian scout, he rode to see if any had been wounded or were tangled up in their riggings. A hundred yards later, he saw he was in trouble—the horses carried Indian saddles. Too late, he jerked his pinto around and somersaulted into the mud when Posey slammed a .30-.30 slug under his right shoulder blade.

Bent on recouping the face he'd lost in Polk's wikiup, Posey had deliberately held back his Utes to give the lawmen who'd pounded past the old stone house at dawn plenty of time to soften any Paiute resistance to a change of war chief. But the smoke pillaring above the camp had jarred him out of his impassive calm. If some of the lawmen were burning Polk's camp he'd waited too long. Just then the lawmen's scout rode conveniently into range.

WITH NO warning, Gingles and his men on the south end of the firing line suddenly found themselves pinned under Posey's killing crossfire. Almost simultaneously, a spur of the storm that had halted the posse earlier slashed down the wash with blinding fury. In seconds needle-sharp snow crystals driven on a fifty-mile-an-hour wind cut visibility to twenty feet.

Gingles' counter-punch was the reflex action of fatigue-raw nerves. He sent a Utah deputy, June Peterson, Sheriff of San Juan County, to get the deputies farther up the wash turned around and headed out of the fight. Then he grabbed all the men he could and bulled straight back through the surprised Utes. That was the posse's last coordinated move for the rest of the morning. The Utes groped across the wash toward the Paiute camp, and the posse straggled back into Bluff.

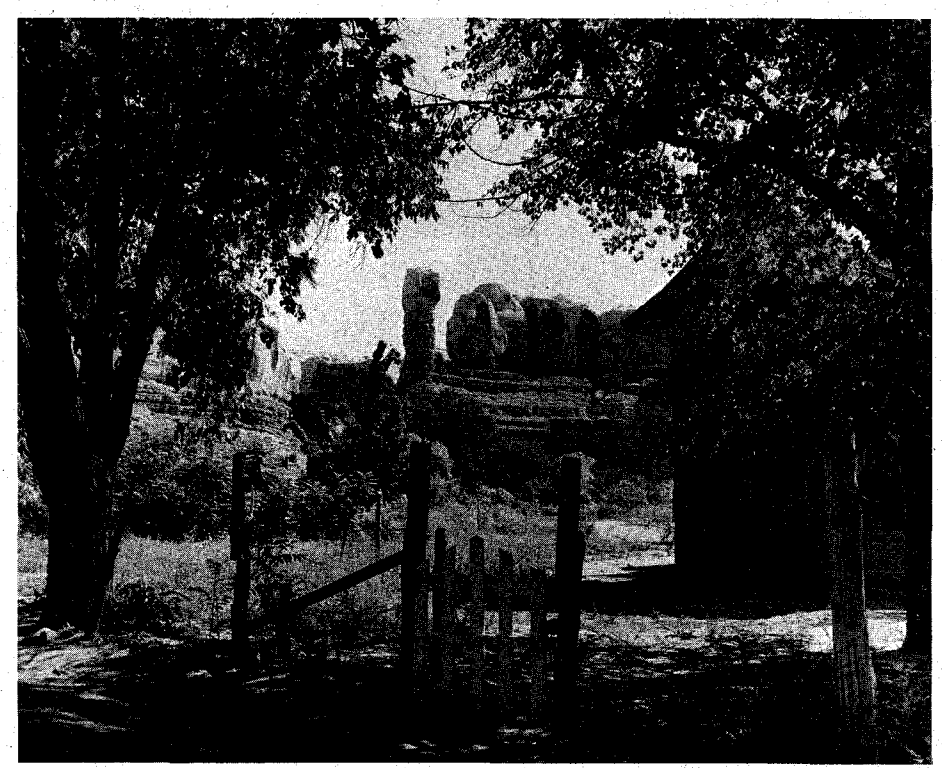
Posey's well-timed appearance in the burned out camp was all he needed to re-establish himself among the Paiutes. Counting eight dead and over twenty wounded, they felt badly mauled, and although Polk had come back full of excuses, they were still plenty sore at him for running out on them.

Posey had already settled on a better place to fort up in. Four miles west, at the head of a steep box canyon called Butler's Wash, were some old cliff dwellings. Sandstone cliffs closed them in on the east and west, and the goat trail leading up into them from the bottom of the draw sheered up past them onto a razor, sawtoothed ridge that fell away sharply to the southwest. Two or three long-barrelled Winchesters would turn back any lawmen foolish enough to try to climb up the trail, and Posey knew they could get away unseen along another pueblo trail that picked its way down the crest of the jagged ridge to the San Juan River.

The problem was to get up there before the lawmen came looking for them again. Relying on what was left of the storm to screen their movements, Posey scattered out his doubled band and herded them toward Butler's Wash in war parties small enough to make the most of the tangled cattle trails that wound across the gullied, boulder-strewn river flat around Bluff. He sent the squaws up the San Juan River with the wounded, sure that as soon as the storm lifted they would leave a trail even a lawman could follow. He told the girl with the mangled foot to stay near the camp and scream her head off when the lawmen came back. A wailing squaw was always sure fire bait for white attention.

Squinting through the lightening snow toward Bluff a few minutes later, Posey got the same feeling that a small boy develops for an ant hill on a sleepy afternoon. Sighting on the roof of Bluff's only two story building, the Co-op Mercantile, he lobbed six shots onto the hitching rail and boardwalk in front of it. Then he cut the telephone line to Blanding.

His timing was perfect. In the middle of his hysterical report to Nebeker that the posse had been driven back into Bluff, a town councilman heard the



Hal Rumel

Bluff, Utah, looking towards the mountain formation known as Navajo Twins.

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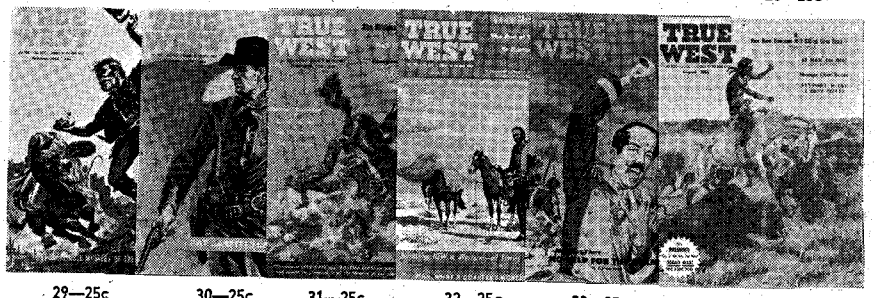

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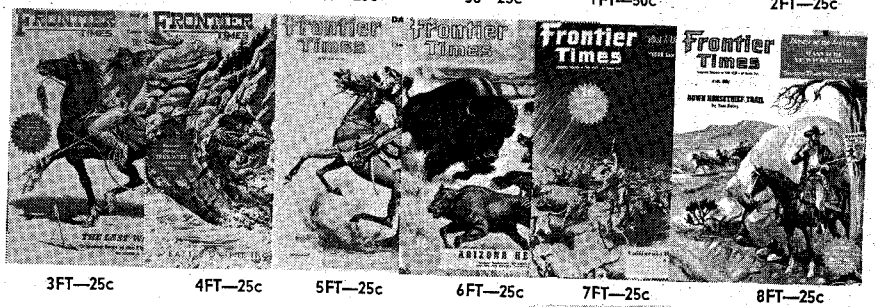

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shouts of the deputies and townsmen in the Co-op who thought they were under a new attack, and screamed "Massacre!" just before the line went dead.

NEBEKER'S reaction was a frenzy of messages. He wired Shiprock, New Mexico, for a detachment of Navajo Police, posted recuitment pleas for more deputies, and wound up with a wire to the Bureau of Indian Affairs that cavalry should be readied. When he calmed down he sent out a thirty-man posse with telephone repair equipment to follow the line to its trouble spot.

Exhausted, half frozen, and out-maneuvered, the posse had run afoul of a dangerous combination in Bluff—scalding coffee, the pot-bellied stove in the Co-Op Mercantile, and the advice of local Indian fighters who had been strangely inactive during the fight in Cottonwood Wash but now demanded to be sworn in. By the time Gingles learned the hard lesson drummed into Union Civil War officers—that standing off civilian strategists is the hardest part of a battle—the possemen who hadn't been thawed into a near coma had ridden out with Bluff's Indian experts to scout Posey's position.

Grim humor dogged them through the gusty flurries that followed the storm. One group charged into the abandoned Paiute camp only to brush up when they heard the screams of the wounded Paiute girl Posey had left behind. A second party rode onto five staked posse horses. Stuck to the saddle horn of one was a garbled note to the effect that their riders had been surrounded and had made a break for it on foot. On the way to Bluff with this news a deputy heard the Paiute girl screaming and started a flourishing rumor that the stranded deputies had been captured and were being tortured somewhere in the rocks at the head of Cottonwood Wash.

Another three possemen found the rear guard scout in the old stone house where Posey had dragged him. His right lung had been nicked and he was bleeding heavily. One of them rode for the posse's doctor at Bluff while the other two tried to stop the bleeding. When he hadn't got back after what they considered plenty of time, they heaved the now unconscious man onto a saddle blanket litter and jounced him into Bluff, where they were told that the doctor and the rider who'd come for him had gone. They were assumed captured, along with all the rest who hadn't been seen for an hour or two.

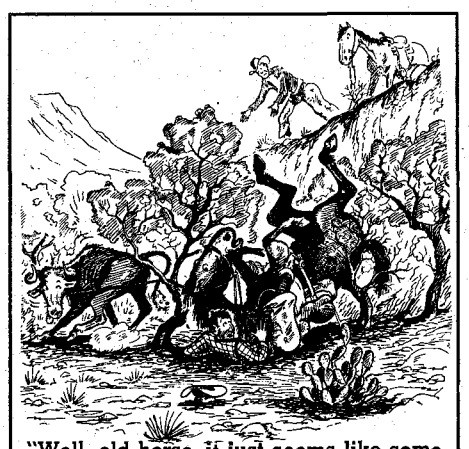
Eight others cut the trail of the squaws and children along the north bank of the San Juan River and opened fire as soon as they overtook them. None were hit, but three squaws drowned in quicksand trying to get away across the river. The deputies let the rest go, too upset at their mistake to notice the blanket-camouflaged braves quietly staining their ponies carmine.

It was late afternoon when Gingles finally mustered his posse in the Co-op. One had been killed, one was dying; eight were wounded, and the five who had disappeared on foot were still missing. Only fifteen fresh horses were on hand for the whole posse, and more than ten of the 12,000 rounds of spare ammunition hauled from Cortez had been shot away. The posse's total winnings were the six Paiutes dragged out of Cottonwood Wash (now chained together on a dance floor in the second story of the Co-op), and the wounded Paiute girl who had been put in the sympathetic care of Bluff housewives. The braves had disappeared without a track.

"Damn good thing the line to Blanding's dead," Gingles told the chagrined possemen who had been out scouting. "That way I don't have to tell Nebeker we've lost a whole camp of Paiutes and a fifty-Ute war party."

BLUFF settled into an uneasy night. Shortly after three the next morning, a Paiute named Havane slipped his heavy shackles off over his slender hands and feet and edged toward a window in the dance hall. His guards, deputies McConnell and Honaker, lived up to their reputations with handguns. When they saw his silhouette against the window they drew and blasted him through it, frame and all, onto the roof of the Co-op's woodshed. The uproar lasted till dawn.

Shortly before dawn of the twenty-second, over twenty hours after the action had begun in Cottonwood Wash, Acquila Nebeker was roused out of a fitful sleep by the possemen who had left their horses near the Paiute camp. After a forty mile walk through fresh snow they were barely able to tell him what had happened. Posey's charge had cut them off from the rest of the posse and left them surrounded on three sides. On the fourth was a sheer box draw. They had had little choice. Pitching their lariats at brush and projections of rock, they had climbed out of the draw hand over hand. Miraculously, none of them had been hit, though one had a crease in his chaps and another a slice across the sole of his boot. "I guess they kept thinking we'd give up and drop back into the draw," one of them told Nebeker. "They didn't really open up on us until we were better than half way up, and then they couldn't see us too well through the storm."



"Well, old horse, it just seems like some days nothin' goes right."

"What was the rest of the posse doing all this time?" There was growing impatience in Nebeker's voice.

Frank Wheatland, who had left the note on the saddlehorn for Gingles, answered for all of them. "Damned if I know. The ones nearest us lit out for Bluff."

"Then I'd better go down there myself and take command immediately."

"Might be you're some late getting down there," Frank replied. His tone and sentiment were going to become annoyingly familiar to Nebeker in the days to follow.

At dusk Nebeker and fifty Utah deputies rode into Bluff behind another numbing storm. A small detail under Gingles was out scouting. The rest of the Colorado posse had their feet propped up comfortably in the Co-op. Every mile between Blanding and Bluff having filed Nebeker's temper a little shorter, the scene in the Co-op grated dangerously. He singled out Gingles' second-in-command, Sheriff June Peterson.

"From the way you're taking your ease I assume you have the renegades in custody?"

"We ain't seen nobody but squaws since yesterday morning."

"By whose authority did you break contact with Polk?"

"Posey's, mainly."

The roar that shook the Co-op was the ebb of Nebeker's command.

Whether their hearts were in it or not, Gingles and Peterson did what they could to justify Nebeker's having stayed in Blanding. They pointed out that Blanding was the closest communications center, and that only Nebeker could have authorized the calls for help that had been sent out.

But it was no go. Nebeker was left with a huge posse that no longer took him seriously and the cold comfort that he'd been right. All he could do was wait for the Navajo police promised him by the agent at Shiprock, New Mexico.

NEBEKER wasn't the only one with command troubles. High up in the cliff dwellings at the head of Butler's Wash a Ute known to whites as Scotty took a grievance to Posey. He said that he and the rest of the Utes had made war medicine. Why shiver like squaws and eat parched corn on the reservation? If the whites were afraid to bring a fight up to the cliff caves why not take one down to them? There were grunts of approval when he finished.

Vetoed. Posey argued that the fight had gone too far already. Any peace made now was bound to cramp the old life off the reservation. It would be worse if they killed more whites. Besides, the whites were getting stronger. More cowboys, including the big angry lawman who'd been in Bluff before, had ridden in only a few hours ago. No, the best thing to do would be to dodge another big fight with the whites and wait for one of their chiefs from Washington to come and settle things.

What if Washington didn't send a chief?

Posey had thought of that. A year before, a big party of Navajos led by Bzo-she, a chief Posey knew well, had ridden off the reservation in Arizona. A Washington chief had been sent out then. They would wait a while, and if none came, they could visit Bzo-she and ask him to send for the chief who had made peace with him.

Most of the Utes and Paiutes saw it Posey's way. The Whites were too many to fight now, and a peace with Washington would be better than one with the cowboys.

But Scotty wouldn't shut up, and some of the younger bucks supported him. Posey called him away from the council fire. In the flickering light they squared off, their bodies tensed and ready. Calmly, Posey told one of Scotty's followers to toss his new war chief a Winchester. Shrewdly the young buck threw the rifle to Scotty cocked and in shooting position. Cowboy-style Posey drew his colt and put three shots into Scotty's mid-section. Then he stepped forward

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and twisted the unfired Winchester out of his hands as he folded. Posey was still war chief.

The next morning he and his scouts watched a large party wearing the blue coats of the Navajo police ride into Bluff. A pronounced uneasiness settled over the cliff dwellings. In blood and attitude the Navajo police were a mixture of Indian and white that purer Indians feared and distrusted. At it turned out, however, these Navajos posed little threat.

Down in the Co-op Nebeker read Navajo agent Shelton's dampening orders from Washington. The Navajos could be used as scounts only. Any further fighting was up to Nebeker's posse. Nebeker lapsed into a stony sulk. When he came out of it he told the Navajos to find Posey's new camp for him, an assignment they completed in three hours with grim relish.

When they got back, Nebeker saddled up and led his horse over to a boulder across the street from the Co-op. Standing on it, he shouted toward the Co-op. "I'm riding up Butler Wash. Deputies who honor their oaths will come with me." He got on his sorrel and trotted out of town. After about a mile he reined in and found that most of his deputies were following. Bunched nervously, they rode up Butler's Wash behind Nebeker, who stolidly refused to tell them what he planned to do.

Posey's reaction was equally unimaginative. He passed word to open fire. At the sound of the first shot Nebeker wheeled and rode back down the wash. His bewildered posse loped behind him all the way to Bluff.

The only explanation Nebeker offered for what he had done was provocatively vague. "I've played my hand out," he told Gingles. "Now it's up to Washington." He asked agent Shelton to continue scouting Posey's position and then wired Secretary of War Garrison for cavalry.

THE FOLLOWING day a deputy named Frank Barnes got Nebeker's permission to field a weapon new to Indian fighting. An ex-U. S. Navy gunner, Frank had used the rough tools of the Bluff blacksmith shop to mount surveying transits on two .30-.06 Enfields and a .30-.40 Krag selected from the posse's growing arsenal. He had sighted in the cumbersome looking sights at 600 yards—the distance from the bottom of Butler's Wash to Posey's cliff dwellings.

Late that afternoon two Ute scouts on the west rim of Butler's Wash arrogantly silhouetted themselves against a brilliant sunset while they watched a small knot of lawmen two rifle shots below them. Curiously three of the lawmen rumped down in the mud and ceremoniously wrapped their arms in their gun straps. A booming wave of sound rolled up the sheer ridge. One of the Utes toppled and would have fallen down the face of the cliff if the other hadn't caught him. Three more shots arced up the cliff. The Ute unhit by the first volley grabbed his side, staggered, and pulled his companion with him out of sight behind a broken ledge. They did not re-appear.

Posey acted quickly. The frothy bubbles at the lips of the badly wounded Ute scout and the deep gash in the other's side told him the cliff dwellings were no longer safe. The whites would shoot long again. Shortly after dark, Polk and about twenty Paiutes picked

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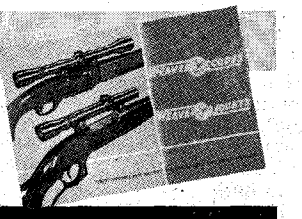

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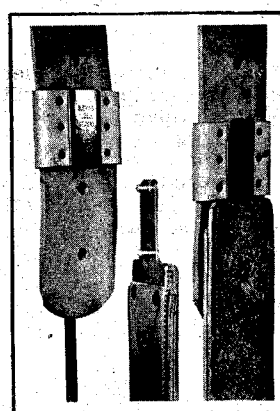

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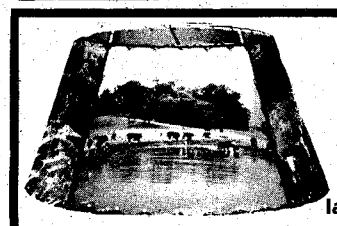

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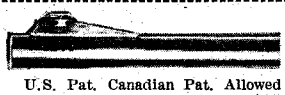

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their way down the old pueblo trail to the San Juan River. Squaws, children and the braves wounded the first day, along with a mixed herd of horses and goats they had rounded up from Indians ranching in the area, were all waiting on the south bank. Just before dawn ten Utes foamed out of the river onto Polk's trail. Roping clumps of greasewood, they dragged the freshness off both sets of tracks behind them.

Minutes later twenty-five Navajo police spurred to a lope over the swath of freshly smoothed mud leading southwest away from the river. Sent out without Shelton, who was attending a strategy meeting called by Nebeker to plan the best use of the posse's new sights, the Navajos had heard the small Ute party cross the river in the predawn darkness. Here was a situation that promised more excitement than scouting cliff dwellings. A small party could be exquisitely taunted, and if they dared to fight back—a massacre would be excusable as self-defense.

But they hauled up short when one of them happened to look back. Upwards of fifty Utes and Paiutes, Posey in the lead, were fanned out behind them in two wings that couldn't be flanked. Headed southeast to decoy away from Polk's slower party, Posey had tacked in behind the Navajos when his scouts told him they were on Polk's trail.

The Navajos chose discretion. In bland Spanish they hailed the Utes and Paiutes as long-sought kinsmen. The big lawman had sent them to arrange a peace talk. They had been hurrying to overtake the small party ahead to tell them that. But now they could tell chief Posey himself.

Posey didn't buy it. He told the Navajos that if they rode out of Bluff again they'd get killed. As for the big lawman, Posey had figured out a message in English for him. "Only bullets talk now."

Tight-mouthed the Navajos drifted back into Bluff. Two of them rode double, Posey having ordered their horses shot out from under them when they tried to follow him.

A week later Nebeker handed agent Shelton a dispatch from Washington ordering the Navajo police back to their reservation. The next day a similar message disbanded the posse. Everyone knew why, though no explanations were given. Cavalry was on its way.

ON THE TENTH of March a detachment of cavalry finally rode into Bluff. Quantitatively it was a staggering disappointment. There were only two cavalrymen. Two were enough, however, because one of them was General Hugh L. Scott, then Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army and rightly nicknamed the "peacemaker." In the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, and along the incendiary Mexican border of 1914, General Scott had time and again displayed his amazing talent to ease violence into peace. And he was the one who had talked Posey's Navajo friend, Bzo-she, back onto the reservation.

Wearing a stocking cap, an old grey sweater, and puttees, he looked anything but dashing enough to get Posey to call off the war. But his imperturbable calm and iron will soon dispelled any doubts about Secretary of War Garrison's choice for the job. Firmly he refused Nebeker's offer to provide him with an escort. Taking only his aide, Col. Michie, he rode southwest toward Mexican Hat. There he was met by his interpreter, no less than the fiery Bzo-she himself.

For two days General Scott waited, giving Posey time to make the first move. On the third day a Paiute rancher called Jim Boy told Scott that Posey would like to see him.

The next morning General Scott and his party followed Jim Boy to a windy flat on Comb Ridge, six miles north of Mexican Hat. Twenty-three Utes and Paiutes, including Posey, Polk, and Tse-na-gat, were sitting cross-legged in a council circle. Scott motioned his party into the circle with them. No one said anything for several minutes. Then Scott pointed in the direction he had come. "There's a fat steer down there with our horses. We can all have a steak if someone will slaughter him."

Bzo-she translated. Posey nodded and grunted to three Utes near him. They left the circle to butcher the steer.

Posey spoke to Bzo-she.

"He says the cowboys made the trouble," Bzo-she translated.

"Tell him we will talk about the trouble later," Scott said. "Now he and Polk and Polk's son have got to come with me to Salt Lake City."

Posey listened closely to Bzo-she. No translation was needed for his reply.

"Okay," he said. The war was over.

THREE WEEKS later Posey, Polk, and Tse-na-gat rode into Bluff. Tse-na-gat had been acquitted for lack of evidence, and Posey and Polk had got off with a warning from Indian Affairs Commissioner Cato Sells to stay out trouble. All three carried papers reques ing Four Corners whites to grant the unmolested passage to the Southern Ut Reservation. While Polk and Tse-na-gu sat their ponies nervously, Posey hitched his to the rail outside the Co-op and strode into the store. He pointed toward a pile of levis. The clerk handed him a pair, and resignedly wrote them down on the $20.00 account General Scott had opened for his new Indian friend.

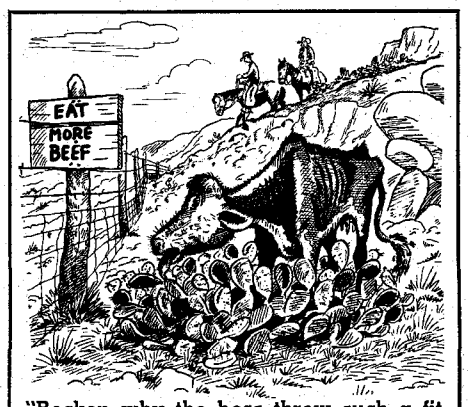
A small crowd had gathered by the time Posey came back out of the Co-op. He looked at the bullet holes in the hitching rail and in the boardwalk. He remembered an expressive word his Salt Lake City jailer had taught him.

"Lucky," he grinned.

"Damned right you were lucky," a man in the crowd said.

"No," Posey answered. "Not me. You lucky." Kicking their ponies, they loped out of sight up the San Juan River.

After the townspeople thought it over, most of them conceded that Posey had been right.



"Reckon why the boss threw such a fit about that ole cow being near the fence?"

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Tom Horn—Was a Hero or a Villain Hanged?

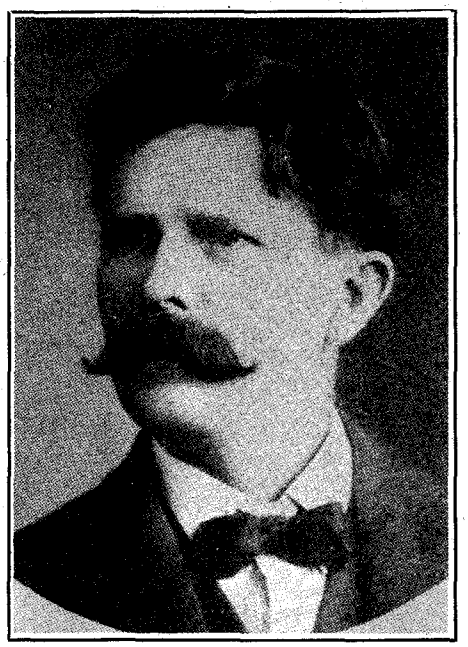
(Continued from page 27)

on the draw, and Horn was well aware of that, but when he had his man located, he stalked up to the cabin, kicked down the door and told Pegleg, "Someone has come." With all the advantage in the world, Pegleg meekly gave up without a struggle because he knew Horn.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Horn enlisted. He wanted, and felt he was entitled to, a commission, but was content to be in the ranks. His ability as a soldier and muleteer was great and Horn was mentioned by Teddy Roosevelt in some of his writings.

After the war, things changed in the West. Where once a cow could roam for miles without getting off the ranch, now there was barbed wire. The settlers and hoemen were coming in, and the old order had to go. But Horn didn't realize that. Nothing had changed as far as he was concerned. An outlaw or rustler was still something to grind underfoot, and that was what Horn knew best. Rustling in Wyoming was so widespread that it decimated more herds than the severe blizzards. Almost everyone, it seemed, threw a long rope with a wide loop, and the cattlemen were desperate. The rustlers were immune from the law and as a matter of fact, the cows belonging to some of the lawmen seemed to be having twin or triplet calves each year, and sometimes two or three times a year.

Horn felt he could stop it. He let it be known that he could. Such was his reputation, enhanced certainly by his own talk, that the very thought of the cat-like Horn riding the ranges sent a lot of nervous wide-loopers scurrying out of the country. Horn let it be known that he knew who the thieves were, and the cattlemen were delighted to have someone do their dirty work. To Horn, it was no more a crime to eliminate a rustler than it had been in years past to kill marauding redskins or Spanish soldiers. He made a deal with the cattlemen and roamed the hills and valleys. One wonders whether the cowboys riding the pastures, looking after their boss' cows, didn't sometimes feel the hair crawling on the backs of their necks, with the thought that somewhere "out there" Horn might be watching them through his powerful field-glasses, hunkered down behind a boulder or a scrub cedar.



Wyoming State Historical Department

Joe LaFors

Horn was indomitable. He could, and often did, go without food for days while on a "stake-out." He could wait weeks, if necessary, to catch his man at the right place. When the time came, usually one crack of his unerring Winchester, and the country was short one rustler.

Bushwhacker? Sure, he was a bushwhacker. He preferred to think of himself as a guardian, but whatever the name, he was trained to do just that and he did it well. You couldn't challenge a killer Apache to a duel, and in the war it had been devil take the hindmost. Tom Horn did nothing in Wyoming that he had not done before. He had always been accorded great respect for his work before, but the difference now was that the new order had come.

AND SO IT WAS, when fourteen-year-old Willie Nickell was killed from ambush at Iron Mountain. The Nickells were small ranchers, and had imported a small band of sheep. They had had a

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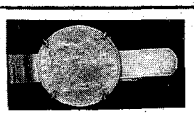

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lot of trouble with one of their neighbors, and the elder Nickell had been shot and seriously wounded from ambush. The shots fired at him, five of which took effect, were believed by him to have come from the gun of that neighbor or one of his sons. Harsh words came between them and the threat on both sides was, "I'll kill you."

It was well known that Horn was riding the ranges. Then whispers began that Horn had been after Nickell. The morning Willie was killed, he was riding his dad's favorite horse and wearing the old man's slicker. He was cut down with a Winchester as he dismounted to close a gate. Horn, they said, must have mistaken Willie for the old man. Everyone knew Horn's propensity for good liquor when in town, and he had been heard to say, in the way of advertising his wares, "Killing men is my business and I believe I have a corner on the market."

The whispers became louder and Horn

The letter below was written by Tom Horn to Charles Ohnhaus, the recorder who took down Horn's "confession" while Horn was awaiting execution.

Cheyenne, Wyo., October 3, 1903
Chas. J. Ohnhaus, Esq., Cheyenne, Wyo.

Sir:

I was informed by the sheriffs and my lawyers that the Supreme Court has refused to grant me a new trial, and that I am to be hanged November 20th.

Now, sir, I am going to make an appeal to you to act in my behalf, and it certainly is not much I ask—only that you make an affidavit to the facts in this supposed confession of mine.

You and I and Snow and La Fors and Stoll all know that you changed your stenographic notes, at the instigation of some one, from what was actually said, to what you wanted me to say. In speaking of this money that was paid to me on the train between Denver and Cheyenne, La Fors said it was paid to me by George Prentice and that Hi Kelley had given two one hundred dollar bills and a fifty dollar bill.

Why was that cut out of your notes?

On first entering the marshal's office LaFors showed me his rifle, and we had some conversation about the sights on the rifle, which he said were aperture sights, and he explained to me how they were used.

Why was that cut out of your notes?

You said in your notes that I said that I ran across there barefooted, when, as a matter of fact, I told La Fors if ever he wanted to cover his trail to go barefooted. In speaking of the rock under the boy's head, he asked me if it was a sign, and I said I supposed it was. I never said I put it there, nor did I intimate that I put it there. I did not say "That is the sign I put out to collect my money."

You put in your report that I said: "That was the best shot I ever made, and the dirtiest trick I ever did."

You and I, and the others I have mentioned, know that was made up by Stoll or La Fors, and put in the notes by you.

You said in your notes that I was paid a certain sum for killing three men and shooting another one, and every word of that also was manufactured.

There were other things of more or less importance put in your notes at the suggestion of some one.

Now the people that know you say that you are a nice, model young man, and a Christian. Now, surely you would be doing a Christian act to come out and make an affidavit to the facts in this case of mine.

You are a young man not yet in the prime of life, and do you want to go through life knowing, as you do, that your perjured testimony took away my life? You may live to be an old man and every day of your life you cannot help but think of the terrible wrong you have done me by being made a tool of by men who would, if it would add to their notoriety, do the same by you that they have done by me. I suppose you got, or was promised, a certain sum of money for doing as you did. Did you enjoy spending it? No! every cent of it is red with the blood of a man who never harmed you in any way, shape or form.

You may live to be an old man, and very day of your life will, if I am hung, be a day that you can say to yourself: "*If I had only told the truth in Tom Horn's case, I could have saved his life.*"

I am appealing to you for the *truth* only, and that should be the first Christian principle of any one with a claim on Christian principles.

I ask only that you will go to my attorneys and tell them the whole truth as to where these notes were changed, at whose instigation they were changed, and what was done with the original notes. If they are not destroyed you can still produce them; and if they are destroyed, you can tell them at least the facts in the case, and forever clear your mind and conscience of a burden that you will certainly find hard to bear through life, no matter how stout-hearted you may feel.

Have I ever harmed you, that you should seek my life in this manner? If so, when and where?

There are too many men mixed up in this business that know the truth, and it will sooner or later come out, even if everyone implicated does all in his power to conceal it; and then what will the public think of the one or more when they do know what must eventually leak out, hide it as you may?

You were made a tool of by some one, and now, for the last time, I ask you to tell only the truth.

Surely I am not asking much from any one when I ask you to tell only the truth.

This the strongest appeal I can *write* to you, and now I am going to ask you, if you ignore this appeal, to come and see me in a few days, so I can talk to you personally.

Yours truly,
TOM HORN.

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Wyoming State Historical Department

Tom Horn, working with a piece of rope in the office of the jail in Cheyenne.

knew he was a suspect, but he kept on riding for his employers. Joe LaFors, a Deputy U. S. Marshal and sometime stock detective, worked on the killing. LaFors, as did everyone else, suspected Tom but there was no proof. Besides, LaFors had made his talk that he could solve the murder. He did not know Horn, but arranged for Tom to receive an offer of a job as range detective in Montana. He sent Horn a note to that effect, and met him in Cheyenne. Horn was drunk, and went with LaFors to the courthouse. When asked if he thought he could handle the Montana job, Horn said he was sure he could, that he had "wiped out the Brown's Hole gang (in southwestern Wyoming) in one summer." LaFors, too, did a little bragging about someone he claimed to have killed in the Hole in the Wall country. The conversation resulted in a windbag contest, and LaFors finally asked Horn if he had killed Willie Nickell. Horn, playing the game, admitted he had, and proceeded to tell LaFors how he had accomplished it.

HERE IS THE first doubt one might have. Here we have Tom Horn, Indian scout, soldier, deputy sheriff, Pinkerton detective and range rider, admitting a murder to a Deputy U. S. Marshal, knowing full well that a search was on for the killer and a rope awaiting the end of the search. Horn had enough of a reputation to recount without bragging about a murder that was only weeks old, and if the killer did mistake Willie for the old man, wouldn't that reflect on the killer's reliability? The type of man Horn was, he wouldn't have wanted that!

LaFors had thoughtfully set the scene for this "confession" by having a shorthand reporter and a deputy sheriff in the next room where all could be heard. Here were two men bragging to each other about killings they had done, one of which was so new that the dirt hadn't settled on the grave, and the wily Horn, lawman and on the side of law all of his life, blandly confessing the murder to a United States Marshal!

Maybe it happened. Presumably Horn had a fair trial, and the jury professed to believe that was how it happened. They convicted him on the strength of it, and Horn danced on the end of a rope. He died as he had lived, his steely blue eyes unblinking and his mouth shut, while his two good friends sang a song about a "railroad to heaven." It was supposed to have been Tom's favorite song, but maybe the word "railroad" had more significance than that.

The Man Who Lived with Grizzlies

(Continued from page 22)

a general rule, whether they are grizzlies or common blacks, turn mean after they have reached maturity, yet it is to be remembered that McTavish reared his animals in the open, giving them complete freedom, and was hardly ever out of their sight, a vastly different situation then when an animal is held captive at the end of a chain or in a cage. The bears accompanied him on his journeys wherever he went and when the chips were down, Old Blue actually defended his life.

THE MOST COMPLETE reports on McTavish and his grizzlies came from the pen of James G. Presley, who spent an entire summer in the woods with the trapper. Presley was a reputable man, not given to exaggeration, and his authentic reports were often sandwiched in between his accounts of the region, upon which was eventually based England's decision to withdraw from the Oregon country in favor of the United States which claimed it by right of settlement. For many years Great Britain had claimed it by right of discovery. Presley was one of three Englishmen

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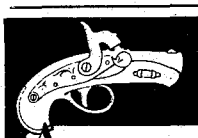

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who handled the final details some years later when the territory went to the United States after there had been talk of war between the two countries over it. In one of his comments on McTavish, Presley wrote:

"Never would I have believed the incredible and fascinating things I heard about McTavish and his grizzly bears had I not gone into the wilderness with him and lived in the style to which he was accustomed. At the outset, his pet grizzlies looked upon me with disfavor but gradually, I am happy to say, they came to accept me as a friend. The old one, Old Blue, is absolutely loyal to McTavish and will fight for him at the drop of a hat."

As the two male cubs grew older they became as much attached to McTavish as the mother and in his travels to his beaver sets along the Columbia and Willamette, the three romped along with him. Frequently when he was tired McTavish would ride Old Blue like he would a barebacked horse. And, too, as the cubs approached maturity, he used them as pack animals for his fur catches, and in the transportation of bait to his trap lines.

In the small streams, when the salmon were coming back to their native waters to spawn, the cubs would have their fill of fish and then go splashing downstream like a couple of water spaniels. Making the spray fly is a form of fun that most young bears enjoy to the fullest. Old Blue merely looked on with disapproval and stayed close to McTavish.

Most of the best beaver country was on the north bank of the Columbia (now Washington state) where there were small streams to dam. McTavish faced a problem of moving camp, for he had to transport the bears across the wide Columbia. When they were mere cubs he had taken them to Fort Vancouver in his dugout, and Old Blue would swim after them, sometimes hanging onto the dugout when she got tired. But now the cubs were too heavy to transport, so he built a barge out of heavy timbers and loaded everything he possessed onto it, including his grizzlies. Hooking onto it with his dugout, he endeavored to pull it across.

Part way out into the stream Little Blue and Pepper decided against crossing the Columbia and swam back. Old Blue stayed with McTavish.

After he had unloaded the dugout, McTavish paddled back but saw no sign of the cubs. He assumed they had taken to the woods.

He went back and waited two full days before returning to the south shore. Meanwhile, Old Blue became restless and spent hours along the river looking for her mischievous offspring.

When on the third day McTavish again pulled across to the south shore, the cubs were on the bank waiting for him. They were so eager to get back into the canoe that they overturned it, dunking McTavish in the stream. Hunger, as their owner had figured, had taught them that home was where a guy got all he wanted to eat without having to rustle for it. Although the dugout was taxed to its very capacity, McTavish succeeded in paddling it across without further mishap. It was the heaviest load he had ever carried in it.

There is yet on the north bank of the Columbia, directly opposite McTavish's south-side camp that he occupied during 1832 and 1833, a sort of rock fireplace in a little grove of trees that McTavish is believed to have erected during his occupancy of that spot. It is covered over with brush and was discovered sometime back in the thirties.

ON THE NORTH BANK at that time were mountain lions. Though none has been seen in that area in more than a hundred years, they were then quite numerous. They would approach the camp at night and the firelight reflected by their eyes made excellent targets for improving McTavish's marksmanship. Strangely enough, Presley wrote, the firing of a rifle in camp did not disturb the grizzlies. By now they had become accustomed to firearms. But the shooting did cause the lions to withdraw.

Though the lions were around, Old Blue and her cubs paid them scant attention. The grizzlies were masters of the bush and the lions gave them a wide berth. This made what happened later seem most incredible, but it did prove one thing, Presley said. It proved that Old Blue would have attacked anything on four feet if it were threatening McTavish's safety.

When Old Blue was three-and-a-half years old, going on four, McTavish was out hunting one afternoon. Old Blue and the cubs had started out with him but Little Blue and Pepper had gone off somewhere on a fishing expedition. Old Blue tagged along, but as always when out in the woods, she did not keep up, lagging behind to investigate various signs of nature that always held her interest. Keeping up with McTavish was no trick at all, for when she was read to overtake him, she could follow hin readily by his man scent. He couldn have gotten away from her had he wan ed to.

McTavish shot a young doe for cam meat but only crippled it and it limped away into thick brush. Following the blood trail, he suddenly came face to face with two large mountain lions, one a male and the other a female, that had pulled down the wounded doe and killed it. The largest lion, the male, had the doe in its jaws, lifting it almost bodily by the neck and was pulling it along after him. The other lion turned when McTavish broke through the screen of brush. McTavish raised his rifle to fire at it but discovered that the priming cap to the piece had been torn off while he crawled through a thick undergrowth. While fishing in his jacket pocket for another, the female lion began lashing her tail after the manner of a tomcat about to attack another and before he could get a new priming cap on the nipple, the animal leaped straight at him. He ducked but was caught in the big cat's forepaws. Claws slashed at his body and tore his jacket from him. The puma set her teeth into his neck and he was driven over backward.

He remembered later that he screamed, hoping to scare the beast, but the infuriated cat refused to panic. It latched its teeth into his shoulder and ripped at his flesh.

HERE AGAIN one must stop to consider that in that year of 1833 these mountain lions likely had never seen a human being, nor had their forebears ever encountered man, so it is little wonder that the female attacked in a deliberate effort to protect their kill. Even the sound of the rifle shot that had wounded the doe, and which the big

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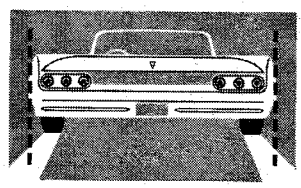

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cats must have heard, had not frightened them. To them it was just another clap of thunder, to which they were accustomed. Any moving object the size of a man represented a formidable foe that would have to be conquered.

In the fall, McTavish lost his rifle. He managed to reach his knife and slashed away at the cat, cutting at its shoulder until he drove it off him. The lion backed up, turned to look for its mate, and at that moment Old Blue came crashing through the brush. She drew up momentarily, raising herself on her haunches for a better look at what was going on.

The lion saw her standing there and snarled.

It was then that the she-cat turned her fury on the grizzly. She leaped fully twenty feet just as Old Blue lowered her big frame to charge and landed squarely on the grizzly's back.

Now having the advantage, the cat slashed at her mortal enemy's back, making the fur fly, but beyond that doing little damage.

Infuriated, Old Blue lowered her head and rolled forward, so that both cat and bear were almost on top of McTavish when the real struggle began.

Then very suddenly there were two lions in the fight. Unseen by McTavish, the male had leaped from some distance off, coming to the aid of its mate, and the pile of cats and bear threatened to engulf McTavish, whose right arm had gone limp. He managed to roll to his feet, the knife in his good left hand but before he could get in any licks, Old Blue was on her feet once more. The arrival of the male lion seemed to have brought out all the viciousness of her nature and she tore in for its neck, at the same time batting her paws in lightning thrusts that would have knocked over a horse.

The female cat came in for more and just at the right moment to come within striking distance of the grizzly. It is true that a full-grown grizzly can knock a horse down and the blow that caught the female lion off guard almost tore off its entire scalp. McTavish remembered later seeing the big cat backing away, pawing frantically at its own head in an effort to tear the scalp from over its eyes. The scalp had been cut across the neck and pushed forward, like the visor of a tight cap that slips over the eyes and refuses to budge.

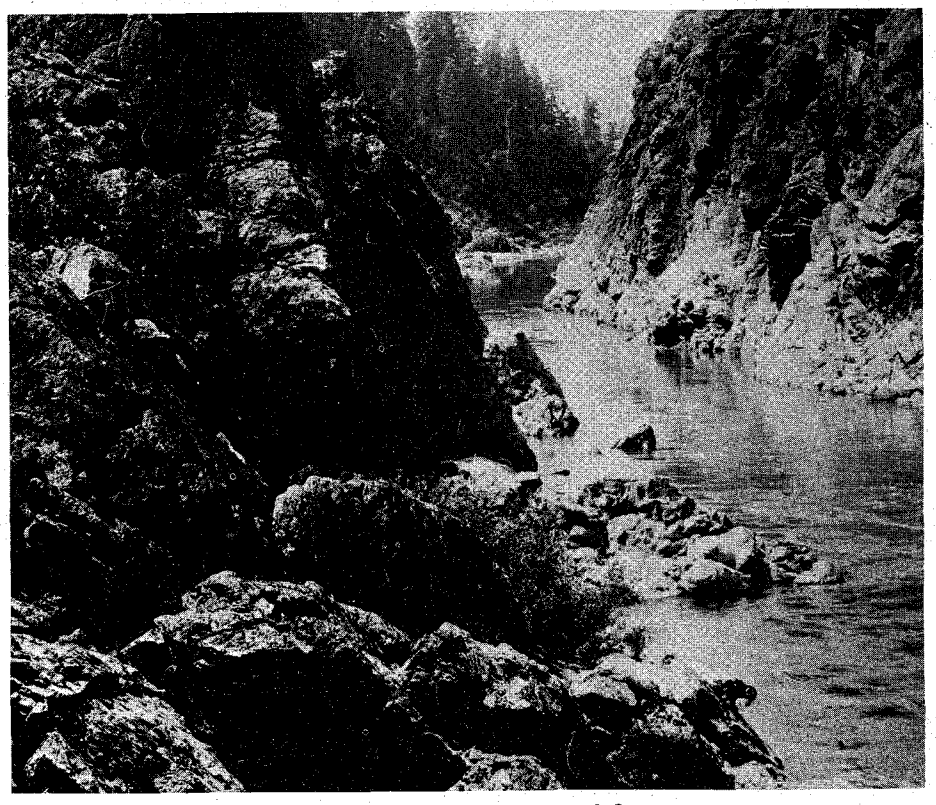
McTavish recovered his coat and fixed another primer to the nipple of his rifle, after which he shot the struggling female between the eyes, dropping it in its tracks. The shot had no effect on Old Blue or on the male cat, both of which had tangled only a short distance off.

Although his right arm had lost all feeling, McTavish braced his rifle against it while he poured powder into the muzzle and tamped it down with the wooden ramrod.

Meanwhile the battle between Old Blue and the male lion had turned in Old Blue's favor, although she lost an eye in the encounter which was cut out by a swipe of the cat's sharp claws. The cat finally was encircled by the bear's forearms and literally crushed to death. Its neck was practically severed from its spine by the grizzly's powerful jaws. The cougar did plenty of damage, however, with its hind feet as it ripped away at Old Blue's undersides.

After the battle was over and both cats lay dead, Old Blue headed for the nearest stream to wash herself and lick her wounds. Her right eye was so badly cut that it hung down her nose, having been completely pulled from its socket.

McTAVISH HAD his own wounds to worry about so he set out, hobbling the five and a half miles to the fort, to have them looked after. Doctor John, who was not only a doctor but an accomplished surgeon, discovered that one of the arm muscles had been completely severed, along with some nerves, causing McTavish to lose all feeeling in that arm.



The Rogue River region in central Oregon.

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Not only had the arm been disabled but there were back muscles that had been cut and McTavish's ribs lay exposed where the big cat's forepaws had raked him. The teeth marks in his throat and neck were cauterized and he was put to bed.

"I'm worried about Old Blue," McTavish told Doctor John, and then he related the details of the fight and told how Old Blue's eye had been ripped from its socket. Since bears have small eyes, set well back in the skull, it was hard to understand how this had happened, but it was a fact nevertheless, for when McTavish returned to his camp ten days later, he found that Old Blue had ripped the eyeball away and the closed eye socket had begun to heal over. She had been terribly cut on the belly and along her shoulders, judging from the matted hair.

McTavish knew better than to try and treat her wounds, for he might easily arouse all the savagery in her by causing her pain. He let nature take its course, much as he did in his own case, and in a week or so both he and Old Blue were back on the active list. The people at the fort were surprised one afternoon to see McTavish riding Old Blue down the river trail, and tagging behind were the two youngsters. The fact she had lost an eye, and McTavish himself had been cut up, was proof enough of Old Blue's willingness to do battle for him when his life was endangered. It was even more believable when the dead lions were brought in and put on exhibit. Up and down the Columbia, and along the Willamette went the word—McTavish's she-grizzly had lost an eye in an epic battle with two mountain lions to save McTavish's life. It traveled like wildfire. Many said it was just another wild story and offered to bet money at odds that it never happened.

"Bring them to me," said Doctor John, whose word was respected. "I'll cover all bets and prove it." No one put up any money.

Of the affair, Peter Skene Ogden, well-known author of the day who happened to be at Fort Vancouver when it happened, wrote, "Trapper Amity McTavish has lived to see his faith in Old Blue, his pet grizzly, completely justified. Late yesterday she fought two mountain lions to the death and saved his skin. He is now at Fort Vancouver undergoing treatment by Doctor John for damages to his exterior."

But the epic battle of all was still five years away and Old Blue was to mother two more cubs before that time arrived. Meanwhile, Pepper and Little Blue were to hold the limelight in escapades long remembered around the fort.

IN 1826, THE FIRST apple tree in the Northwest was planted near Fort Vancouver and in spite of the fact there were no other trees around it to pollinize the fruit, it bore apples. However, the fruit was so tart and sour no one could eat it. No one, that is, except Pepper, the cub bear, who now, of course, was well on his way to maturity. How Little Blue missed eating any of the apples no one ever knew, but he did somehow. Pepper, however, gorged himself and developed one of the loudest bellyaches any bear ever had. He wailed to high heaven about it, moaning far into the night, until someone induced him to swallow a laxative. After that he would eat no fruit of any kind.

A pair of Russian wolfhounds were brought in by boat, with the hope of using them in depleting the wolf population. The very first animal they saw was Little Blue, who was no longer so little. Both dogs pitched into him and learned that wolfhounds were never meant to battle grizzlies. Little Blue sat back on his haunches and slapped them around so soundly that one of the dogs required fifty stitches along its side to keep its entrails from showing. After that the dog was good for nothing, not even wolves.

Some pioneering settlers had come up the coast to make their homes in the Willamette Valley, and for the first time since the fort had been built there were white folks living within a few miles of it. But all remained on the south bank of the Columbia, in what is now Oregon. However, the hunting was good on the north bank and many hunters went over there by canoe or dugout to kill elk, which had recently drifted into the region from the Cascade Mountains or the coast ranges.

McTavish decided it was time he moved farther north to escape this sudden invasion by the white man, most unwelcome to him for he loved isolation and the great silence of the woods. And he trusted his "b'ars" far more than he did any white man.

McTavish moved out so quietly that no one knew he had gone. He was not to be seen again for almost six months, when he showed up one day with all three of his grizzlies loaded down with prime beaver pelts. Tagging along at Old Blue's side was another cub. This time she had given birth to but one.

The cub had not yet been named and someone proposed that it be called Doctor John in honor of the fort's famous factor.

THE TRIP BACK to Fort Vancouver was one McTavish was long to regret. He camped not far from the fort and one day Little Blue and Pepper wandered away on an exploration trip. When they returned just before dusk, McTavish noticed there was something wrong with Little Blue. He discovered soon enough what it was when he inspected the fur along the animal's side. Little Blue had been shot through the entrails by some hunter who had mistaken the pair for wild grizzlies.

Little Blue died that night with his head resting in McTavish's lap. The trapper was so stunned by the tragedy, which upset the entire fort, that he pulled out the next day after an appropriate "funeral" attended by almost everyone at the post.

The next four years of McTavish's life were spent far north of the fort where he had no visitors. Little is known of his life during that period, except that he came in twice a year with his pelts which now included martin as well as beaver.

Those who had predicted Big Blue would turn mean in her mature years had another guess coming, for her behavior remained the same as before. She still was as gentle as a dog, even around strangers, for by now she seemed to have accepted the human race at par value. During those four years Doctor John (the cub) had grown to amazing proportions. He was half-a-hand taller than Pepper, whose weight was said to be around 1,000 pounds or more. Like the others, he was gentle. The only time he showed any uneasiness was when dogs were close by. But Old Blue and Pepper did not seem to mind them. Old

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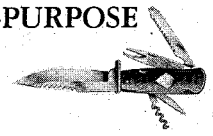

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Blue's third cub, born the past spring, had died at two months.

On his last trip to the fort, McTavish had been given a Bible and apparently he had read it many times during the long, lonely winters in the north for he could quote verses from any chapter selected. He told some of his friends that he had saved up enough money to become a preacher man. More out of curiosity than anything else, he was invited on the following Sunday to preach and he readily accepted.

During his first sermon—when he amazed the congregation with his knowledge of the Good Book—Old Blue, Pepper and Doctor John sat up front, or rather, slept peacefully through the entire sermon. It was a mistake, someone told McTavish after the services, to bring the grizzlies because they distracted the whole congregation's interest in what he had to say. His remarks sometimes wandered away from the Bible and were quite amusing.

"Maybe that's a good idea," McTavish replied. "It's one way to get people to come to church. Some of them are sure to listen to me."

He stayed in the Willamette Valley after that and preached, for by now a few settlers were drifting in and with the bears on hand to draw interest, he had no trouble filling the church.

Tall, with massive shoulders, McTavish was an impressive figure, dressed entirely in tanned buckskins and moccasins. He wore a cap made of ermine and a neatly trimmed red beard that was now beginning to show a little gray, though he was only thirty-two years of age. His reddish hair, which hung to his shoulders, also showed signs of prematurely turning white, a result of his strenuous life and exposure to the elements.

BUT HE FOUND he could not entirely forsake his rough life he had lived. Even the bears showed signs of deterioration and so he eventually took what he called a vacation, in the summer of 1841, and traveled far east of the Willamette into the Cascades, to explore and hunt.

It was a wild land, seldom visited by man. In fact, only a few white men had ever seen it. Its magnificence absorbed him completely and for three months he roamed it with Old Blue, Doctor John and Pepper.

One day they came upon a huge grizzly track, larger than any McTavish had seen in all his wanderings. He was so fascinated by it that he followed it. The bears tagged behind as usual, never far off but amusing themselves among the wonders of nature.

McTavish was carrying a rifle of larger bore than he had used previously and considered it a good grizzly gun.

When he suddenly came upon the wild one, the big one, a huge silvertip with an almost white nose, denoting that it had been around for a good many years, he was amazed at its height. He had been thinking of a grizzly rug for his bedroom and this, it occured to him, was it.

He raised the heavy piece and fired at what he thought was a vital spot. The distance was only about thirty yards.

The force of the heavy ball striking home was only a temporary shock. The big brute seemed to stagger momentarily, then it reared itself on its hind legs to have a good look at this intruder which had dared inflict pain on the king of the woods. Its height, when it stood up, gave McTavish a woozy feeling. It was huge.

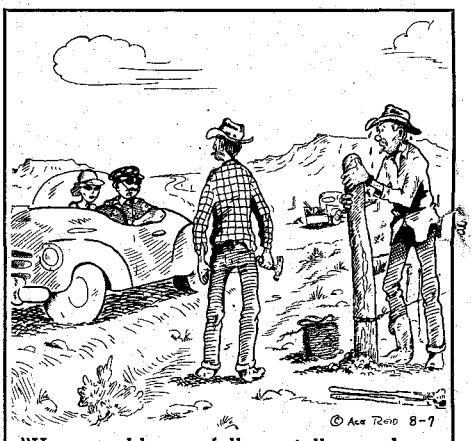
He was quickly reloading, hoping to get a shot as it stood watching him, but before the charge was rammed home, the bear came for him.

He tried to avoid the rush by stepping aside, but the bear was too agile for him. With one swipe of its paw it sent him into a patch of ferns. He dropped his rifle, which now lay ten feet away, and even though the blow had been terrific, he felt no pain. However, he knew he had been ripped somewhere, for when the big brute stood above him he saw his own blood staining the claws.

He knew no panic until the animal lowered its frame and seized him. It was then that he thought he was going to die and he screamed.

Old Blue had not been far behind. When she came charging in and collided with the wild one, McTavish raised up to gaze into the two pairs of beady eyes staring at him from only a short distance away. Two other male grizzlies had come out of nowhere and were watching the encounter between the big one and Old Blue.

Grizzlies as a rule do not fight the opposite sex. A female will battle to protect her cubs, and usually the male gives in to her. But this seemed to be something else again. A man, a strange creature with a new and provoking scent who could inflict pain, had entered the picture and here was a female of the species defending him.



"Hey, could you fellows tell us where we might see real cowboys."

To further complicate matters, Doctor John, no weakling himself, and Pepper soon arrived on the scene, attracted by the sound of battle. Male grizzlies will wage battle on one another anywhere at any time if there is the slightest reason, and certainly with Old Blue in the thick of it there was a good reason. Like four tomcats in a back alley, the two wild ones were soon engaged with Pepper and Uncle John in a free-for-all that made the forest resound with angry snarls.

IT STARTED WITH ALL FOUR piled up together in a heap, then the embattled pairs drew apart and there were three scenes of action, Pepper and a bear of about his own size off to the left; Doctor John and his opponent in the foreground; Old Blue and the great wild one to McTavish's right.

Old Blue was down. The big one was astraddle of her, chewing away at her throat. Old Blue had fastened her teeth

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in the big one's scalp but could do nowhere near the damage the wild one was inflicting upon her. In fact, McTavish realized that Old Blue was in great danger, for the wild one had a death hold, the one from which a grizzly will not let go once it realizes it has such an advantage.

A glance in the other direction told McTavish that things were going fairly well. Doctor John was bearing down on his foe and Pepper seemed to be holding his own. It was Old Blue that was in danger.

McTavish found his knife that he had dropped in the ferns when the big one hit him; he struggled to his feet, already weak from the loss of blood, but steeled himself for what he knew to be his duty. He could not find his gun at the moment and there was no time to lose. He ran to Old Blue and began plunging the long-bladed hunting knife into the sides of the wild one. He made one thrust that he was sure had reached the heart. Still the wild one clung to Old Blue's throat, completely ignoring the knife thrusts. A bear in battle, having but a very limited reasoning, accepts every pain as something inflicted by the one antagonist and in this case it was a good thing it did, for McTavish stood finally at its shoulders and drove the blade home time and again.

The knife thrusts finally took their toll, for suddenly the wild one folded, went limp and slid from Old Blue's belly into the ferns off to the side. And Old Blue did not rise. She lay inert, blood trickling from her nose and mouth.

Turning, McTavish saw that Doctor John had all the best of it. His wild opponent had been crowded back into a brush patch and was angling for a getaway. But Doctor John was not through with him yet. He tore in once more and latched his jaws into the loose hide around the throat, the first stage in a death hold.

But things in Pepper's corner had gone sour. Pepper was down and the wild one had him by the throat.

McTavish hunted frantically for his rifle, and found it luckily, where it had slid down under the ferns.

As the two separate battles raged, he finished loading it and from only a few feet away sent a ball into the left side of Pepper's antagonist. McTavish had forgotten that he had previously poured one charge of powder into the muzzle and when the gun fired, the second load exploded just outside the muzzle, causing a flash of fire that burned the fur of both animals. But the original charge had sent the death slug home and the damage to Pepper was not great, considering that the other bear had been taken out of the fight.

Loading the piece again, McTavish followed Doctor John and the other wild one into the nearby woods and quickly disposed of the last one which was desperately trying to shake off Doctor John's savage attack.

With the raging three-way battle there in the deep wilderness finally over, McTavish, aware of his mounting weakness, went to see what he could do for Old Blue, who had now recovered somewhat and was looking at him and at her offspring with her one good eye.

As before, McTavish did not molest her, for he knew the danger of awakening her savage instincts. It was enough that she recognized him as one of her own tribe and made no hostile move toward him.

GRADUALLY THE daylight faded for McTavish and he slumped at the foot of a fir tree, where he lay all night with a sinking feeling in his head. He realized that he had lost considerable blood and there was nothing he could do about it. The injuries he had sustained from the raking claws of the great wild one were awkward to reach, and he had nothing with which to bind them. He took off his shirt and pressed it against his side. He could only wait, hoping that some of his strength would return. His shoulder had been pierced in several places, where it was still tender from previous wounds. Only a few times during the night did he realize where he was and what had happened to him.

When morning came he awakened from a fretful sleep and felt a little improved.

Old Blue was sitting thirty feet away, licking at her wounds. She had hardly stirred from where she was when last McTavish had seen her.

Pepper was lying asleep under a bush, but there was no sign of Doctor John.

Using his rifle as a walking staff, McTavish was able toward the middle of the afternoon to struggle back to camp a mile-and-a-half away, where he found Doctor John waiting for them.

Old Blue faithfully followed her master to camp, but it was the middle of the night before Pepper showed up to claim his share of elk meat.

A week later McTavish and his bears were back at Fort Vancouver and the story of his adventure was told. The wounds all three bears had sustained, along with McTavish's own injuries, were proof enough for Presley and Peter Skene Ogden who made an epic tale of it, an account that no doubt was modest enough, for McTavish was never one to stretch the truth. In San Francisco the tale was branded a hoax, but the people in the Oregon country believed every word of it, for had not they already had absolute proof of Old Blue's loyalty to her master? And Old Blue's battle scars, of which there were more than twenty scattered over her body, were additional proof.

The story spread through the Northwest and sometimes McTavish's church crowds would make him tell it after the sermon.

BUT SORROW came to McTavish. In that, her ninth year, Old Blue died, whether from old wounds or from some natural malady, no one ever knew. For weeks McTavish moped around as if he had lost a loved one. Sitting in church on many occasions after that were Pepper and Doctor John, who always attracted a crowd.

In 1845, when he was thirteen, Pepper died and was buried on a hill overlooking the present sprawling community called Oregon City, south of Portland. Doctor John was eventually turned over to a man who kept him chained. That was after McTavish's health became poor. The bear resented being tied up and with McTavish no longer around and his freedom curtailed, he became ugly. He died at fourteen.

McTavish, who never married, died in 1851 in Sacramento, California, at the age of forty-five. At the time of his death he was assistant pastor of the First Methodist Church of Sacramento. His body was almost completely covered with scars, but not one of them had been inflicted by his beloved pet grizzlies.

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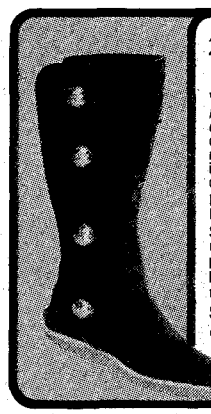

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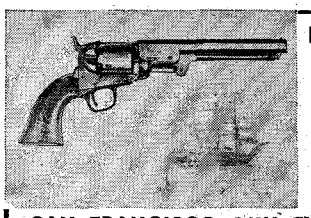

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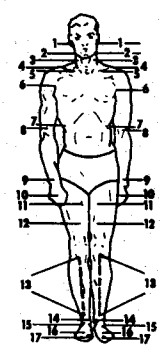

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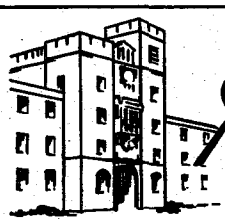

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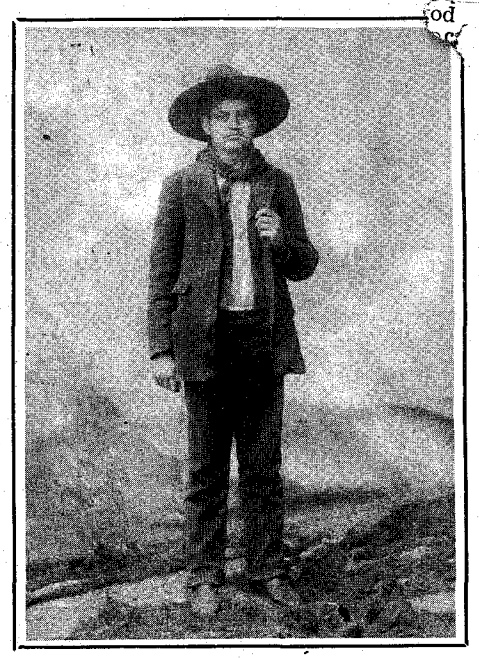
Ask True West

(Continued from page 37)

tongue and hump of the buffalo were "out of this world." Lieutenant Stansbury stated, "it is at once tender, juicy, nutritious, with a spicy game flavor which makes it superior to beef."

Question: Where can I get a good photograph of Wyatt Earp?—D. Welch, Slant, Kentucky.
Answer: A clear 8 x 10 photo can be secured from the National Archives, Washington, D.C. Enclose a money order for $1.25 payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

Question: Can you give me any details concerning the Dawson patrol tragedy of about fifty years ago?—D. O. Pitts, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada.
Answer: Canadian archives give the following facts: On or about December 21, 1910, Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police with three troopers set out from Fort McPherson to Dawson, Yukon Territory, with a fifteen-dog team, on a routine patrol. A snowstorm caught them and they never reached their destination. The following spring the bodies of the four men were found. Fitzgerald left a diary which records their extreme suffering before the end. The patrol had lost their bearings, the food gave out, and one by one they ate their dogs. Fitzgerald was the last to die, expiring on February 14, 1911 He scrawled his last message with piece of wood on a scrap of paper. The diary and various relics of the traged are in the R.N.W.M.P. museum at Regina.



University of Oklahoma Library

Cherokee Bill

Question: Was Cherokee Bill, the outlaw, a full-blood?—L. E. Fielden, Memphis, Tennessee.
Answer: No. Cherokee Bill (his real name was Crawford Golsby) was the son of George Golsby who was a mixture of white, Mexican, and Sioux. His mother, Ellen Beck, was half-Negro, one-fourth Cherokee, and one-fourth white.

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Buffalo Hunter's Bride

(Continued from page 15)

they went to Parksfort, an abandoned boxcar and dugout fort on the Union Pacific, twenty miles west of Ellis. They lived there together, without any neighbors for miles around. It was an idyllic honeymoon, months of happiness and love.

Spring came, unfurling for this young couple a virgin country of grass, brilliantly green, their own wonderful world as far as the eye could see. Dick put off his July hunt as late as he could. Daily he checked his gear, fed the mules, cleaned his guns. Everything was in readiness.

"Let me go with you," pleaded Mary.

"It's no fit trip for a woman," he argued. "You'll get wet, cold or shot maybe—and you just might get scalped." Teasingly he pulled her hair. "Mighty purty scalp you got there. I wouldn't want to see you lose it."

But at last Jordan gave in. When informed, Mother Smith was apprehensive of the impending hunt, a two-weeks trip.

They left in the middle of July. With them were George Jordon, nineteen; Fred Nelson, twenty-three; and Queen, the dog.

THEY HAD not returned by the first of August. The people of Ellis, awaiting anxiously to hear of them, were not overly worried. Perhaps they had followed the herd farther than expected or had stopped in a town some distance away.

August 19—still no word. Mother Smith was very uneasy but she kept her fears to herself, knowing the party traveled in very remote regions.

August 23—Jordan's father was roused by the whining of a dog. It was Queen. Thinking the party had returned, Mr. Jordan got up and looked for their wagon, but found no sign of it or of his sons. Queen continued to whimper and Jordan realized that something must have happened to Dick's outfit. Within an hour a search party was organized. Queen was led to the outskirts of town to lead the way. But the dog lay down on the hilltop, whined and would go no farther. Time and again the dog was led out but would only go so far, then run back to Jordan.

A larger search party was formed. For a week the riders, fanning out in all directions, rode across the plains, but not a trace of the hunters was found. No one had seen them.

August 31—Ellis was stunned when the telegraph operator received a message from Buffalo Station. A hunter named Coffey had come upon a camp where a terrible Indian massacre had taken place. One dead man was lying by the campfire, face down. Wagon, horses, mules, guns were gone. Coffey picked up a woman's sunbonnet and a flour sack with the name, R. Jordan, Ellis, Kansas, stencilled on it. Coffey promised to wait in Buffalo Station for the arrival of soldiers and guide them to the death camp.

September 1—Two carloads of cavalrymen with ten days rations in their packs moved out from Ft. Hays. Joined by a carload of men from Ellis, they were ordered to scour the prairie for the missing girl and to apprehend her kidnappers. T. K. Hamilton promised he would wire the families the minute he had more news.

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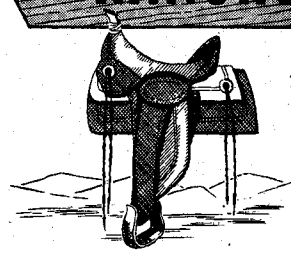

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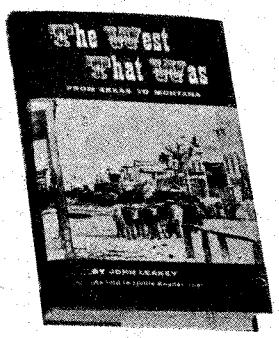

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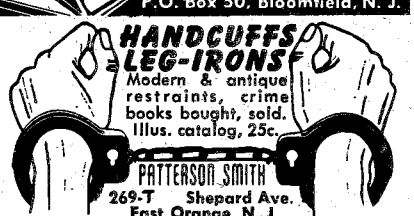

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Kansas State Historical Society

1867 Harper's Weekly sketch of 7th Cavalry officers hunting buffalo near Ft. Hays, Kans.

September 4—J. C. Henry, the telegraph operator at Ellis, received the following message:

Reached ground of massacre. Have found the three boys. Mary missing. Suppose she has been carried off by Indians. (signed) T. K. Hamilton.

Jordan had been shot twice in the back with rifle bullets and had fallen by the campfire. Twenty feet away Fred Nelson lay, with two rifle bullets in his body. George, apparently, had made a run for it and was found a half-mile away with eighteen arrows in his body. Two of the men were scalped in one manner, the third in another. Scouts identified the arrows as belonging to seven different tribes. The scouts couldn't pick up any trail left by the Indians but they did find pieces of Mary's long cloak, torn in little strips, making a trail. After a short distance that trail ended.

Kinsmen and neighbors laid Mary's sunbonnet on Dick's body and buried them in a temporary grave.

SEPTEMBER 14—No coffins could be found in Ellis, or anywhere close by. Finally the boss carpenter in the railroad shops and his men made three fine caskets and a long funeral trek was made to get the bodies and bring them back for burial in Ellis.

October 1—Governor Harvey applied to General John Pope at Ft. Leavenworth for aid. Soldiers burned off all the grass for miles around in search of Mary's body, but did not find it. Chiefs of various tribes on reservations were called to Washington and questioned, but with no success.

March 20, 1873—The last white man to see the Jordans alive appeared in Ellis and told of meeting them in their camp on August 16. They seemed happy and cheerful and Dick said they had found plenty of buffaloes and were heading for home in a few days. Not until months afterwards had the hunter learned of the massacre. He judged that the attack occurred August 19.

April 1, 1873—A young Indian woman who identified herself as Rachel Murray, an Otoe interpreter, came to Ellis accompanied by three warriors carrying a white cloth on a stick. Followed by the warriors she came into Martha Smith's living room and graciously offered her hand. "Grandma," she said, "I come here to see you. I know all that happened. I am very sorry. It was not my people, the Otoes. I think it was the Sioux or the Cheyennes. They are always on the warpath. We are as afraid of them as you people are. We never hunt to the west. I want to help you and I hope you will get your daughter back."

Martha Smith lived fifty years longer but neither she nor anyone else ever saw Mary again.

What happened to Mary Jordan? For the Indians to have slain her seems highly unlikely—if they had, her cloak torn into strips would not have been found. It was not the custom of the Plains Indians to kill women prisoners—especially not a strong and healthy woman like Mary. Was she taken north by the Sioux and made a slave? Did she kill herself rather than become the squaw of some chief? Or did she die of starvation? Or grief?

No one knows. Mary Jordan left no husband to mourn her, no children to revere her memory. She is remembered only as the bride who would not be separated from her husband, even to escape a cruel and mysterious fate.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Years later Tom officiated when Geronimo surrendered to General Miles at Ft. Bowie.

During the Spanish-American War, Tom was colonel in charge of packing supplies. When the pack mules refused to leave a transport ship, thus threatening to prevent vital supplies from reaching San Juan Hill, Tom pushed the mules overboard fully loaded. All but two of the mules swam ashore. But this act Tom probably saved Roosevelt's Rough Riders a bad beating.

After recovering from yellow fever, Tom was discharged from the Army and went to Wyoming to the Iron Mountains ranch of John C. Cable.

He was hired by an association of cattlemen who were being badly annoyed by rustlers. He liked to brag and let them know he was a bad hombre, a man with scores of killings to his credit. Actually, he never killed only in self-defense. His calm assurance, the way he handled his six-foot personality and the sober confidence of his handsome face chilled the renegades so that when he went on a case, the rustlers all left town.

Now comes the murder of a fourteen-year-old boy, Willie Nickell. But Tom *didn't* kill him. Remember that!

Dozens of rustlers had ample grievances against Tom. A finger of suspicion was pointed at him. His enemies broadcast it. But Tom only laughed. He knew he was innocent. Then a deputy United States marshal who had heard Tom boast decided for himself that Tom had

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killed Willie Nickell. He was determined to get Tom. He patiently worked to gain Tom's friendship, offered him a job as cattle detective and lured him to Cheyenne. On the way Tom got roaring drunk—which the marshal had planned in order to get Tom to talk. He did, and under the influence he bragged big and said he killed the boy. The marshal had a stenographer who took down his brag. The next day the sheriff arrested Tom. Before that though, there were rumors about it as Tom learned. One time the officers were at the Cheyenne depot to arrest him as he got off the train. But one of his nieces was there to board the train for Boulder. When she saw him she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. He, in turn, picked up the children. The officers, thinking it was his wife, backed down and did not arrest him as they were not sure he was guilty.

Before he left his brother's he told Charley that he expected trouble when he went back to Cheyenne. But knowing he was innocent he returned to prove his innocence.

He was hanged on November 19th, 1903. Judge Scott, who sentenced him to hang, committed suicide later. People said this act proved Tom's hanging was a miscarriage of justice.

Time has proven Tom Horn innocent of everything but the big brag that brought him to boothill.

Tom's soul is probably safe as he had time to make peace with his Maker. But the poor man who took his own life had no chance as he became a Judas Iscariot.

So ended the life of Tom Horn, a brave, courageous, fine looking man. He was never married. His brother Charley's family was his family. Two of the girls still live in Boulder, Colorado.

Another pathetic story was that his niece who kissed him at the Cheyeene station died with TB. Her father, Tom's brother Charley, was sitting beside her deathbed when some bitter women rushed in and stuck the newspaper in Charley's face, the newspaper with the headlines: **Tom Horn Sentenced to Hang.**

Tom's body was shipped to his brother Charley at Boulder, where people nearly trampled the family down in spite of police protection.—Eva (Horn) Whitehead, Wyaconda, Missouri.

Correction

In the story "The Man Who Won and Lost an Empire" (July-August TRUE WEST) I stated that the Virginia & Truckee Railroad was still in operation. It **was** when I was there last in 1948, but later **that same** year the trains were discontinued and the tracks torn up. No one told me about this until after the story appeared, and then I got told off properly by skillions of TW readers who live in that part of Nevada. Next time I say a railroad is still in operation, I'll arrange with the president of it to notify me immediately in the event they decide to quit suddenly.—Tom Bailey.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Folks, BE SURE and give your old address as well as new when you change your address. We have a regular Scotland Yard here tracking down some of you subscribers who have moved and write in giving only your new address! Thanks!

Cookies for Cutthroats

(Continued from page 35)

sit here all day Christmas an' smell them lovely things?"

Skinny laughed then and Dad laughed, too. "Guess there might be more where they came from . . . if we're really going to be neighbors," he said.

"Neighbors is as neighbors does, we used to say back in Dodge City," said Skinny, waving a hand toward a bench. "Have seats, gennulmen."

"You say Dodge City?" Dad asked. "We homesteaded in Kansas before we came here."

"Buck Hanby, suh," Skinny said mournfully. "I'm a hunted man, Misteh Nelson. These here's muh friends and supportehs."

"Haven't heard of any warrants out," Dad drawled. "Just a lot of rumor kicked up because of the way you're living back here."

Hanby sat silently, head bowed.

"Buck's got real bad enemies down in Kansas," one of the men said. "His brother run a place out Dodge City way. Buck's riding into town one night and hears shootin'. He walks in and there's three fellers peggin' away with his brother sprawled out on the floor, lookin' real dead. Buck jus' hauled steel and let all three of them have it.

"Turned out he was a better shot than th' others. His brother was just huggin' the floor to stay away from bullets. Them three fellers was all th' way to glory when the sheriff showed. Rushed Buck to the calaboose and writ out a murder charge agin him."

"Gennulmen here," Buck smiled, "they kinda . . . mm . . . rescued me. We come up heah right fast. Aim to stay a year or so."

"Anyway," his pal went on, "till your sheriff comes snoopin' or we hear there's a new judge in Dodge."

"What's to be,' Dad said, "is the Lord's will. Right now, I reckon you ought to have some roast antelope to go along with what we brought."

"Blackie theah," Buck nodded toward young Black Hair, "is real handy on a rifle. He can shoot buttons off a shirt at 200 yards."

My knees felt funny again as I thought back at the three of us poised against the skyline.

"Down our way, we have plenty of antelope," Dad said. "Blackie could pick one off easy. If you'd care to, send him over first thing in the morning. I suspect Molly has some potatoes and root stuff and maybe a little homemade bread 'n' butter to go with it."

"Misteh Nelson," Buck hung his head again for a moment, "if I was a rightful godly man, the way I was brought up, I'd say 'God bless and rest you and your family.' "

"Anytime you got a mind to it," Dad said, uncrossing his legs, "the Lord will have His ears open. All you got to do is get down on your knees and start talking."

The four sat like rocks. Dad got up, beckoned to Frank and me, and started for the door. Black Hair held out a hand with Dad's loaded Colt. Dad took it, walked to the door, and let Frank and me sidle past.

"Merry Christmas, boys," he said. "Blackie, stop around in the morning." He closed the door quietly.

In silence, we crossed the open space, mounted, and started off. The first stars glimmered and far away a light shone

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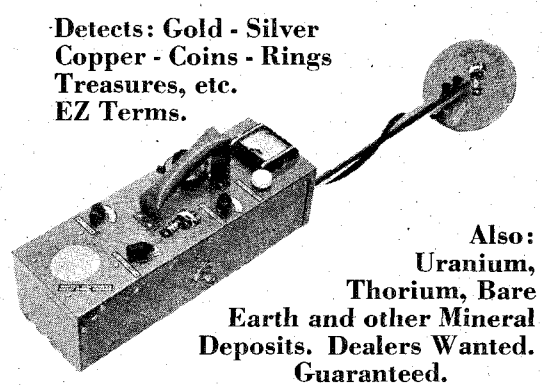

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that could only be home.

"Dad," Frank said finally, "remember what Preacher said about, 'If you want a friend, be a friend'? Well, I sure know now what he meant."

Dad patted Frank between the shoulder blades. "Just hang on to it, boy. For the rest of your life."

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Pioneer Beauty Secrets

(Continued from page 29)

pink or red coloring—depending on the pressure of the teeth—and no one could accuse the girl of using artificial coloring.

Flower petals, when in season, were crushed and rubbed on the lips.

FINGERNAILS: The early Texas miss considered her hands well-groomed when her nails were clean and cut short. Long nails and lily-like hands were not practical and were nearly impossible. There was work to be done in those days and such hands were an indication of much illness or much laziness! Neither was favored on the frontier.

EYES: The pioneer sweetheart learned the language of the eyes about the same time she learned to speak. She discovered that this language carried a much clearer message than anything

Afternoon Hat

she might say. She would become so adept with this language that she could carry on a flirtatious conservation in a room chuck-full of chaperones and at the same time earn their sympathy because she was such a shy little wallflower. Who do you reckon taught the girls!

She recognized the necessity of beautiful eyes and did something about it.

Have you heard the stories about girls who changed the color of their eyes? I've met two women who admitted this story was true and after much coaxing and wheedling I finagled this recipe (it is supposed to turn blue eyes into brown ones): (1) brew a strong tea of green peach tree leaves; (2) let cool; (3) drop a few drops of the tea into each eye.

Nope! Not me! You try it!

Light colored eyebrows were a pain in the neck and to the vanity as well. She colored them. Her coloring method was begun by sneaking a match from the kitchen and letting it burn until it became a pencil of charcoal. She stroked the eyebrows in the same manner we use our eyebrow pencils. The great difference in the method was her care in brushing away all stroke marks.

HAIR: Usually, a young lady wore her crowning glory long and kept it

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curled as much as her time would allow. She went through torment to keep her hair clean, curled and attractive—to the male populace.

Melted lye-soap was the most popular shampoo and many women still use it when they can find a good clean soap.

In localities where the beargrass grew, the frontier miss was fortunate. She dug the roots, boiled them, then used the jelly-like liquid for her shampoo.

Changing the color of her hair was old stuff. She did it without hullabaloo or advertisement and collected her compliments with a demure, "Thank you."

The girl with black or dark brown hair kept it in tiptop condition with weekly treatments of bear grease. When her relatives failed to bring home a bear she substituted pure unsalted butter.

A light-haired miss rubbed sassafras-root tea into her hair. This was a legitimate remedy because it was used for health purposes. It killed head lice—if any happened to be in the vicinity. It was fitting and proper that a girl take measures to keep the bugs out of her hair and it was certainly no fault of hers if the measures left her hair glowing with red highlights.

A pot of black coffee transformed a crop of mousy hair into a shimmering carrot-colored halo.

Mop-string hair wasn't popular and presented quite a problem. She conquered this vexation with a cup of warm water and a couple spoonfuls of sugar. She dampened strands of hair with this syrupy mess and wrapped the strands around rags—small rags, small curls; big rags, big curls. After this conglomeration dried she removed the rags and curls flounced around her head. True they resembled a screen-door spring and were about as soft—but they were curls and they did not resemble a string mop!

ADOLESCENT SKIN: This skin trouble traveled to Texas with the first boys and girls and settled down to plague all generations.

Because of the outdoor exercises and work and the sunshine living it didn't cause the pioneer beauty as much trouble as it causes her granddaughters. But there were occasions when she needed something for a disturbed skin.

A simple, sure-fire remedy was made by chipping champhor gum and melting it in about one-half cup of pure whiskey. This was not an internal medicine! It was applied to the eruptions nightly until they disappeared.

MOUTH HYGIENE: Time and trouble were its middle names! But the young lady grabbed the hammer and the grubbing hoe and lit out for the mesquite thicket to find her toothbrush. She dug or scratched the earth until she found tender roots. With the hammer she pulled them from the ground as a nail is pulled from the board. If the dirt was tight and refused to release the roots she used the grubbing hoe.

As long as she was digging toothbrushes she included a supply for the family and any relatives who happened to be living with them. Her elders welcomed a supply of the roots to be used for their snuff brushes. One end of a two-or-three-inch root was chewed to a pulp then dipped and twisted in the snuff box and placed in the mouth. Some of the early Texans must have found pleasure (?) in snuff-dipping as the habit was widespread and popular.

The early Texas miss who had the

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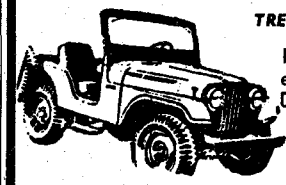

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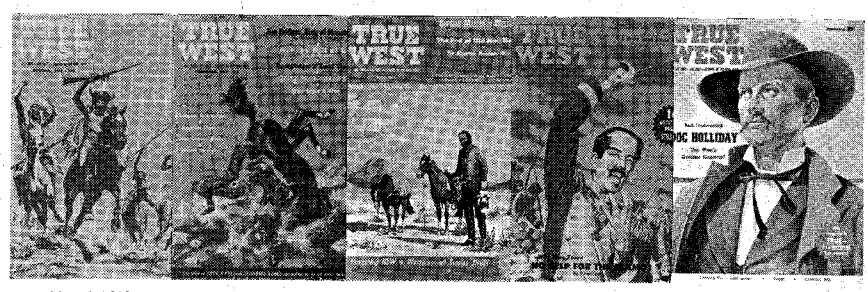

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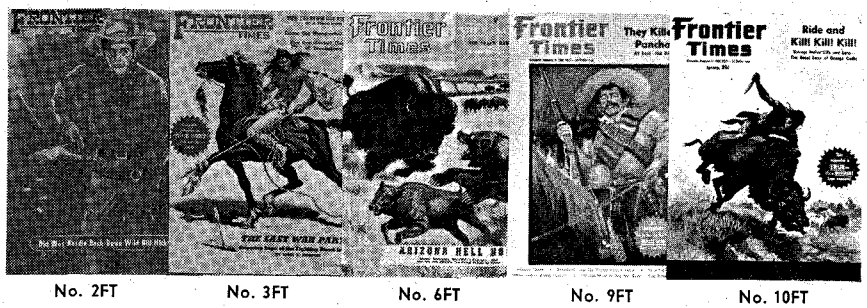

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beargrass roots to use for shampoo also used them to clean and whiten her teeth.

Pure charcoal was good to keep her teeth sparkling.

WARTS: She had no inclination nor intention of resembling a wart toad. It took nerve to banish her warts but nerve supply was abundant.

A well-known remedy required a relative (naturally a male!) to catch a katydid and press its mouth against the wart until the katydid became angry and bit the wart then spat its "tobacco" juice over the blemish. It made no difference that she was a "brave frontier female," she hid her face and scratched and screamed throughout the whole shebang!

If she decided the katydid method was too drastic she could find an old oak tree stump that was holding rainwater. When the water had turned black she went to it each morning, for twelve mornings, before sunup and bathed the blemish with the black water.

FALSIES: These contrivances are nothing new to the Texas women—just their advertisement.

If a flat-backed miss hankered for a rounded natural bustle, she washed and ironed lengths of soft material then folded them and fastened them in the strategic spot.

If Mother Nature was stingy with the bosom curves, the early-day miss artfully placed the folded material in her chemise and defied anyone to suspect that the curves were not her own.

SUNTAN LOTIONS: The idea of smearing herself with a lotion and roasting in the Texas sun would have been the joke of the State.

There were two choices concerning suntanning. She could roll up her sleeves and throw away her bonnet and become as brown as the proverbial berry (come to think of it, I don't remember ever having seen a brown berry!) or she could prevent the suntan by wearing a split bonnet with its tails flapping over her shoulders. She would protect her arms and hands by cutting the toes from long stockings and pulling them over her hands and arms.

About the age of fifteen or sixteen the more daring type sometime succumbed to temptation to change her appearance.

Occasionally a dark-haired, dark-eyed miss impishly darkened her skin until she resembled the Te-jas—her relatives wondered and her mother was mortified!

Although the prankster still avoided the sun she darkened her skin so gradually that it seemed to be a natural process. She brewed a tea of green walnut shucks. She started with a very weak tea and carefully applied it evenly. After a few days passed she added another application but a little stronger. Sometimes it took weeks or months to achieve the shade she desired.

After she grew tired of the native look she started the long process of removing the stain. This process could be disastrous. If the stain wore off in spots it could cause her mother to announce "bilious" and start pouring the calomel —a disaster to anyone. If she were caught scrubbing the skin a little harder than usual or it lightened too much in too short of time and her mother suspected —the disaster usually brought yelps of pain. And her parents breathed normally again.

Billy the Kid's Funeral

(Continued from page 9)

we'll drive back to the Ruidoso and inquire of one of the Coe family—if they'll talk with us."

The name "Coe Apples" stuck in my head and so we went back over the dipping highway and lonely stretch of cattle country to the Ruidoso Valley where the Kid had spent much of his time and where the Coes had their ranches.

IT WAS A nice stone ranchhouse and I went and rattled the clapper of the big oaken door. I heard a radio going full blast on a baseball game. A bent and aged man came to the door with a pencil and paper in hand. He seemed annoyed at my bothering his game.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"Are you George Coe's grandson, sir?"

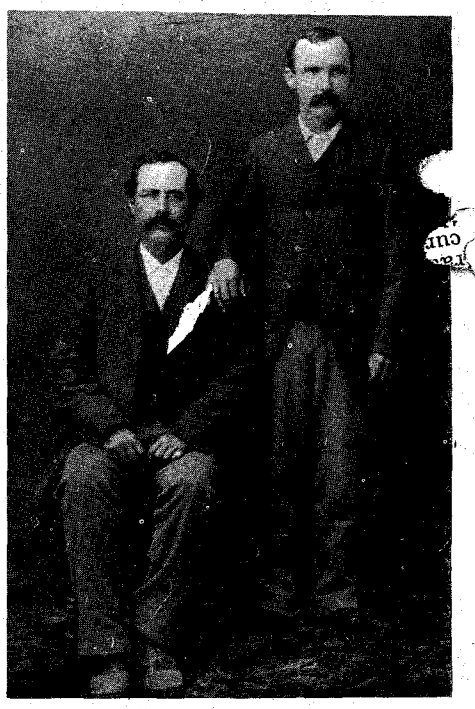
"Supposin' I am?"

"I am an artist and want—"

"You won't find it here. I don't know nuthin' about Billy the Kid. Nuthin'. Now if you'll pardon me, I'll get back to my game. Try the next farmhouse south. Frank Coe's grandson might talk."

The door slammed in my face and I had the cold feeling which the door-to-door salesman is familiar with.

Up the road we drove and pulled in at the low and rambling farmhouse, where



Pete Maxwell (seated) and Henry Leis.

I was met by a tall man of about forty. He was dressed in cowboy boots and snap-button shirt, with a face like leather and blue, pale eyes. He had a pleasant smile.

"Yes, he said, "I'm Frank Coe's grandson, and I'm pleased to meet you. Sit down up here on the porch. It's starting to snow again."

So we sat and talked to some length. Then I showed him the picture of Billy the Kid's funeral.

"Do you think it is the real thing?" I asked.

"Course it is. I've seen it many times. Look at all of 'em holding their hats. Billy is in a cedar box out front of them and the picture was taken across the

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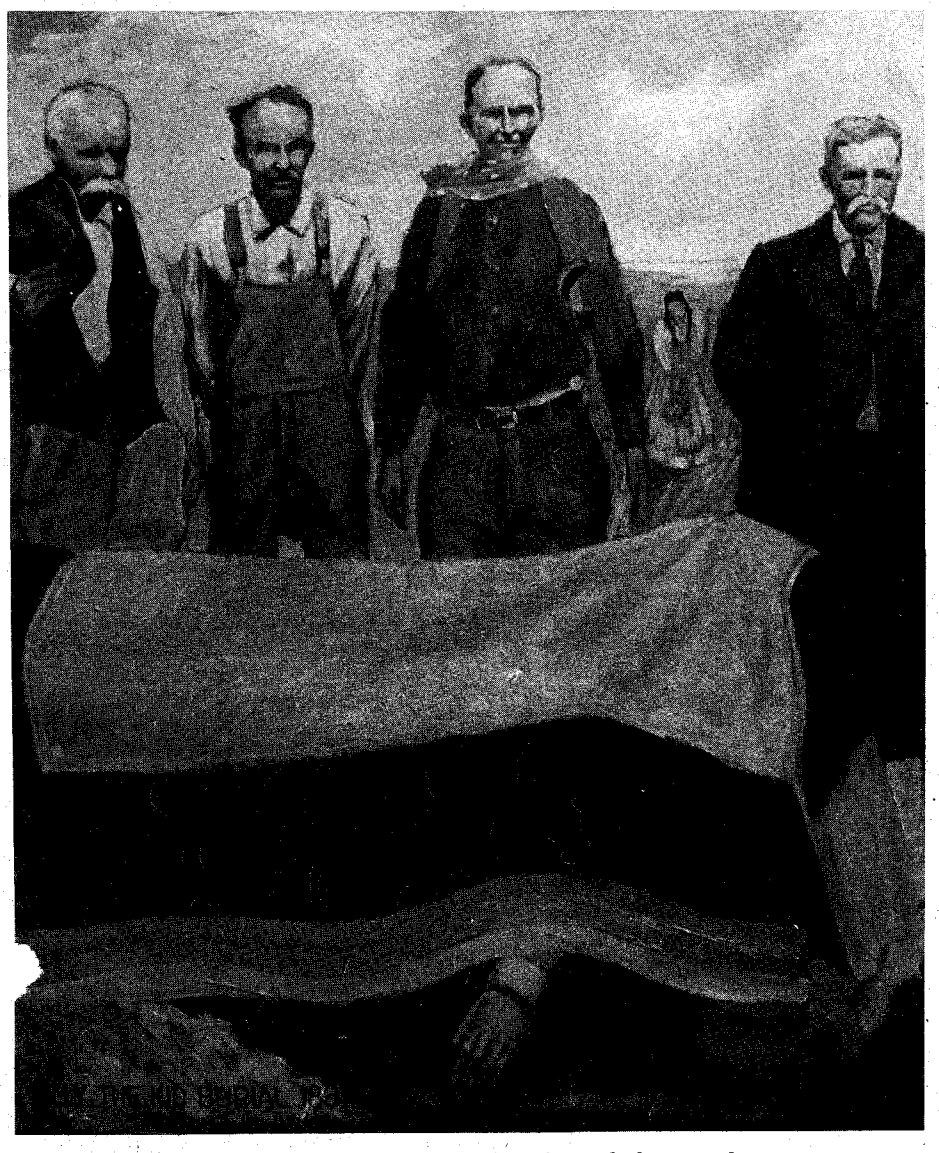

Lea McCarty's oil painting of the funeral photograph.

coffin. The man at the far right, for instance, is Miguel Otero who was once Governor of New Mexico. He used to be a bookkeeper for Otero, Sellar and Company out of Colorado, a firm that sold mules, horses, harnesses, bridles, saddles, groceries and other stuff to ranches and stores. Tunstall bought from them and Alexander McSween was retained by the company as a lawyer. This explains how McSween met Tunstall and went into the store business with him in Lincoln. Otero's father owned half the business in Colorado and later moved to New Mexico. It was in Las Vegas, when Billy and the famous outlaw, Dave Rudabaugh, were transferred by train to Santa Fe, that Miguel Otero first set eyes on the Kid. The crowd had threatened to hang the prisoners but Pat Garrett announced he'd give the outlaws guns if the mob didn't disperse. Then Otero's father mounted the train's rear platform, told the people they were impeding delivery of U. S. mail and the crowd broke up. Otero rode with the mail to Santa Fe and on the way he became acquainted with the Kid and a friendship sprang up between them. Strange thing, isn't it, when Governor Wallace, then Governor, had sent the boy off to hang? Later, Otero would pay his respects and stand at the Kid's funeral, as you see in this picture."

I THOUGHT this was wonderful. I hurried on to say, "And who is this fellow next to Otero on the right?"

He studied the picture again. "That is Otero's brother. You can see his hat in under his arm in respect for the Kid. He was in Fort Sumner the night Billy was killed. He went to the wake held in the old carpenter's shop where they laid the Kid out on a bench. He helped dig the grave the following day."

I wrote all this down. Then I asked, "And this fellow in the picture wearing overalls, second from the left—who is he?"

Bonnell stratched his head. "Him? That is Jesus Silva. The Kid was staying at Silva's home the night he was cut down. He had come down from Frank Lobato's sheep camp tired and hungry and wanted some beefsteak to eat. He was told by Silva to go on over to Pete Maxwell's house where they had just slaughtered a young heifer. We all know the story about how Pat Garrett and his two deputies rode up into the peach orchard, dismounted and how Pat crept with his shoes off into Maxwell's bedroom where he awaited the Kid and blasted him the moment he came into the room. The Kid wore no gun, only held that butcher knife in his hand. Anyhow, when Deluvina, a Navajo girl who was devoted to the Kid, went into

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the room to identify the Kid after Pat had come out saying he had killed him and was afraid to go back inside, Silva went with her and they turned Billy over to see his face. The Indian woman started to cry and to curse Pat Garrett. It's a wonder she didn't try to knife him or shoot him. Silva asked permission to remove the body and they carried it to the old carpenter's shop where Silva built a box of cedar wood in which to lay him. A watch went on all night and the following morning the Alcalde Segura and a jury came out to clear Sheriff Pat Garrett. Silva also helped dig the grave."

THE SNOW was falling heavily now. I was growing cold, but went on, "Now, who is the first man there—the fellow holding his hat up to his face?"

"This is Hijinio Salazar who was with Tunstall when he was shot down by Murphy men. He was in the McSween house when the Kid and his following defended it against Murphy-Dolan guns. After the house had been set ablaze by the Murphy outfit. Billy and the rest made a dash for life with bullets singing all over the landscape. Hijinio was shot down while trying to get across the clearing and into the shelter of the river brush. He was kicked several times by Andy Boyle, according to the way my grandfather told it, and they also jumped on his body. It was done to see if he was really dead. Then a rifle was put to his heart, as he lay there holding his breath so as to play dead, mind you. Then someone called out not to waste another shot on him and so that remark saved Hijinio's life. Colonel Dudley, who brought a detachment of soldiers into Lincoln to help the Murphy gang, came down with lanterns that night to examine the dead bodies. They turned over poor Salazar who was still playing dead and it was all he could do from groaning. When they went away he crawled under the cover of darkness, and weak from loss of blood, to the house of his sister-in-law, Nicolasita Pacheco. She dressed his wounds."

Frank also stated that Salazar was a great friend of the Kid's and helped dig the grave as he wept shamelessly at the funeral.

I had driven 4,000 miles and what you have read is the result. The picture of the funeral is one worthy of study. Each face is in itself an enigma, but I do believe that Billy the Kid had those who thought well of him and a few who loved him.

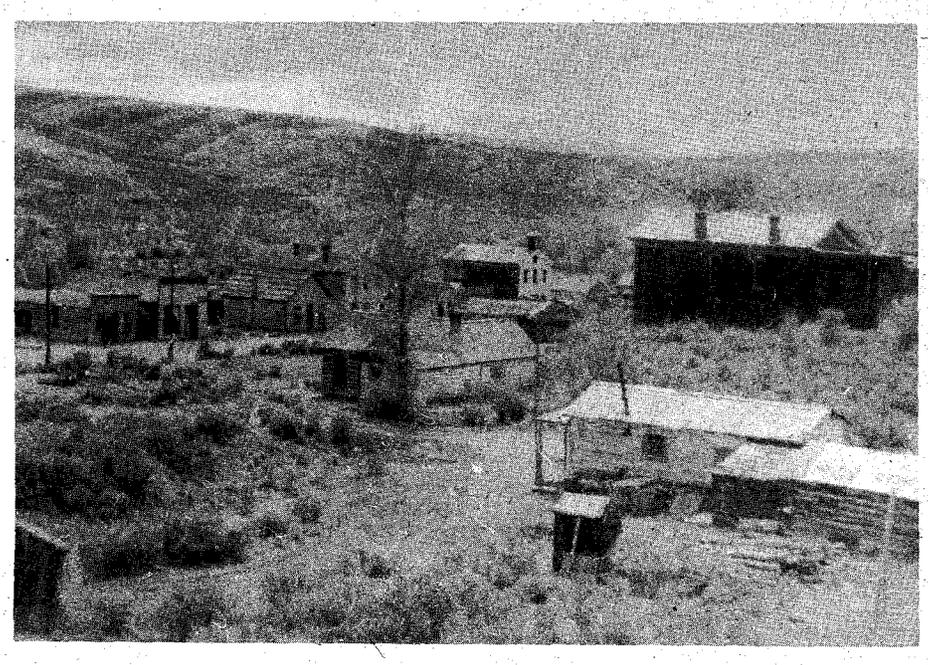
Gold on the Grasshopper!

(Continued from page 25)

has always been spelled with an "a" instead of an "o." It was plagued with hold-ups and wanton killings, the latter beginning with innocent men like Charles Guy and George Edwards, who were ambushed. The killings and robberies grew in number, stages with mail and gold shipments were frequently highgraded. Somewhere, there was a leak in information.

The people of the gold camps were in a state of immobility, however, gripped by fear and loosely organized. Some of the desperadoes were tried in Virginia City, but lenient miners, upon hearing letters of the killers to their mothers and wives read aloud, and influenced by their own feminine counterparts, freed the guilty.

Fear of reprisal by members of the outlaw gang held the impatient in check.



View of Bannack, Montana.

People were so busy draining wealthy Alder Gulch of its golden promises that justice was postponed. But there is a limit to all endurance. The culprits went the limit, until nerves were at a breaking point. Security became as desired as gold.

Justice might have greatly lagged even then had it not been for an unusual "natural" death of a man who happened to be a member of the Masonic order. When fellow Masons assembled for his funeral, they saw what they had not considered before during the reign of terror—they saw the strength of their own numbers.

IT WAS NO coincidence that eleven of the original twelve reputed members of the Vigilantes were also members of the Masonic order. It can not be denied that they were the body needed to restore some semblance of law and order to the territory. They saw the need for vigilance and duty and they answered.

Historian John W. Smurr of Montana has written an interesting account on the Vigilantes and he offers the point that probably members of this Northern branch of the Masonic order were also loyal Union sympathizers of that day.

The self-appointed group of Vigilantes who assumed leadership in restoring peace adopted for their mark the 3/7/77 which implied for the culprits a grave three feet wide by seven feet long by seventy-seven inches deep. Much secrecy was maintained in protecting the members of the Vigilantes and, strangely enough, to this day not all members are known. But an original document was known to have been signed by members which read:

"We, the undersigned, uniting ourselves in a party for the purpose of arresting thieves and murderers and recovering stolen property, do pledge ourselves upon our sacred honor, each to all others, and solemnly swear that we will reveal no secrets, violate no laws of right and not desert each other or our standards of justice, so help us God, as witness our hand and seal this 23rd day of December A. D. 1863."

The movement was given full impetus following the capture and subsequent death of one of the leading banditti, the handsome George Ives, who was convicted and hanged.

Following Ives death and the forming of the Vigilantes, twenty-eight members of that august body went to Deer Lodge to round up members of the gang, but the desperadoes had been warned by friends and dispersed. Two culprits were captured on the return trip and one, "Red" Yoger, talked, giving the name of Plummer as the outlaw chief, and naming also, as members of the gang, his deputies, Ned Ray and Buck Stinson, with an additional roll of names numbering over a dozen.

THE HANDWRITING was on the wall as the Virginia City Vigilantes began to help organize the Bannack Vigilantes. Henry Plummer, who had earlier in November entertained the elite of Bannack with a Thanksgiving dinner whose bird (turkey) alone cost $40 in gold, was now the target of men bent on meting out justice.

The dashing, daring, handsome, quick-witted Henry was caught with his cohorts, Stinson and Ray, and a necktie party followed. Pride did not keep Henry from begging desperately for his life, as did his followers. Henry, seeing his efforts useless, preferred to die without his necktie, and gave it as a souvenir, asking that his drop from the gallows be quick and sure. It was.

Ned Ray also contributed a memento, for from his dead body a finger bearing a diamond ring was cut, so one of the women of Bannack might enjoy the ring's splendor.

And so Bannack, with all its hell-raising and gold, has joined the growing list of deserted mining towns, and is all but forgotten.

Gold in the grassroots, gold on the Grasshopper! These magic words, too, are fading from memory.

But it is all there, the past that leads to the present, if one can only lift away the veil of time and recall the Bannack that was . . . the booming gold camp of the 1860's founded because of the lucky discovery on Grasshopper Creek by a man called John White in July, 1882.

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